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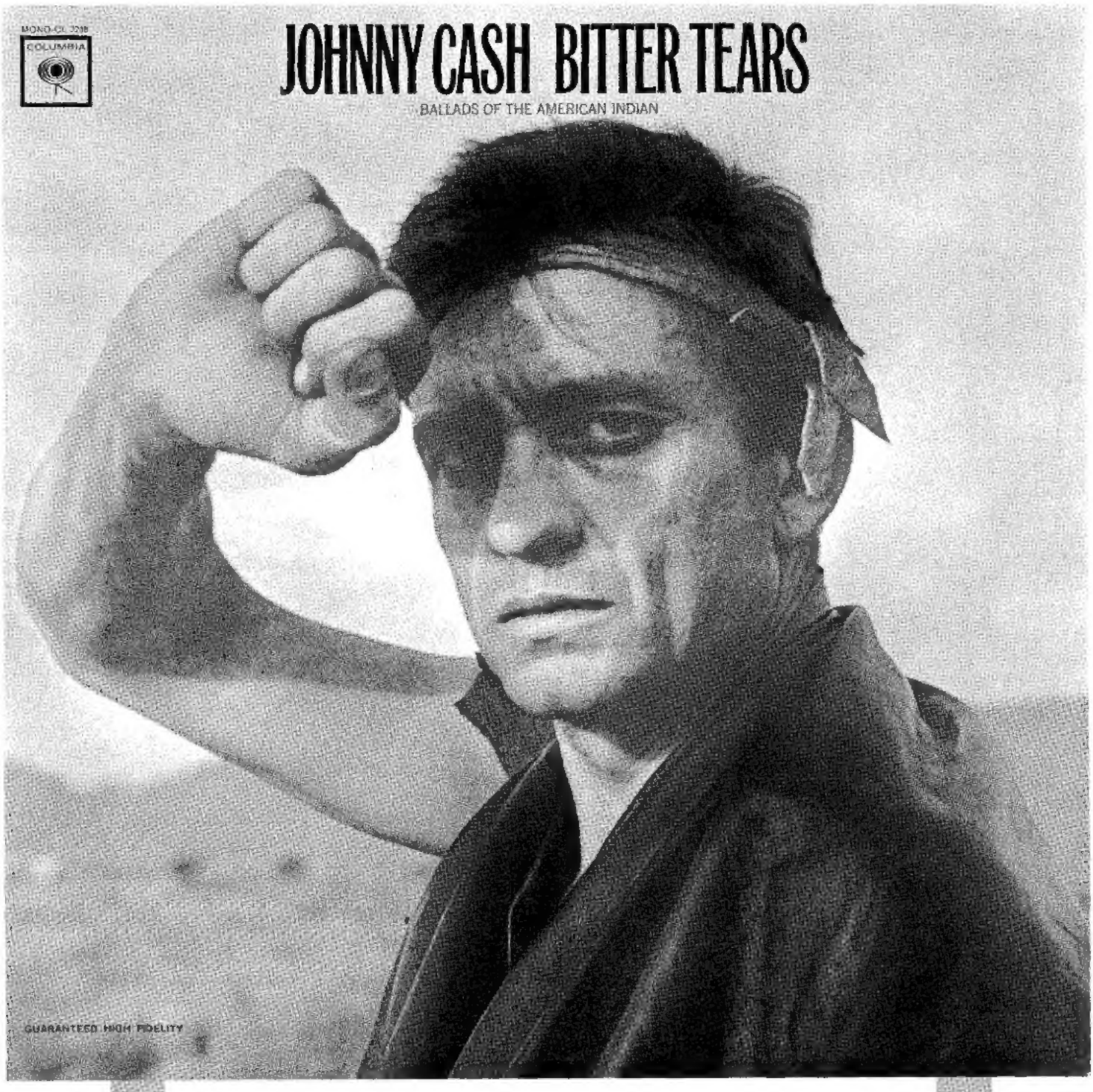

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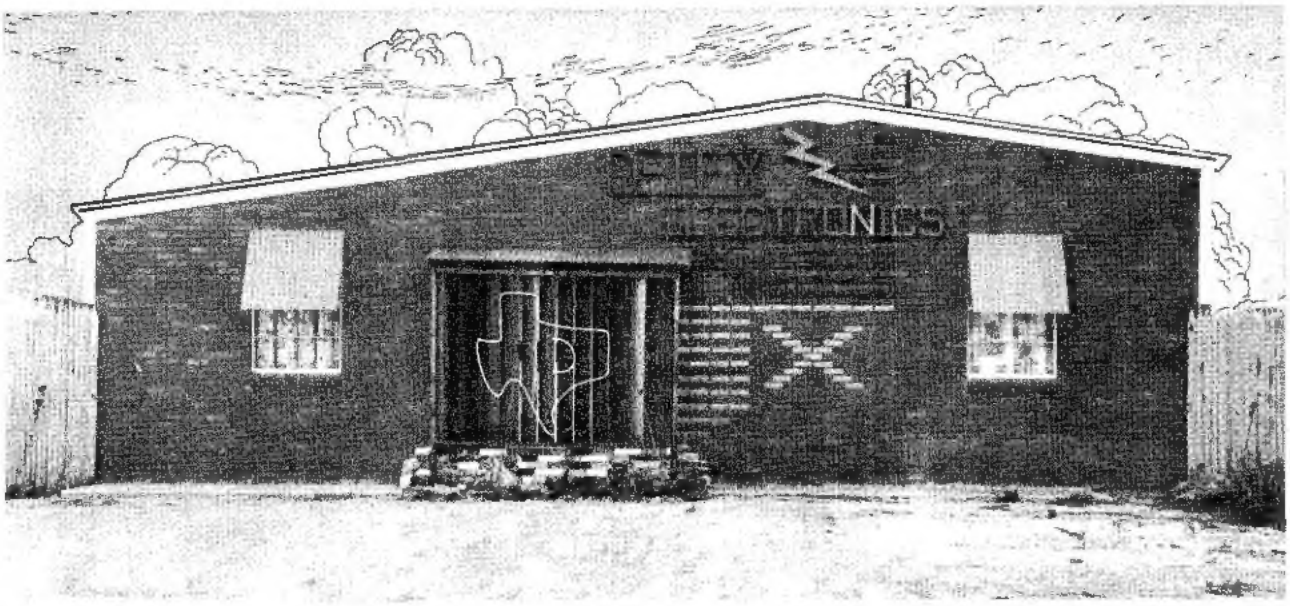

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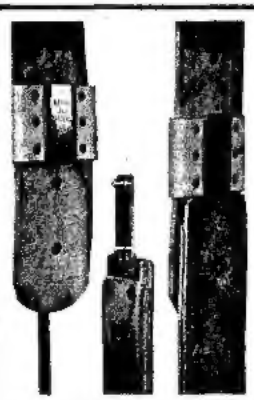

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March-April, 1965
Volume 12, No. 4
Whole No. 68

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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True Western

"Read the Label" Department

Dear Mr. Small:

I got my introduction to FRONTIER TIMES and . . . recently when I stepped into a cigar store in Los Angeles. Surprised to see two western books on the newsstands and being a pushover for your magazines pertaining to the Old West, I naturally bought both of them. You really pulled a sneaky one there, publishing the same magazine under two different names!—Roy V. Whalin, 65 West American Avenue, Fresno, California.

Yeah, it *is* nice, Roy, except that one of those magazines you bought isn't ours. The stands are bulging with publications all crying, "Take me off of this cold, cold rack!" and it's *your* pocketful of nickels so we're not arguing about *that.*

It's just that if you buy a magazine that isn't ours and like it, fine. But too often people buy one, thinking it is ours, and lambast the very freckles off our sore hide about everything they find wrong. One ailing man sent his wife down to buy two of our magazines and she came back with both wrong! He sent her back.

It make me scratch up the office furniture and yell at my help. Worse than that, it makes me write editorials—which I was a mind to do in this issue, if I hadn't been so wore out.

I thought, by George, if this doesn't remind me of an old buddy walking up to me on the street and saying,

"Well, durn my hide, Joe, if I ain't glad to see you! Hasn't been ten minutes since I met your boy, Moe, down in front of the hardware store and gave him the five bucks I've been meaning to pay you for a long time."

"I ain't got no boy named Moe!"

"Ah, come off it, now! You got a kid named after you—he's a Junior, think I forgot?"

"He's a Junior, all right, but it's *Joe*, Junior not *Moe*, Junior."

"But, Hosstail, he *looks* just like you. You ain't fooling me none!"

Can you get the feeling, Roy? Reckon we ought to run a contest paying prizes for the best mark on our covers to identify them? Seems the titles should be enough. I've broke many a cane pole when I wasn't any more flustered than I am now. But I've said it before and I'm gonna say it again: we put out three turrible rags—FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST and OLD WEST. The next time you go up to the newsstand, please keep one thing in mind: if the words on the covers don't read *exactly* like those above, then they're somebody else's boy. They don't belong to old—Joe.

Readers, Can You Help?

Howdy, Hoss Tail!

Joe, I had an uncle and cousin who were part of the James Gang at one time, as far as I have been able to find out. They were known as Big and Little Charley Kinney. The uncle was killed by his own .44 Colt someplace in the Missouri Ozarks. If anyone knows of this happening, would they please get in touch with me. It would surely be appreciated.—G. C. Wagner, 614 S. Monroe Street, Montpelier, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

In an old copy of TW (page 42 of the February, 1964 issue) there is a picture of the old LP Ranch hands of 1884. The last man on the right is identified as John Lang. I wonder if this is the same John Lang who was found by Bill Keys in the Joshua Tree

(Continued on page 67)

ABOUT THE COVER

This wagon was used by Martin Seth for years to haul grain to Genesee, Idaho. The harness lies half buried beside the wagon tongue as if horses were unhitched and released at season's end. It has been laid to rest forever. Martin said, "I hauled a lot of grain with it—leave it be!" He wouldn't let me take his picture.

He is one of the last of the long-haired Indians in the Nez Percé country, and seems to be as sentimental about his "things" as whites are about cemeteries and human graves.

Mrs. Seth has raised all her children in papoose boards (Tekash) and plans to give each a hand-made article to go with them to their graves. She still eats Indian food, including the cherished Camas, Kouse and Bitterroot. The Seth home is filled with articles she has made. Some have glass beadwork on them; others have ceramic beads. The beads in olden days were applied with sinew, now with white man's thread. Her Nez Percé cornhusk bags, originally woven by wrapping Indian hemp with cornhusk strips, are held together by cotton string. But all are works of art and works of love.—*Dan E. Warren*

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... *in the* ADVENTURE-PACKED March issue of FRONTIER TIMES

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

The March issue of FRONTIER TIMES gets off to a flying start with the conclusion of **"COW BY THE TAIL"** . . . and it contains humor, excitement and suspense right down to the very last line. The response to this story has been terrific, and everyone is eager to find out if that rolling stone, Jesse James Benton, ever stops long enough to put down roots and settle down. To sum it up, it's a humdinger!

The March issue of FRONTIER TIMES is fairly busting at the covers with exciting reading this month! For instance, there's **"MARKED FOR DEATH,"** the story of Joe Sitters, Texas Ranger and Border Inspector. He had to live with the fact that one of Mexico's notorious bandits had personally vowed to "get him." But Sitter's wasn't a man to run, hide or even cut corner for his own personal safety. What happened at the showdown makes for suspenseful reading.

And there's the story of **"KILLER MINE"** that is just what the title implies. The murderous Almy mine had taken life before . . . but on that fateful March 20, 1895, Almy No. 5 became a ready-made grave for 55 men trapped inside. So great was the explosion that it's deadly force reached out to the surface to claim the lives of still seven more men!

Also included are: **MEET MARK TWAIN!** by Raymond J. Mast, **CRUELEST OF COMANCHES?** by Albert S. Gilles, Sr., **ROUGH STRING RIDER** by Milt Hinkle, **PIRACY ON THE COLORADO** by Fred L. Kuller, **BLOOD-STAINED GHOST TOWN** by James A. Long, **WITCHCRAFT** by James Kaywaykla, **EIGHT FEET FOUR** by Bess Meredith, **ENIGMA OF SORENSON'S CAVE** by Pollyanna B. Hughes, **THE QUIET MEN** by G. L. Savage, **REMEMBER THE FAMILY ALMANAC?** by Fred L. King, **GAMBLING KINGS** by Raymond W. Thorp, **HE COULDN'T STAY PUT** by Gerald J. McIntosh, **HIDDEN FOR 97 YEARS** by W. L. Marion and **THE BIG WHITE DOG AND THE SACRED POLE** by Rev. Jess J. Humes.

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White-Eye

LAST OF THE OLD-TIME

White-Eye (left) and Yankee Judd at Leadville in 1879. Anderson holds a Peacemaker given him by Wild Bill Hickok after he had won it in a poker game. Note left eyebrow.

Author's Note: He was ninety when I knew him and by the time he was middle-aged, he had covered the West like a blanket, as Indian fighter, miner, and generally happy-go-lucky horseman. He had known most of the greats of whom we have all heard, had eaten by the same campfires and warmed the same blankets from Manitoba to the Staked Plains. He had served as eyes for Wild Bill Hickok when that famed gunman was going blind, and Hickok called him "My boy, the White-Eyed Kid." I knew all this as I saw him rummage through his trunk, bringing to light old photographs and mementoes that he had carried in his "war-bag"—as he called it.

His wife, who had been of the race of pioneer schoolteachers, said to me, "You can believe what he tells you as gospel, for when we were married he was just finished with the trail, his horse's hoofs still hot." I knew he was one of the last because time was becoming short. He was one of the history-makers, and the last of the long riders.

THE TWO seventeen-year-olds kept looking back over their shoulders as they raced the prairie fire. With more than 200 miles of rolling prairie before them, they knew their chances to escape death were one in a million. Behind them the wall of flame reached from horizon to horizon, its red tongues licking upward and billowing smoke filling the skies. As their mounts raced side by side, young Jack Anderson reached over and shook hands with his companion, Yankee Judd.

"I guess this is our last ride," he said, shouting to overcome the roar of the fire.

"Dang it all, we're fools!" Judd yelled back. "Whoever heard of lunatics riding before the wind with Injuns behind them? My pappy back in Illinoy will disown me." The Indians, a large hunting party of Arapahoes, had routed them from their traps and then fired the fourteen-foot grass.

Suddenly their horses broke into the open and they saw just below them a large buffalo wallow about two hundred yards in diameter, near the center of which was a pool of water. With the hot breath of the holocaust almost upon them, they quickly dismounted and allowed their frantic mounts to race onward.

The boys clipped some hollow tules with their Bowie knives and waded out to the center of the pool, which was about a foot in depth. Lying down flat on their backs, they inserted the reeds into their nostrils, gripping the flesh tightly, and sank from sight. While the flames swept over them they heard the dying screams of the horses, and moments later the shaking earth told them that the war party was thundering past.

They sat up and gasped in the swirling smoke that hovered over the pool. The sky was filled with burning twigs and fiery clots of buffalo dung, and one of the latter struck young Anderson just above the left eye. The eyebrow disappeared, and the pain was so great the young trapper was certain his eyeball was destroyed. He bathed it in the muddy water and his partner, seeing his predicament, helped him to his feet. Judd himself had an arrow through the

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By RAYMOND W. THORP

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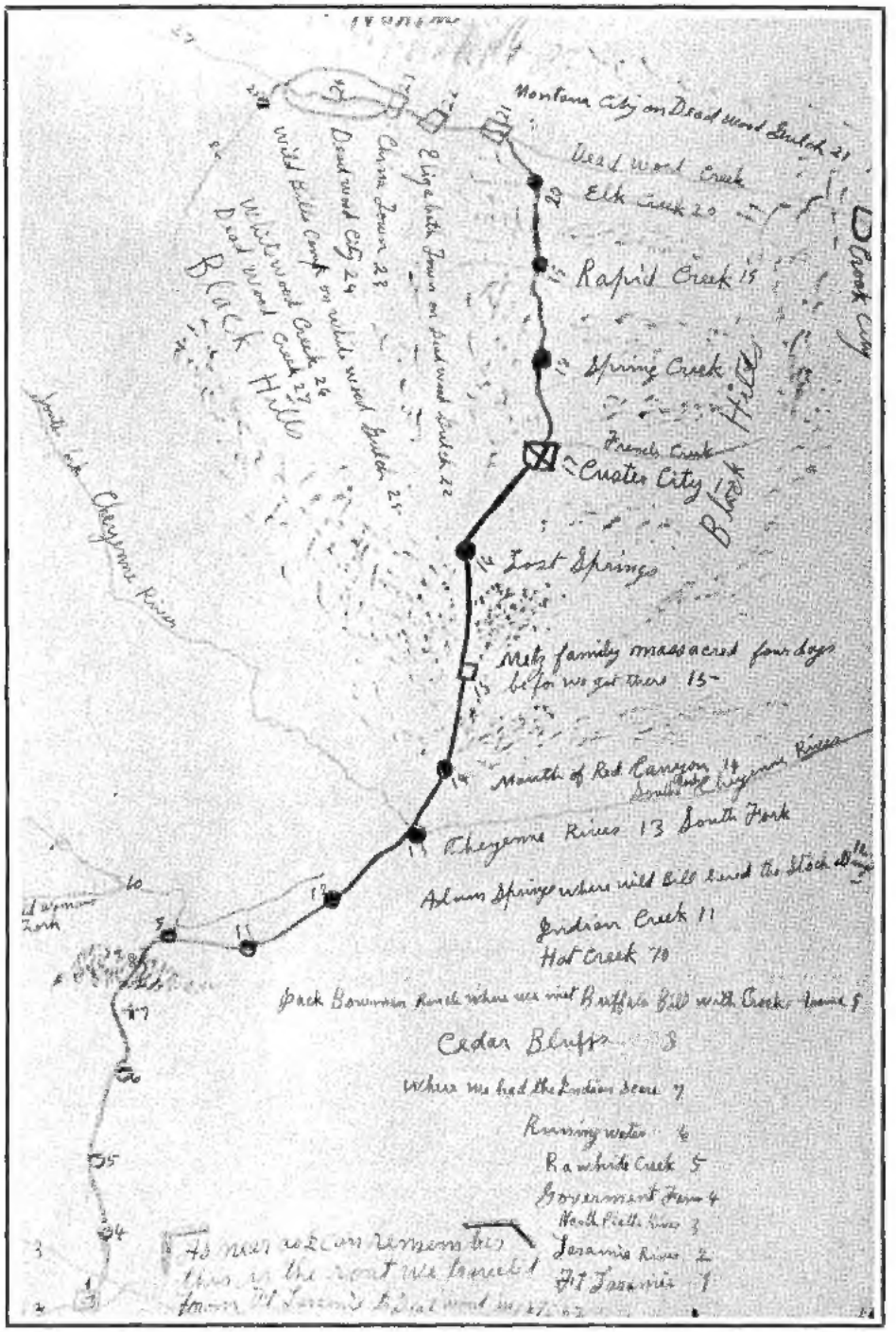
PLAINSMEN



White-Eye's map of the route to Deadwood taken by Wild Bill's wagontrain, with notes of incidents along the way. Original map is 12 by 18 inches.

calf of one leg, having received it when the Indians first came upon them.

They climbed out of the wallow and sat on the rim. Anderson clipped the arrow at one end and pulled it from his partner's flesh. Then, using mud from the wallow as a poultice, he bandaged the wound with strips of soft leather cut from his jacket, performing the same office for his injured eye.

The white boys walked all afternoon and all night, and the following morning were discovered by friendly Indians from the camp of Chief Whistler, and taken to the medicine man. These were outcast Indians.

The outcasts were from various tribes. Whistler himself was a Sioux who had taken to himself this band of outlaw Indians and established good relations with the army of the frontier. He and his band were known as "peaceful," but in fact all were thieves of the lowest order, constantly running off Army beef, robbing settlers and in some cases killing them, and laying the blame on the warlike tribes.

His sub-chief, Peter, ordered the medicine man to prepare cures for the wounds of Judd and Anderson. Poultices were made of a mixture of blue clay from Frenchman's Creek and fresh buffalo dung. The bandages were applied and left on for two weeks, and upon removal of the filthy coverings it was found that the wounds had healed perfectly.

Anderson's eyebrow had grown again, but this time it was snow white, and would always remain that way, due to the chemical action of the poultice ingredients. Chief Peter gave one look at him and declared, "You White-Eye; always be White-Eye."

"I was never known by any other name from that time on; nobody cared about actual names anyway, and I was always introduced as 'Mr. White-Eye.'"

THE TWO PARTNERS borrowed ponies from the Indians to ride to Fort McPherson, two of the latter going along to bring the animals back. It is doubtful that the two lads knew at this time all the implications of their position in the annals of the frontier. This was the era of the *long riders*, the Anglo-Saxons who tamed the West for the entry of the homesteaders. The last of the great Indian wars was in the offing.

"Our dads and grand-daddies had crossed the Appalachians with the Boones and Coopers and Wolfskills. We rode wild and free, neither dodging trouble nor asking or giving quarter. It was no time for fear, only exhilaration."

With fifteen companions the two lads rode north the following spring.

"A rumor had gone about that gold had been discovered at the Selkirk Settlements in Canada. We had nothing to lose, so we rode up there."

They had more to lose than White-Eye thought. Johnny Grant, a half-breed who had a horse ranch at Selkirk, told them that the gold was at the head of the Saskatchewan River in British Columbia. With Grant and some extra horses they had bought from him, they rode on the ill-fated journey. Another half-breed, a friend of Grant, was hired as a guide.

"Hard luck dogged our tracks, and one night we camped alongside a Blackfoot Indian town that had 3,000 warriors."

The Blackfoot chief told them that they could travel through the country only by paying toll, which amounted to all they had. "We considered ourselves lucky that the Blackfeet didn't kill us all; this they could easily have done."

Without supplies and horses they could not go on, so the band turned their faces homeward. "They let us keep two scrawny nags, a muzzle-loading shotgun, an axe and hatchet, and a pick and shovel. We had a Frenchman along who was a good shot with the old gun, and he kept us supplied with geese and brant until the ammunition ran out."

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Charley Anderson at San Francisco in 1893 when he had the Arizona Indian Village at the Mid-Winter State Fair.

The weather was cold and it kept raining. At night the men would build a fire and when the ground was warm, lie down to sleep on the few rags the Blackfeet had allowed them to keep. "We had a dog that had followed us from the Indian camp. He would hole up badgers and we would dig them out and eat them. One badger didn't go very far among seventeen hungry men. We even washed the entrails and ate them, and roasted the skins until they were edible."

They found and ate rose-berries from wild rosebushes. They were full of fat worms and seeds. The seeds were bitter. The dog's feet became lacerated and they found it necessary to kill and eat the animal.

"Finally we had only one nag left, and when the Frenchman became demented we tied him onto the animal because he was always trying to butt his brains out against boulders. One of the men knifed another one night and then shot himself and we were very glad the old chief had allowed us to keep the pick and shovel. After two months of this sort of travel, we reached Fort Assiniboine."

There the commandant had all of them placed under arrest because of their starved condition. "For days we lived on soup alone and, when we got back on our feet, we thanked him for saving our lives."

The Army furnished them fresh horses and clothing and sent them on their separate ways. One would have thought that this macabre adventure would have served White-Eye for a lifetime, but not so.

"IN THE FALL of the year, Pete Coyle, Del Gue and myself met Liver-Eating Johnson and outfitted for a trapping trip into the Big Horn Mountains. We left Fort Pierre and rode due west." Young blood is not sluggish like old blood, and the horizon always beckoned.

They got into the high mountains none too quickly, for the snow came early in the winter of 1871-72. Johnson's cabin was set high on the face of a 1,500-foot cliff, and was soon made habitable. Del Gue, Johnson's old-time partner and later to become his Boswell, kept the party regaled with the Liver-Eater's gruesome exploits.

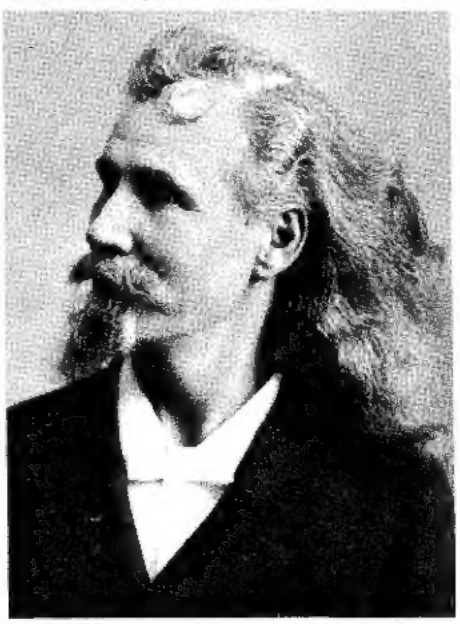
"Whar'ever Liver-Eater is, thar's Injuns," he told them.

In December the fur packs were piled high, and White-Eye, the plainsman, could tell that the mountain men were about ready to leave for Fort Laramie. Their saddlehorses and packmules were corraled near the mouth of the canyon below the cabin, and were under the special care of Johnson. One night the famous Indian killer and eater of human livers went out to check on them, and came back rather suddenly.

He opened the door and came in, shaking the snow from his buckskin jacket, and walked over to the blazing fireplace. Turning about, he methodically filled and lighted his pipe, blew out some smoke and said, "Hosses an' mules air gone."

The men, especially White-Eye, looked at him in disbelief. Del Gue, who had been skinning out a pelt, threw it to the floor in disgust. "I been a'tellin' you that whar'ever Liver-Eater is, thar's Injuns."

Then, to Johnson, "Blackfoots?" The red-bearded giant nodded.



Captain Jack Crawford when he visited White-Eye in 1900 to ask his help with a book about the death of Wild Bill.

White-Eye wondered what they would do. "How will we get to Laramie?" he asked.

Johnson knocked out his pipe. "Walk," he said. "We'll go out through the tunnel."

Del explained that Johnson had built his cabin against a natural hole that led through the mountain, and pointed at the door, which all had thought covered a niche in which were tools.

But White-Eye was interested in Laramie. "How many miles?" he asked.

"Oh, 'bout 250. It'll toughen ye up, lad," said Pete Coyle.

"Ought to," grinned Del Gue. "Two hundred an' fifty miles over froze mountings in dead o'winter."

Johnson took down two large bread pans which hung on a wall, got out flour and water and mixed them, shaking a portion of white powder from a square can, and began to mold biscuits. He grinned at White-Eye. "Young un, we'll leave some vittles for them Injuns," he said. "Blackfoots is great biscuit eaters."

White-Eye watched him mix the bread and wondered. "What's he feeding Indians for?" he asked. "Anyway, he's using too much baking powder."

Pete laughed, and Johnson looked up. "This ain't bakin' powder, lad," he said. "It's wolfer's strychnine. Blackfoots likes it better." A half hour later the men went out through the tunnel, leaving the delectable repast warming by the coals. From the Big Horns to Fort Laramie over snow-covered mountains was not a walk—especially in the dead of winter—that could be compared with a stroll down Lover's Lane on a June evening, but these were men the like of which will not be seen again.

"We made most of the distance at night, to keep away from Injuns. The Liver-Eater took us over a route where he had caches of food hidden, and we did all right, except in the foot department. When we got to the fort, our boots had been worn down almost to the instep."

It was several years later when White-Eye ran across old Jim Baker, partner of Bridger, who finished the story. "Old Jim said he went up the canyon to the cabin the following spring, and found twenty-nine skeletons clinging to the canyon walls. The Injuns had et the biscuits and died trying to scale the walls. I asked Jim if he could tell what tribe they belonged to, and he give me a mean look. 'O' course I could,' he said, 'they wuz Blackfoots, or I don't know one red coon from t'other. That Liver-Eater shore fixed them up good.'"

WHEN WHITE-EYE got back to Fort McPherson, big doings were in the offing. General Sheridan had brought out the Grand Duke Alexis for a hunt on the Plains. Everything was being done to give the Russian the time of his life.

"Bill Cody was there, and also some of the greatest of the plainsmen. Here it was that I met Wild Bill Hickok for the first time, at Mrs. Snell's boarding house at North Platte. He was interested in the story of my white eyebrow, and had a good laugh when I told him of my adventure with Liver-Eating Johnson, and told me something that I have often thought about since. He said that Johnson probably ran off the horses himself so that he could blame the Blackfeet and kill them off with the strychnine."

Wild Bill Hickok as he looked at Deadwood in 1876 when White-Eye was his night guard.

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Texas Jack Omohundro became a hunting companion of White-Eye and Yankee Judd. One day the Grand Duke killed a fine buffalo bull and offered $20 to anyone who would bring in the head.

"Jack and I went to Bill Reid, who had charge of all equipage for the Duke's hunt, and he loaned us an army ambulance with which we got the head and brought it in. It was a cold, moonlight night and the 'frost was on the pumpkin,' as they say. It was the easiest money I ever earned in my life."

Meanwhile White-Eye's acquaintance with Wild Bill, whom he saw every day for two months, was progressing. One thing the young fellow noted was the respect in which Hickok was held by everyone. Nobody called him by his sobriquet, and his very manner decried any intimacy. He was strictly "Mr. Hickok."

"He called me 'The White-Eyed Kid,' and sometimes introduced me as 'My boy, the White-Eyed Kid.' Often we would ride out on the prairie together and he would show me his skill with revolvers. It required a good rifleman, waiting with gun in hand and ready, to kill a prairie dog. The animals are quick, and only show themselves for a moment, yet in that split second I have watched him draw and fire without the slightest aiming, the bullet passing through the animal's skull. He was as deadly with a pistol as Doc Carver was with a rifle. Doc was a well-known figure on the street at North Platte. His mother had a homestead out on the prairie and I visited her there with Carver several times."

In 1873 White-Eye became a businessman at North Platte. Mrs. Snell also owned an oyster palace, and placed young Anderson in charge. "An oyster house on the Plains was a much worse place to manage than a saloon, I soon learned. The saloons did not have women customers, and all trouble, I have found, is usually caused by the presence of women.

"One night four Eastern pimps came in with their women and ordered supper. They were all drunk, and shortly after their arrival several frontier toughs came in with two cowboys. When the fight started, the cowboys stood aside.

"Several shots were fired and one of the pimps went down, which started the women to screaming. Then the lights went out, and I ran back into the kitchen to keep from being shot in the dark. Just then I heard the stove go down, and smoke filled the place. This made me certain that the house would burn down with all of Mrs. Snell's furnishings, and I decided to enter the fight.

"Seizing a blacksnake whip which hung on the kitchen wall, I ran back into the room swinging the heavily shot handle in a wide circle, cracking heads and arms. The cook ran out of the back door to the saloon and brought back the marshal, Alex Strothers, who with two deputies soon cleared out the crowd, taking the pimps, toughs and women to the calaboose."

SOON AFTER this fracas White-Eye decided he had been a town man too long, and together with his brother Charles and another man rode north to Alder Gulch and Virginia City. The day before they left, a preacher was holding a camp-meeting at the schoolhouse, which all of the population of North Platte and many people from the fort were attending. Buffalo Bill Cody was there with his "shadow," Bill White, known variously as "Buffalo Chips" (among polite society) and "Buffalo Bill's Dog Robber."

Buffalo Chips trailed around with Cody everywhere he went. He was, however, an old time plainsman and Indian fighter. It was he who killed the Indian Yellow Hand, for which Cody took the credit. Chips sold the war bonnet of the dead Indian to Cody for $100, and Buffalo Bill exhibited it in the East, and it gave him great standing.

"When Charley and I got to the schoolhouse the meeting was well under way, and a woman song leader was trying to sing *O, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing My Great Redeemer's Praise.* She tried it three times with no success, for the notes were too high, and Cody, who was on the bottle, called out to her, 'Madam, it's no go. Try it in five-hundred tongues!'"

Virginia City, Montana, had had a great gold strike many years before, but when the brothers arrived they found little to entice them to stay. Mounting their horses again, they rode down to Lynch Creek, Arizona, the scene of a new strike.

"We bought a claim and found that we were in luck at last. Within a year we had taken out several thousand dollars worth of metal, and then suddenly the vein petered out. We wondered what we should do next, and one day a stranger rode up and told us gold had been found in the Black Hills of Dakota. We had a claim at Virginia City that we wanted to liquidate, so we rode there first."

The two dust-stained riders who came from the West and dismounted at the Elephant Feed Corral in Cheyenne in the latter part of June, 1876, were recognized by one of the two men who loitered outside of the office. He was a tall man with light-brown hair and sweeping mustache of the same color, wearing black jeans and tartan jacket with wide lapels, and wide-brimmed sombrero. A cartridge belt encircled his hips, and from two holsters at the sides depended six-shooters. These were not regulation Colt pistols of the times, but instead .36 caliber Navy percussion pistols converted to cartridge type, with ivory handles.

"I was wiping my eyes with a bandana hankerchief when I heard a well-known voice with an old salutation. 'Touch flesh, White-Eye,' and there, standing before me, was Wild Bill. As the handler came to take our horses the other man came forward and was introduced to us as Charley Utter. I had never heard of him, but my brother, who had preceded me in the West by eight years, greeted him as an old friend.

"I said, 'Well, Mr. Hickok . . .' but he interrupted me, 'Heading for the Hills—I know. Everybody's going there, including myself and Charley here. I'll tell you, Kid, you dig the gold and Charley and I will double it for you at cards.'"

WHITE-EYE learned that a big wagontrain was soon to head for Deadwood. The U. S. Government had placed the Black Hills off limits for whites, and the stage lines no longer operated. (This in spite of many writers who have stated that Wild Bill and Charley Utter went to Deadwood by stage.) The last stage had been burned by the Sioux in May, and the driver, guard and all the passengers killed.

Charley Utter and his brother Steve had bought a four-horse carriage to take along with the train, and Wild Bill had already made arrangements to go with a man called "Pie" in his light, two-horse wagon. There was plenty of room in the Utter outfit for the Anderson brothers, and they were invited to go along. The saddled horses would be tied to the outfit, in case Indians attacked the train. All of the units assembled at Government Farm, sixteen miles from Fort Laramie.

Wild Ben Raymond at Leadville. He killed and scalped the Cheyenne who ambushed Yankee Judd. Photo by Needles. Leadville—1878.

"Steve Utter, like Wild Bill, was a two-gun man. Steve had just finished serving five years with the Texas Rangers. He was a great friend of Wild Bill, having been with him in Colorado years before. Unlike his gambling brother, Charley, Steve was big and tough, with a hair-trigger nature. It was said that he had killed more horse thieves while in Texas than any other Ranger. I remember that Mr. Hickok often said, 'Don't cross Steve in anything; he's a good man, but d—— quick to shoot.' Everyone was glad that these two men

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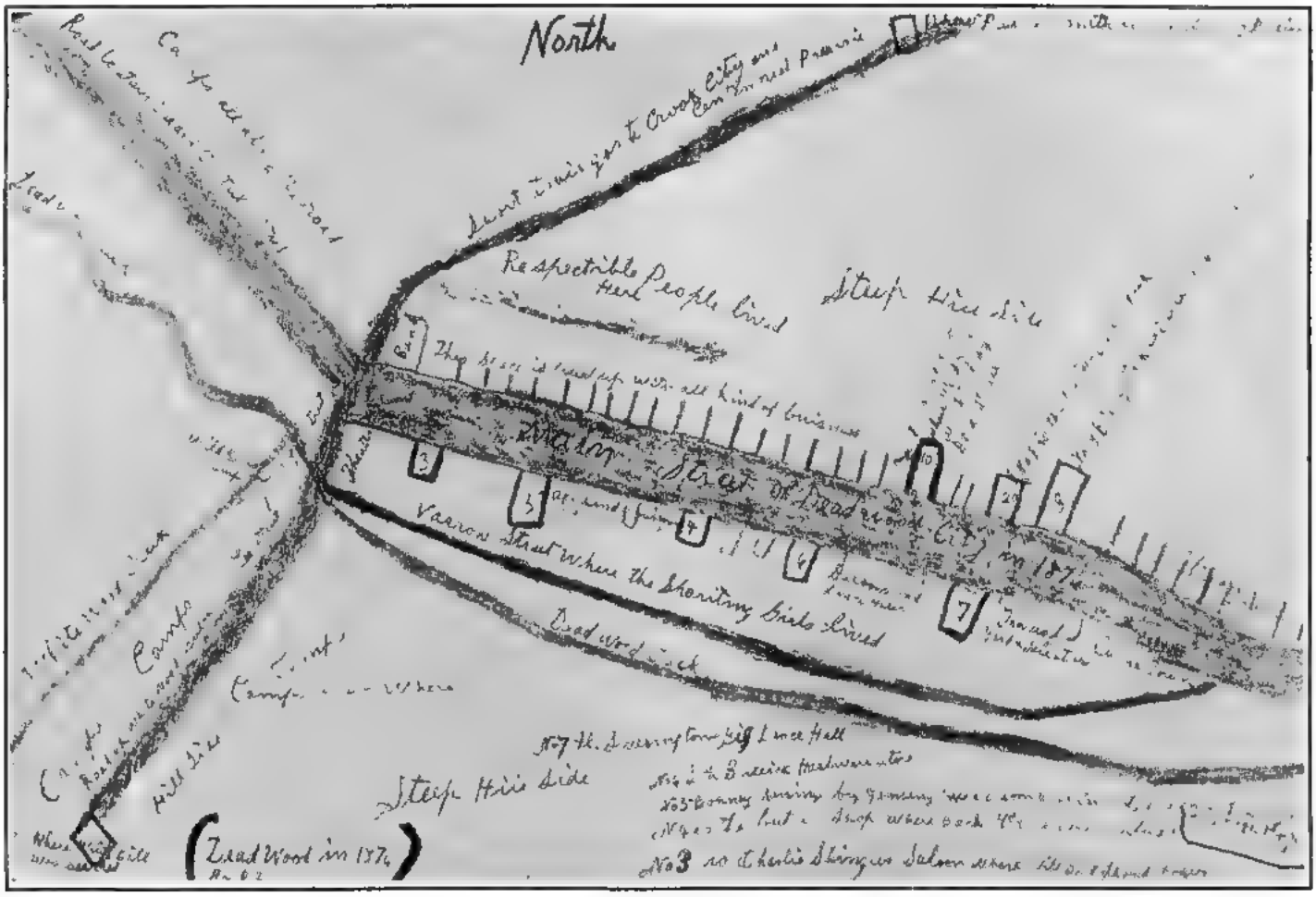

White-Eye's map of Deadwood as it was when Wild Bill spent the last twenty days of his life there.

were going along to Deadwood."

Wild Bill was elected captain of the train, but he quickly turned down the honor. Colorado Charley was then elected, and Charley Anderson became the wagon boss. All told, there were about 30 wagons and 130 people in the train, and while it was being assembled the officer of the day at the fort rode out with a request.

He said they had a woman in the guardhouse who had been on a spree with soldiers the night before. "I wish you could take her along," he said, "before she tears up our jail. She's a d—— wildcat. You'll have to get some clothes for her to wear, though. She's as naked as a jay."

Steve Utter, who liked wild women, asked her name. "She says her name is Calamity Jane," replied the officer.

"Oh, I know Jane," said Steve. "I tented with her in Colorado. I'll go and get her." He went about among the men and assembled some cast-off clothing, and set out for the fort with the Army man.

"There she was, without a stitch on her," he told White-Eye later. "She had put on weight since I saw her last, and looked like a big polar bear. She was glad to see me, however."

The clothing that Steve supplied for Calamity did not fit her, and of the twenty-six sporting girls heading for Deadwood with the train, not one was large enough to help her out with feminine attire. Steve had furnished her with a pair of trousers forty inches in the waist, but she bulged out all over, and it required a second begging trip on his part to outfit her.

"The smallest girl of the lot, a little redhead who weighed less than 100 pounds, peculiarly attached herself solidly to Calamity, and they became close friends. Calamity ate with our mess, of which I was the cook, and she often helped me out."

There were well-known names with the wagontrain. Soapy Smith, not yet out of his teens, had his "magic" suitcase along. Nutshell Bill had his half shells of walnuts, with the disappearing bean. Madame and Bill Erbb, card sharps, and Madame Mustache fresh from Virginia City were there. The remainder were the girls, prospectors, gamblers, saloon men and wholesale liquor dealers. Only one family in the train could be classed as respectable, that of old Bill Harlow.

"The main subject of conversation was the recent massacre of Custer and his men. Our trip to Deadwood extended a little over two weeks, and hardly anything else was mentioned. Old Man Harlow thought the wagontrain was too slow and, against the advice of his wife, drove ahead with her and his son, a mere boy. At Rawhide Creek the family came across the smoking ashes of a cabin, with its erstwhile occupants lying outside, dead and scalped. Old Bill was scared to death and turned about and raced his team all the way to the train. Charley Utter told him, 'The next time anybody leaves this train he will have to go it alone.'"

Wild Bill had purchased a five-gallon keg of whiskey at Cheyenne, and while he seldom took a drink himself, let it be known that it was for his friends and hung a tin cup on the keg. Everybody, it turned out, was his friend, and the liquor didn't last but a few days.

"Despite all the wild tales I have heard, I don't think Mr. Hickok had ever known Calamity Jane before. When the whiskey disappeared he bought another keg from a wholesale liquor man and kept the tin cup himself. She hit it more often than anyone else, and each time had to ask him for the cup. She would say, 'Mr. Hickok, I'm dry again.' Once he told her to go slow, that others were dry, too.

"We had advance and rear guards all the way, and when coming to the Cedar Bluffs discovered a war party of about forty Indians, but when they saw the size of our train they rode quickly in the direction of Old Woman's Fork. At Jack Bowman's ranch at Hat Creek we found the advance guard of Crook's army, heading for the Little Big Horn. Buffalo Bill was with them and when we stopped, many in the train greeted him—but not Wild Bill, who detested Cody.

"I had worked for him as well as for Captain Jack Crawford at North Platte, and he asked me if I wanted to go along as a scout. He said that he could get me $100 per month, but just then I caught Mr. Hickok's eye and he nodded in the negative. I told him that I wanted to see the new gold camp of Deadwood.

"After we left there, Mr. Hickok said, 'Kid, he never pays anyone, but keeps the money for himself. He's got the two best scouts in the West with him now, in Tom Sun and Boney Earnest. They tell me he squeezes a dime until it yells Daddy!' I knew the two scouts Sun and Earnest." *(Continued on page 46)*

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GUNS OF THE OLD WEST

Winchester '73
44-40 Caliber Rifle

THE WINCHESTER 73

ELEVENTH IN A SERIES

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

WINCHESTER'S Model 1873, of debatable fame as the "Gun That Won the West," was a great improvement upon its predecessor, Model 66. The new rifle had an altered firing pin mechanism designed to handle center-fire ammunition. Iron replaced brass in the frame and butt plate, and a slide cover protected the carrier block from dust, snow and rain.

Lighter in weight than the Model 66, the 73 packed more punch than the anemic 66. The .44 caliber, 200 grain bullet was propelled by a 40 grain powder charge, a welcome improvement over the 28 grain load of the 66. Still low-powered by modern standards, the new Winchester rapidly became popular on the frontier. Buffalo Bill Cody, writing to the Winchester Company in 1875 from Fort McPherson, Nebraska, had this to say of the Model 73 as related by Hank W. Bowman in *Famous Guns from the Winchester Collection*:

"I have been using and thoroughly tested your latest improved rifle. Allow me to say that I have tried and used nearly every kind of gun made in the United States, and for general hunting or for Indian fighting, I pronounce your improved Winchester *the boss.*

"An Indian will give more for one of your guns than any gun he can get.

"While in the Black Hills this last summer, I crippled a bear, and Mr. Bear made for me, and I am certain had I not been armed with one of your repeating rifles I would now be in the happy hunting ground. The bear was not thirty feet from me when he charged, but before he could reach me I had a little more lead in him than he could comfortably digest. Believe me, that you have the most complete rifle now made."

THE Model 1873 Winchester was produced in .44 caliber until 1879 when a .38-40 center-fire weapon was manufactured. There were three versions of 73s: sporting, carbine and musket. Sporting rifles came in two barrel lengths: 24-inch and 20-inch. The 24-inch barrel was made in round, octagon and half-octagon; the 20-inch only in octagon. The tubular magazine of the longer weapon had a 15 cartridge capacity, the magazine of the carbine 6 cartridges. A 20-inch round barrelled 73 was equipped with a 12-inch cartridge magazine, the 30-inch round barrelled musket packed 17 cartridges.

Essentially the Model 73 was an excellent short-range weapon for use up to 200 yards. Its big drawback was the somewhat fragile toggle link lever action.

So much for the gun itself; now for the men behind the gun, the men who carried it from the Rio Grande to the Columbia. I refer not to the professional marksmen and showmen like Doc Carver and Buffalo Bill, who indeed did much to publicize the 73, but to the plainsmen, officers and outlaws who made it into the best selling rifle of its era.

John Slaughter, Wyatt Earp and Bill Tilghman were among the many frontier lawmen who effectively used the Winchester 73—and I wouldn't dare venture a guess as to which of the three was the better marksman. On the other side of the fence, Billy the Kid was perhaps the most notable of the Western hardcases who packed the 73.

The Colt Company in 1878 added the final boost to the famed rifle's popularity by chambering its justly famous .45 caliber Army Model P of 1873, better known as the Peacemaker, for the .44 40 Winchester cartridge. As soon as the new weapon reached the West in quantity, eager buyers combined it with their Winchester 73s to form the most popular pair of firearms ever to be used in this country. The re-chambered Peacemaker was advertised as the Frontier Model. (Singly, the .45 caliber Peacemaker, the beloved "hawg-laig" of the Texas Rangers, remained the most popular sidearm ever made.)

Westerners could now use one cartridge belt containing .44-40 ammo for both Winchester and Colt. This meant a definite weight advantage; also to men whose lives often depended upon speed with firearms there was no danger of fatal confusion in the heat of a gunfight trying to reload a weapon with the wrong cartridges.

The greatest problem faced by Winchester at this time was to beef up the Model 73 with more powerful ammunition. The Army .45-70 cartridge was too powerful for the 73's toggle link lever action, but an improved model was manufactured in 1876 and first shown at the Philadelphia Centennial of that year. This rifle fired a .45 caliber cartridge with a 75 grain powder charge and a 350 grain bullet. The new weapon was an immediate success. Big game hunters hailed it as the best Winchester yet. Teddy Roosevelt used it to help round up a gang of outlaws in the 1880s. Model 76, as it was known, was officially adopted by the Canadian North West Mounted Police.

Model 1886, capable of handling the most powerful cartridges of the day, was produced with an improved Browning designed repeating lever action. Model 86 was quickly and enthusiastically accepted by the shooting public, and accurately described as having the smoothest of the lever actions ever developed by Winchester. Teddy Roosevelt, switching his allegiance from the old Model 76, declared it to be the best big game rifle he had ever used. Model 86 was produced by Winchester through 1935.

In 1894 Winchester came out with a repeating rifle chambered for .30-30 and .25-35 caliber smokeless cartridges. This was a vast technical advance, as smokeless powder did not foul rifle bores as had black powder. Furthermore, its fast, even-burning characteristics enabled the use of lighter bullets superior in performance to the old time heavier projectiles.

Although classed as the most popular deer rifle ever made, Model 94 was also used extensively by lawmen and outlaws. Ranchers liked to pack the 20-inch barrelled .30-30 as a saddle-gun. It was light and handy and the ammunition could be bought at any back-country crossroads store.

Harry Tracy, rustler, robber, multiple killer, was probably the most deadly rifle shot of all Western outlaws. He used a .45-70 Springfield while a member of the infamous Hole-in-the-Wall Gang in Wyoming, but turned to the Model 94 .30-30 Winchester in his last days in the Northwest.

Tracy broke jail in Aspen, Colorado, in 1896 and headed for Portland, Oregon, where he joined up with another Hole-in-the-Wall graduate, one Dave Merrill, to form a team of hold-up men known as the False Face bandits because of the Hallowe'en masks they wore as disguises. Harry married Dave's sister, Rose, a sultry singer of salty ballads in gambling joints. Operation False Face came to an abrupt end when brother-in-law Dave, given the brass-knuckle treatment by the police, implicated Tracy as one of the bandits. Harry was captured after being wounded by the police in a

(Continued on page 51)

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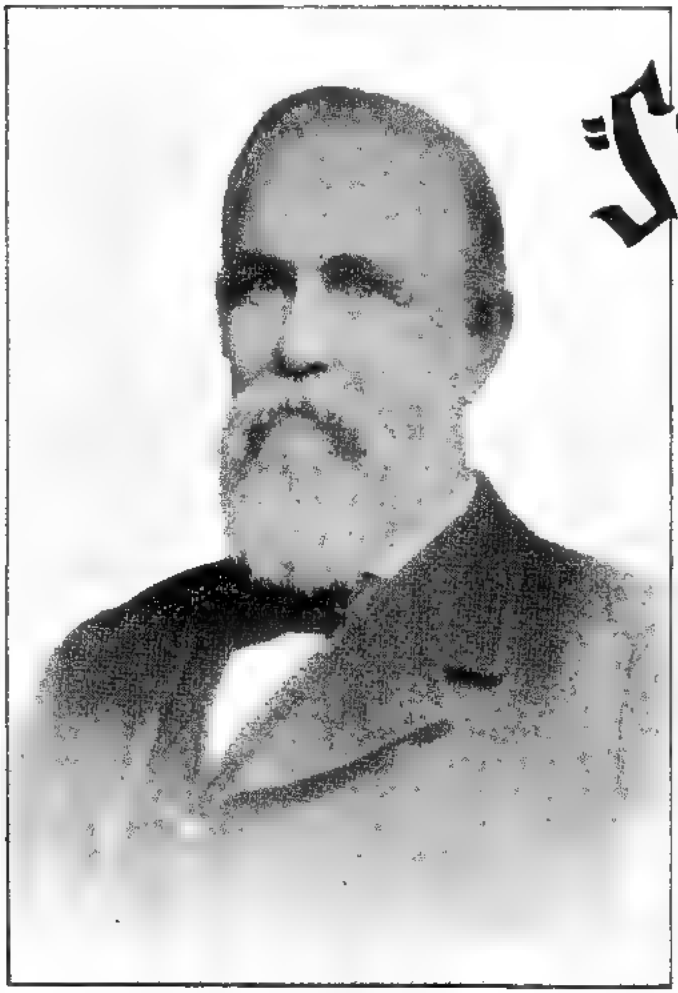


Shanghai PIERCE

WEBSTER ON CATTLE!

By J. R. PATTIE

Shang had the biggest set of lungs in Texas—but he put his money where his mouth was—and people listened!

"I'M SHANGHAI PIERCE, Webster on Cattle, by Gad, Sir!" When the six-foot five-inch giant reared back to talk, his voice boomed from the Texas coast to the Kansas trail towns and echoed all the way to Havana. Whether men loved him or hated him, none could deny that Abel Head Pierce knew the cow business. No more flamboyant or colorful character ever was spawned during the growing pains of Texas than this emigrant New England boy who emerged as one of the shrewdest of the Big Pasture Men. If any man were unfortunate enough not to know of Pierce's importance, the giant would square his shoulders and raise his big 250-pound frame to its full and impressive size, and loudly declare in a voice that could easily be heard all over that part of the country, "I'm Webster on Cattle, by Gad, Sir!"

Pierce was born of thrifty parents in Little Compton, Rhode Island, on June 29, 1834. The confines of the East were not for the strapping youngster. After working for a time in his Uncle Abel's store in Virginia and getting "too many doses of sanctimony," he decided that Texas was his promised land. The "prudish sternness" of his family was left behind forever as he stowed away on a ship out of New York bound for the Gulf of Mexico.

From the time that he stepped ashore at Port Lavaca, the flat coastal plains of Texas became his land. It was a big country, one in which he could breathe and grow, though the people of the bustling port would have agreed that the gangling teen-ager certainly didn't need to grow any more! His "britches" struck him well above his ankles, and his long arms dangled from his unbuttoned shirt sleeves. He was as big and raw as his adopted land. But young Pierce could not deny his New England frugality, and the emptiness of his pants pocket sent him in search of a job.

"Splitting rails for 50¢ a day wasn't exactly my idea of getting rich quick, but I was just a green kid, and it sure beat starving!"

WHEN W. B. Grimes offered the youngster a wood chopping job paying $16.50 a month, Pierce accepted, not because of the wages, but because he saw a chance to learn the cow business. Cattle were the future of Texas, he had decided, and Grimes was the largest cattleman in South Texas. His beeves grazed far and wide on the vast reaches of gently blowing coastal grasses around the mouth of the Colorado River.

Pierce was a natural with stock, and Grimes, who demanded a dollar's worth of work for every penny that he paid, was quick to change young Abel's main job from swinging an axe to riding herd and breaking broncs. The owner of many slaves, Grimes would give orders to his cowboys, "Put Pierce on the bad 'uns. Don't risk the Negroes—they cost $1,000 apiece!"

So in this atmosphere of "do or die," Pierce learned his job well. After his first year, he also learned the sad lesson that has been the curse of cattlemen for years.

Young Pierce's pay amounted to $200 for that first twelve months. "I told Bing that I'd like to take my wages in cows and calves. Well, that old skinflint sold me his $7 culls for $14 and had me believing I was getting the pick of his range!" Shanghai chuckled.

"Then to make my lot worse, we had a bad winter, and I didn't have a cow left when spring came. About that time, I might'a been black and blue from forkin' Bing's broncs, but I sure wasn't *green* any more!"

Grimes knew that Pierce was aware that he had been duped, and he also knew that the closest thing to the big cowboy's heart was money. Top hands were hard to come by, so the rancher raised Pierce's salary to $22.50 a month

Steers similar to Pierce's "mossyhorns." The one at left is typical of the breed. The other two had Brahman sires.

EXHIBITED

and made him head drover on a herd bound for New Orleans. And no matter how Shanghai felt about the previous dealings, saying *no* to money just wasn't in his vocabulary.

It was about this time that Pierce acquired the sobriquet that he carried the rest of his life. So the story goes, he ordered a blacksmith to make him a pair of big-roweled spurs. When he strapped them on for the first time, he strutted around and admired himself. "By Gad! If I don't look just like a Shanghai rooster!" So *Shanghai* he became.

BY 1860, Shanghai's ability was well known along the coast, and Grimes was paying him $100 a month in order to keep him. That same year, Pierce's brother, Jonathan, arrived in Texas and went to work for Grimes, also, as a clerk.

But echoes from faraway Fort Sumter reverberated all the way to Texas to interrupt Shanghai's life for the next four years. As thousands of other young Texans did, Pierce offered his services to the Confederacy.

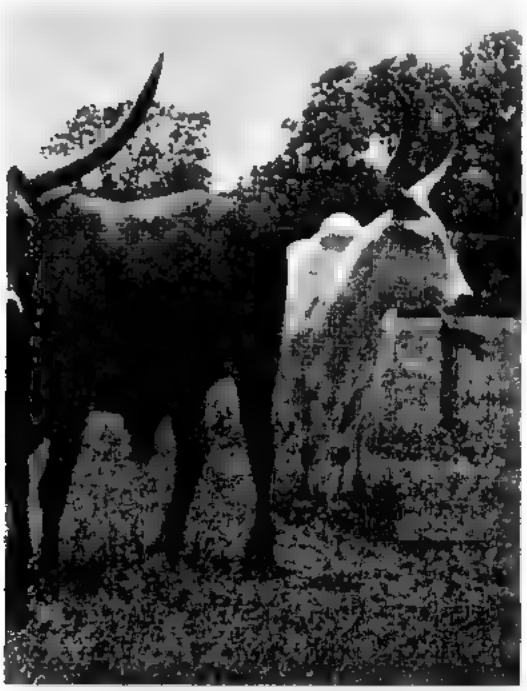
Grimes agreed to hold $500 in back wages for him. At least he would have something to come back to at the end of the war. So, confidently, he rode away to enlist in the First Texas Cavalry. His fame had gone before him, and he was made regimental butcher.

"I was all the same as a major general!" he often gloated. "Always in the rear when the regiment advanced—always in the lead on a retreat!"

When Lee shook hands with Grant at Appomattox, Pierce wasted no time in stirring up the dust for Texas. That $500 that Grimes was holding for him would put him in business! He was in for a harsh awakening.

Grimes seemed genuinely glad to see his ex-drover. But when Shanghai asked for his money, the cattleman edged away from him and said, "Sure, Shang, but since Texas was part of the Confederacy when we made that agreement, seems to me that I owe you $500 worth of Confederate money. There's a whole barrel full of it right over there. Help yourself!"

Courtesy The Cattleman



Grimes feared that his trickery would bring on a good thrashing from the enraged cowboy, but as Willie LaBauve, Pierce's range boss in later years, said of his employer, "Shang fought with money. Regardless of his size, he didn't take much to scrappin', and I've heard him say more than once: 'Just give me thirty minutes and I can talk any man out of a fight.' Not that he was afraid. He wasn't. It was just his way of doin'."

Although Pierce was mad enough to tear Grimes apart, he had something more deserving in mind for him. For the time being, he just stormed at him, "By Gad, Bing, I'll put you on the Black Hills for this! (The Black Hills were referred to as the cattleman's graveyard.) I'll make you wish, damn you, that you could eat your no 'count money, barrel and all!"

Pierce's nasal twang was an octave higher than usual and was probably heard in Port Lavaca, for even under normal conditions, he was never known for speaking quietly.

As a cowhand was heard to remark, "Anyone who had *seen* Pierce could truthfully say that he had *heard* him." And much to Bing Grimes' later regrets, he had to admit that he had indeed heard him. For Pierce proved to be a man of his word.

Cattle were the answer to the problem of how to fill Shang's empty pocketbook. After four long and hard years of war, the East desperately needed beef. And during those four years, the cattle in Texas had been left to roam and multiply while their owners killed and were killed in the bloody fighting. There were yearlings and two-year-olds running wild, unclaimed and unbranded, waiting for any man who was fast with a rope and steady with a branding iron.

Shanghai thought that a lot of sweat was more than a fair swap for a little money. He spent many long hours rounding up mavericks and burning his mark on them. And a fair swap it was for sure, for after selling his newly-branded herd in New Orleans, Pierce went home with a $1,400 profit in his pocket.

Mavericks soon became scarce. Most of the once unbranded cattle carried someone's identification on their hips. Shanghai went into partnership with J. M. Foster and James and Joseph Collins, and the partners found it easier to buy their stock cheap in Matagorda, trail it to New Orleans—their only outlet due to the Civil War—and sell high. This operation was good while it lasted, but the market was soon flooded with beef, and prices fell. The partnership was dissolved.

AT A TIME when many men lost all that they owned, Shanghai made money. The Pierce brothers established a slaughterhouse and sold their hides and tallow for three times more per pound than other cattlemen sold their largest steers on the hoof. Thousands of cattle went through the Pierce pens, and their meat fattened hundreds of hogs that were sold at high prices.

And when cattle prices leveled—as Shanghai knew they would—he and Jonathan had a nice herd of branded calves to graze on their Rancho Grande on the Tres Palacios Creek in Matagorda County. The brothers turned their full attention to their ranch and to building up their holdings. Shanghai took care of all of the outside work, and Jonathan did the paper work.

Shanghai soon joined forces with Allen & Poole of Galveston. In order to fill

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Pierce had this life-sized statue made to be placed over his grave so that when his friends passed by they could say, "There stands ol' Shang!"

beef contracts in Havana, New Orleans and Pensacola, Florida, they built a wharf out into Matagorda Bay and shipped as many as 2,500 head of cattle a year.

When the railroads snaked west and south through Missouri and into Dodge City and on to Abilene, Pierce was one of the first South Texas stockmen to gather a herd and push it up the long, dusty trail to the Kansas railhead. The year was 1867. Reconstruction had been harsh on the people of the South, and money was mighty hard to come by—harder than cattle.

"Mr. Pierce became a familiar sight . . . and a welcomed one! He was in the market for cattle to trail north. He'd come riding into camp . . . a big, portly man . . . always sitting a fine horse. And a'trailin' along behind him on a mule was a darkie that he called Neptune. Well, Pierce would ride up to the boss. 'Young man,' he'd say . . . that's what he called everybody, young or old . . . 'Young man, I've come to buy cattle.' At that, he'd climb down, spread out a saddle blanket and dump out his saddlebags of gold and silver coins. He'd buy two or three hundred head at a

time. Yes, sir, he sure was a welcome sight!"

The cattle were easier to buy than they were to round up and drive clear across Texas, through Indian Territory, and into the shipping pens in Kansas. They were wild, rangy Longhorns that had spent their days browsing on the open range, and these "mossyhorns" were as fast and skittish as they came.

Shang use to say that "It takes two men to see them . . . one to say, 'Here he comes!' and one to say, 'There he goes!'"

When a herd would thunder into a trail town and someone would ask whose it was, Pierce would roar, "Young man, those are my sea lions! They came right out of the Gulf of Mexico, by damn!" But both the sea lions and their loud and domineering owner became familiar sights in Abilene and Dodge City. No one needed to ask whose herd it was; all they had to do was listen.

IN 1871, the Galveston company folded and Pierce, still in good shape financially, sold his Texas holdings and moved to Kansas City. Some old-timers insist that there was more behind it than just the desire for a change of scenery. "The Law was a'sniffin' too close to ol' Shang's heels. They found five or six young men a'swingin' from a tree limb. They had been stealing and skinnin' cattle . . . most of them BUs . . . and that was Pierce's brand. Yes, sirree! Things was gettin' too hot for Shang, and he lit a shuck for Kansas."

Whatever his reason, Pierce remained in Kansas City for four years. While there, he decided to invest in the banking business. This episode has become a legend in cattle circles.

Pierce's partners, considering him a brash blow-hard, with his mouth where his brain should be, decided to swindle him out of the $100,000 that he had invested. But the sagacious cowman sensed the double-dealing and decided to practice some chicanery himself.

One morning he thundered into their office, expounding a sure-fire scheme by which they could double—maybe even triple—their money. His partners were completely taken in, and as Pierce related his plan, visions of dollar signs swam before their eyes. He told them of two huge cattle herds coming up the trail from the south. Why, he already had a buyer for them. They'd make a tremendous profit! All that he needed to do was to travel on south and buy the herds before they got to town. And $100,000 would be a cheap price for them. They'd be rich!

The men could hardly wait to stuff the $100,000 into a satchel and hustle Pierce off to the railroad depot. They just made it to the train as it was rolling out of the station. Shanghai swung up on the observation platform of the last car and gleefully hollered back to his ex-partners, "Good-bye, damn you! We're even now. I'm out of the banking business, and I'm going back to Texas!"

TEXAS hadn't changed much in his four years' absence, and Pierce was glad to be back. He was anxious to get his cattle operations rolling again. The cattle business was still carried on as always. Calves were still branded and turned out on the open range. Ranchers owned just enough land on which to build their headquarters buildings, then they leased their pasture land for five and ten cents an acre. At one time Shanghai and Jonathan had owned 50,000 head of cattle and only eleven acres of land. But times were changing, and Pierce was a leader, not a follower. He had great plans. And he had some unfinished business named Bing Grimes.

Grimes had remained the foremost rancher in the area. His cattle were sold regularly in the booming Kansas trail towns of Newton and Wichita. And like the others, his money was tied up in thousands of head of stock and very little land. That was just how Shanghai wanted it. That was what would put Grimes "on the Black Hills."

The Pierce brothers and Dan Sullivan formed a partnership in the land-buying business. Their cow camps were soon scattered for miles along the Tres Palacios and the Matagorda. They took over the country like a flood of sea water creeping over the flat coastal plans. They soon owned one of the largest outfits on the Gulf. Even Grimes was forced to take a back seat.

The Pierce cattle continued to stream up the trail to Kansas, and money streamed into his pockets. By 1875, the

"How do you like that! I jist scratch my nose and bought 3 sows and 2 litters of pigs!"

Pierce Brothers & Sullivan owned or had bought interests in nearly all of the large tracts of land from the Colorado River to the Tres Palacios. But since the land was unfenced, it was still grazed by other men's herds as if it were open range. Shanghai put a stop to that by getting a court injunction ordering them off of his pastures.

Backed up by this injunction in the fall of 1878, Pierce ordered his foreman, Tom Nye, to take the cowboys and haze out every head carrying a foreign brand. "Every head" amounted to 11,000, and though the cattle were driven off to the north of Shanghai's land, they drifted back again. The only way to stop this was to fence the pasture.

Pierce purchased 200,000 additional acres to the north of his range, and stretched miles of barbed wire across it. All beeves not burned with his brand were once again rounded up and herded off his land. Most of these belonged to Bing Grimes, and as the Pierce cowboys headed them north, they whooped and shouted till the spooky Longhorns ran as if the butcher himself were after them. They scattered so far and wide that Grimes' cowhands could find very few of them. Bing's money and power had literally run away from him. Shanghai Pierce now controlled the range, and his words echoed in Grimes' ears. "By Gad, Bing, I'll put you on the Black Hills!"

Grimes moved to Kansas City and went into the dry goods business. For awhile he ran a few cows in the Indian Territory, but Pierce had broken him. He died without returning to Texas.

ALTHOUGH Shanghai's toes were dangerous ones to step on, he wasn't against treading on someone else's when he could get by with it. In Kansas one year, Pierce sold a herd of his wild sea lions to a greenhorn who he knew couldn't handle them. Sure enough, the steers got away from their new owner and drifted back to the Pierce range as he had suspected they would, and he resold them. The next year in Kansas, a blacksmith gave Shang a long and loud cursing for pulling such a dirty deal. He thought that his dissertation would surely provoke a fight from the Texan, and he squared around, ready for the big man's first punch.

"By heaven, young man, if I stopped to fight with everybody who cussed me, I would be fighting all the time. But while they are busy cussing me, I am busy getting their money." With his beard stuck out in defiance, Pierce stalked off down the street.

By the early 1880s, the Pierce brothers decided to split their vast holdings, Shanghai taking the north range and Jonathan the south part. The railroad finally came into South Texas and the Pierces worked hard to get it to cross their land. Each offered to donate property and build a station if the railroad would agree. The morning after the papers were signed, the brothers were out supervising the building of their stations. The new railroad would solve their shipping problems.

As the last nail was driven into the building on Shanghai's land, he instructed the painter to paint the name "Pierce's Station" on the structure.

"But don't you think that it should read 'Pierce Station'?" the man asked.

"Hell, no!" bellowed Shang. "*I* furnished the land! *I* bought the lumber! And *I* own the building! You put that 's on *my* sign!"

The railroad men ran into a similar situation with Jonathan. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of having his own shipping pens that he decided to christen his station "Thank God." He had the name painted in big letters across the end of the building.

"But, Mr. Pierce," the representative from the railroad gently insisted, "I don't think that 'Thank God' is a very suitable name!" Jonathan did. Only after much coaxing did he agree to call the station "Blessing."

Whatever their names, they were blessings to the Pierces. They could now ship their cattle anywhere in the country without making a long, hard trail drive to a railhead.

In 1879, Shanghai sold a herd to a buyer in Kansas City. He went along with his steers to be sure that they arrived in good shape. Instead of buying a seat in a coach, he rode in one of the cattle cars. By the time the train jolted to a halt in Kansas City, the only way to tell Pierce from one of his bovines was to know that Pierce was the one with the beard! They smelled exactly alike.

After Shanghai saw to the unloading of his fellow passengers, he headed for the St. James Hotel, the favorite hostelry of visiting cattlemen. He plodded up the

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Ollie Young's cabin at Clifton, Utah—1951

He had broken every tie with the past except one — a photograph which he wouldn't discuss

By NELL MURBARGER

Photo By Author

The HERMIT of CLIFTON

NEAR the western edge of Tooele County, Utah, where brown hills border the stark, grim whiteness of Great Salt Desert, a fierce summer sun beats down on the bleaching skeleton of Clifton, a mining camp that flowered and faded so long ago that little remains to mark the spot.

A few battered headboards stand guard over lonely graves. Open shafts of several old mines lurk treacherously in the tangled brush; an iron pump leans crookedly over a caving well. Spotted through the canyon are crumbling foundations of one-time mills and blacksmith shops, stores and homes; but of all the buildings that once flanked these streets, only two remained standing when I last visited the townsite. One of these was a cabin formerly occupied by Oliver Young.

"Ollie" had been the last living resident of the town—quite a distinction in a mining camp whose history spanned the greater part of a century.

Knowledge of the presence of ore in this locality was first brought to the attention of white men more than a hundred years ago when travelers on the Overland Trail were approached by Indians who offered "shining rocks" in exchange for food and tobacco. In the westering hordes of California-bound goldseekers were occasional curious ones who halted their journey to investigate the source of those shining rocks.

These men had found the ore—scads of it! To their disappointment, however, it was mainly silver and lead which offered little chance for profitable mining in a region so far removed from mills and smelters. Desultory work had been done as years went on, but nothing of importance until 1864 when Utah's first large smelter was constructed at Stockton by Colonel Patrick E. Connor. Even though processing at this plant involved a haul of more than 125 miles across the desert by mule teams, the immediate result was a mining boom and the birth of Clifton.

Many mines opened in the vicinity, and by 1872 a mill and smelter had been constructed locally. The smelter wasn't a wild success, for Clifton was a little ahead of her time. Her ore was composed too largely of copper, lead, zinc, tungsten and arsenic—then all completely unmarketable—while the precious metals for which men sought were limited to rich pockets, too few and too far between.

UNABLE to operate profitably, Clifton's major mines ceased production. The smelter shut down in 1874, its equipment was removed to the nearby mining camp of Gold Hill; business houses closed their doors, and Clifton became a ghost town.

The years that followed were marked by sporadic revivals. Old mines would re-open, new stock certificates would be issued, mining journals would blossom with glowing reports, and the camp would take on a transitory appearance of life. But none of these revivals ever lasted for long. Developers would soon lose interest, the money would run out, or the market collapse, and Clifton would slip back into her limbo of forgottenness. Each ephemeral boom—and bust—seemed to leave her a little grayer, a little more withered and decrepit than before.

It was one of these flash-in-the-pan revivals that brought Oliver Young and his brother, Brigham, to Clifton.

Except for the fact that the Young brothers claimed to be nephews of the pioneering Mormon Saint, they never had much to say about their past life. Like the other men who had been there, they prospected and dreamed and walked briefly on the shining pink clouds of Hope. Then, once again, the boom collapsed and everyone streamed out of town as rapidly as they had streamed in. Everyone but the Youngs—they stayed.

Fine, clean, high-principled old men, they were completely devoted to each other; yet, for some reason, they chose to live in separate cabins. Ollie lived in the little log shack that was still standing at the time of my last visit. On up the canyon about thirty yards, lived Brig.

It was Brig who died first. After his brother's death, folks rather supposed that Ollie would go back where he had come from—wherever that was. But Ollie stayed on at Clifton—the last, lonely inhabitant of the town.

For eight or ten years Ollie kept Brig's cabin exactly as he had left it. He even kept the bunk made up, slick and clean, and the cupboards stocked with canned food—just as if his dead brother were away on a prospecting jaunt and due to return any moment.

One day some careless hunters set fire to Brig's cabin and it burned to the ground. After that, Ollie's interest in living seemed to decline and it wasn't long before he died. With his death, Ollie's friends lost their last opportunity to ask about "The Picture."

IT HAD HUNG on the log wall at the head of his bed—a fine, large picture in an old-fashioned gilt frame. There was no mistaking that its central figure was Ollie as a younger man, even though his habiliments bore little resemblance to those worn by the old miner in the western Utah ghost town. Instead of ragged and patched overalls, the Oliver Young in the picture was wearing fancy riding pants, a bowler hat, and a tight jacket! He was holding a riding crop, and standing at the head of a spirited horse that had one of those pancake saddles on its back.

When anyone asked him about The

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I ARRIVED in Arizona early in the year 1864. I had resided in California fourteen years prior to this, and was quite well acquainted in San Francisco. I had means sufficient to satisfy a man, if he was not too greedy to hoard up wealth that would be left after death. I wanted adventure.

When I arrived in Arizona I was in the prime of life—thirty-eight years old. I had constitution and energy equal to the best man living of weight and age. I was fearless of danger, in fact, reckless as far as the preservation of my life was concerned. I brought with me merchandise of all kinds, mining tools and supplies.

The Indians of Arizona were altogether different from other Indians of the continent. In 1865 a band of about thirty Paiutes, and among them some Chemhuevis, began a career of outlawry. As to what excuse they had for their murderous deviltry, I never did learn. I had, early in 1865, improved the road toward California, had established a safe ferry across the Colorado River, had built a good passable road from the Colorado River to Prescott so that I could handle freight, and managed to have the post office department let a contract to carry the mail from San Bernardino to Prescott.

It did not suit me to live a hermit's life, or settle down with Indians and become degenerated. White people, or people of my kind, were good enough for me, but the Indians were hostile and treacherous. I would frequently hear of depredations being committed on the west side of the river by the band of outlaws or hostiles. For over two years they were a terror to the white man who undertook to cross the desert. I had the names of nearly 200 people they had killed up to 1866. I never heard of one of these Indians being killed. I had come to the conclusion that I must give up and stop business and move back to civilization again, when one day a party of three miners and a man for cook, who had set out to do some prospecting some sixty miles from the Colorado River, came in. I sent a man with saddle horses and pack animals to move these parties out and bring the stock back. It was not safe to turn the stock loose as they would surely be stolen.

These miners were gone but six days when three of them returned with this report: "We built a brush shade near a spring of good water. We had to go one mile to work, so we took our lunch with us. On the evening of the third day we returned, and Mose Little, our cook, informed us that three Indians had been in camp, and that he had given them some bread and tobacco. One of the miners said that he was not in favor of feeding Indians, but Little said, 'Let us manage the Indians; I can make friends with them and all will go well.'"

The miners protested, and declared that they would not take the chances of their lives, for the reputation of this band of Indians was bad. Little pleaded off, and said he would advise the Indians to keep away from camp.

Next morning the miners got up early, took their lunch and rifles in hand, and went to work. They gathered a sample of ore from their mine and started for camp, with the determination of returning to Hardyville (my place) next day. On their arrival at camp they found young Little dead before the cabin. The faithful dog had been tied up by Little; he was killed. All the provisions, blankets, clothing and ammunition, except that which the miners had in their belts, were carried off.

From ARIZONA CAVALCADE
Hastings House, Publishers, Inc.
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It was now near sunset and the nearest food or help was at Hardyville, sixty miles away. To delay for the night was to take chances of being killed the next day—besides, starvation stared them in the face. They took a hasty glance at the situation and filled their canteens with water and struck out for Hardyville.

THEY made Hardyville in about thirty hours, footsore, tired and hungry. Our town was not large, and it took but ten minutes to relate the story to all. At once it was decided to go out and bury Mose Little at all hazards. Only ten saddle horses could be raked up; twice that number of men were ready to enlist. Preparations for an immediate start were made, an early supper was ordered, a pack animal to carry lunch and feed, fifty rounds of ammunition for each man, and—getting an idea in my head that to mete out vengeance was right, and any kind of warfare would be just if I could only exterminate those treacherous Indians—I took about ten pounds of brown sugar and mashed it up fine, then I took a small bottle of strychnine, pulverized it, and mixed it with the sugar and put it in a sack. I also put some arsenic in flour and baked some biscuits. This, with a little coffee, was tied on behind the saddle.

We got off about sundown and traveled as fast as our horses could stand it. The moon was near full, and the trail was good. At the halfway water, about three a.m., we watered our stock and fed them barley. After a breakfast of crackers, canned meats, canned fruit and coffee, we got off before sunrise, for the middle of the day on the desert is always very warm.

About eleven a.m. we stopped again, picketed our horses and ate dinner; all but one took a sleep. After about five hours' rest we again started, and soon reached the camp that had been deserted by the miners two days before. The brush shanty had been burned, but the body of young Little was lying on the ground, his head split open, apparently with a hatchet; the body was nude and fearfully mutilated. There was no time to be lost. Two men were set to digging a grave on a little hill just back from the spring. We fed our horses and prepared some coffee.

When the grave was dug, the body was wrapped in a blanket and laid to rest with but little ceremony, as most of the party were on guard, keeping a sharp lookout for our common enemy. The moon had risen when we had saddled our horses, ready for mount. The sack of poisoned sugar was left on the ground, with the bread and remnants of provisions, as though we had forgotten to put them on the pack mule.

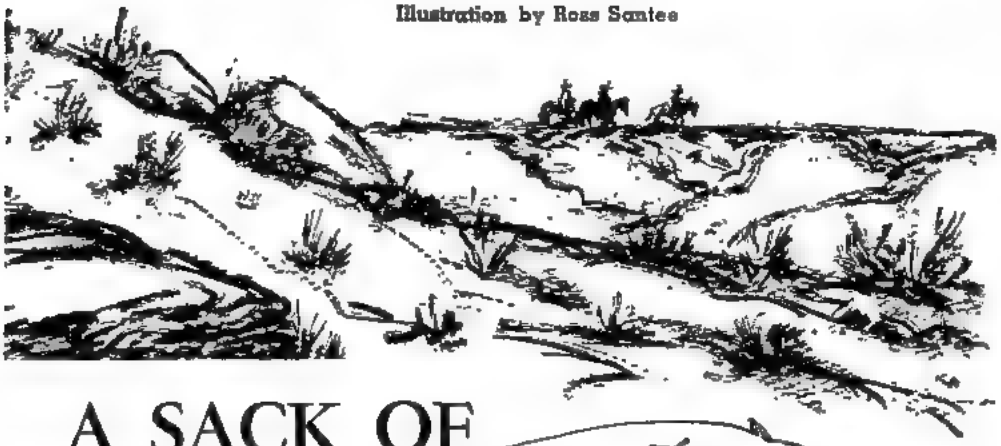
We started toward Hardyville with sad hearts. Mose Little was a popular young man from Philadelphia, and his untimely death was mourned by all. Hardly a word was spoken by our party for six hours, but we rode as rapidly as possible toward home. We stopped but a few minutes at the halfway spring and rode on, reaching Hardyville at eight o'clock next morning.

ABOUT ten days had passed when a teamster who was engaged in repair-

It left seventeen Indians to bleach in the sun and it kept one white man running until, by his own admission, "I was licked without a fight." Which brings up the question: Can human conscience endure the commission of premeditated murder?

By WILLIAM H. HARDY

Illustration by Ross Santee



A SACK OF POISONED SUGAR

ing the road, with seven others at the same time herding stock, arrived late in the evening, and reported that three Indians had come to their camp a few hours before he left. From the description, they were a part of the band that had murdered Little. I at once put up extra ammunition, took four improved rifles, and went to the road camp. Two of the boys had traced the Indians to their camp in a box canyon about two miles from the road camp.

Now for retaliation. About two o'clock next morning we all wrapped cloth and old sacks about our feet, and started for the Indian camp. One man was instructed to go into the box canyon below the Indian camp and hide behind a rock, but not to expose himself, and try to keep the Indians hemmed in, while another man was directed to go to the other side and also guard the outlet. On the opposite side of the Indian huts was a perpendicular wall about sixty feet high, and we had the enemy hemmed in.

At the dawn of day we crept to the brink of the canyon and saw the brush huts of the Indians, and the little fires which had been burning all night. We saw several Indians lying asleep on the ground, the weather being warm and bedding being unnecessary.

After charging each man to keep cool, aim low, and not overshoot, each man chose his Indian, and at the word a volley was fired. Reloading was but the work of a moment, and firing was kept up for about fifteen minutes, when the man on guard below the Indians reported himself wounded. Two Indians and two squaws had skulked under the bank, out of range of our rifles, and had worked down toward the guard, who fired at short range, and the Indian shot the guard with an arrow through the chest. The two Indians and squaws got away.

We had to pack the wounded man out to a place where he could be reached with a wagon. A man was sent for a wagon, while we viewed the battleground. We found nine dead Indians and the scalp and clothing of young Little, so we were sure we had got the right party. The next day the wounded man, John Boone, died in great agony, the arrow having been a poisoned one.

Five days later two Indians, supposed to be the same two who had escaped, attacked a teamster within half a mile of my house, killed him and eight of his ten-mule team. We heard the report of the rifles and reached the man too late to help him. The man was dead. He had attempted to escape, but was overtaken by the Indians and filled with arrows.

Next day I sent a man who was acquainted with the chief, to ask him to meet me and have a talk. He sent me word that he dared not, as he was afraid I would kill him on sight. I sent back word that if he and his tribe would keep away from the wagon road, and stop killing and stealing, we would treat him as a friend; if not, we would at once organize, hunt them down and kill the whole tribe at sight. The old chief agreed to my demand, and said, at the same time, that the Indians whom we had killed were renegade Indians and not of his band.

A few weeks later I received a letter and photo from a young lady in Philadelphia. She had heard of the killing of her dear brother by the Indians, and wanted to know if I had any clothing or jewelry that had belonged to him, and requesting me to send them to her. The clothing and blankets we had taken from the Indians were very filthy, as they had used them, so we burned them on the spot. All I had was her brother's scalp, which I wrapped up carefully and mailed as directed. I afterwards learned that a funeral was held over this piece of her brother. It seems that the father of young Little was wealthy; he sent $300 to erect a monument in memory of his son.

IT WAS about six months later—meanwhile no raids or depredations had been reported on that side of the river—when a party of six miners ventured to go out and look at their mines. On arriving at the camp where Little was killed, they found, strewn about, bleached and scattered by wild animals, the skeletons of seventeen Indians. I am of the opinion that these Indians died of eating too much sugar. These Indians hung around to see what would be done and, after Little had been buried, they found the sugar that had been left and divided it among themselves. The result was seventeen skeletons left to bleach in the sun.

I have often met Indians of this tribe, and they were always prompt in approaching me and telling me that I had done a good deed for them; that the Indians we had killed were bad, and if matters had run on a short time longer, the whole tribe would have been held for the acts of a few bad Indians. Meanwhile the country had been clear of Indians on that side of the Colorado River.

Having frequently seen squibs of articles in papers in regard to this affair, I thought I would write a true account of it for publication. I have never shunned an Indian since, nor feared him, and I have always considered that I had done a good job.

It was in September, 1865, that Chief Justice William F. Turner ordered the sheriff of Yavapai County to summon a grand jury. 'Tis true a court was held in September, 1864, but this was to organize, as no legislature had yet convened, and it was a formal affair. The sheriff made his return in due time, and on the morning of the day fixed for the term, many idle men and, in fact, businessmen of Prescott, went to the little house called the courthouse, out of curiosity.

At ten o'clock the jurymen began to arrive. Each one came with his rifle in hand and as he entered the door of the courthouse, he set his rifle against the wall. Each juror had a revolver in his scabbard, and leather pockets or pouches full of cartridges.

In a short time the seats were all occupied. The judge took his seat in a rough chair; the clerk, for a short time, conversed with His Honor. The judge directed that as the names of the jurors were called, they should take their seats in the place prepared for them. As the roll was called, each juror took his seat with his revolver at his side. The judge hesitated as he administered the oath, remarking that it was then near noon, and the court would stand at recess until one o'clock. Each juror, as he went out, took his rifle in hand and went to his dinner.

When the jurymen were all out of the house, the judge came to me and remarked that it was very unusual for a jury to carry arms, and asked if it would not be in order to ask the jurors

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Illustration by Charles Clayton

to lay aside their revolvers while acting as jurors.

I answered, "No. You had better let the jury have their own way about that matter. You know, Judge, that for a while past the Apaches have been very lively; only yesterday a man was killed and another wounded within a mile of town."

The judge spoke to two other men on the same subject, and got the same answer. I now spoke to the judge and said: "Those weapons are not intended for defense against the whites, but Indians. I would advise you to charge the jury as if they had no weapons and not notice the revolvers."

As the hands of the clock pointed to one o'clock, the jurors entered the house, set their rifles against the wall and took their seats. After roll call, the judge charged the jury. The charge was more like a lecture than a charge. The court and spectators left the room to let the jury deliberate.

The next day the jury was on hand early and as they went to dinner, they notified His Honor that they wished to consult him in a matter pertaining to their duty. I saw the judge and jury going toward the courthouse, but for a few minutes I was busy.

As I went to close my place of business, I saw the jurors rush out of the house and start off in a northerly direction. I well knew that trouble was up. I grasped my rifle in hand, slammed my store door shut, and started off with the crowd. In fact, every man in sight started under the impulse of the moment with a rifle in hand, and made the best time possible. But little noise was made. Occasionally someone would say, "Get there," and we soon got there. We met Tom Simmons, pale and excited, with the town herd all right, the cause of this alarm.

THE FIRST settlers of Prescott came from Texas, western Missouri, and Arkansas. They came with teams in trains of several wagons, so as to protect each other. They were used to frontier life. They brought with them cattle and horses and such stock as they had on hand. Arriving in Prescott, a town herd was made up, and each man took turnabout in herding this flock. This week the herd was looked after by Tom Simmons.

Tom had allowed the herd to feed close to the rocks and the animals had worked into a box canyon. Said he, "The cattle were feeding all right. You see the grama and bunch grass was mighty fine and big in those rocks. All of a sudden the cattle began to round up.

"I saw an Indian dodge behind a tall bush. As quick as thought, I shot through the bush and the Indian went down. I attempted to reload, but the ball stuck. The Indians began to close in on me, but the herd gathered around me and shielded me from the arrows. Then the Indians began shooting at me. I drew my revolver, fired three times, and the Indians fell back. I got my rifle loaded again, and dropped another Indian; then I pointed my revolver at them, and the herd moved out into open ground and some of them began to run towards home. All of a sudden, the Indians left. I saw a signal smoke shoot upward from that hill. The Indian that was on the lookout saw you boys coming and left."

"But," said I, "you are excited and shaking."

"All right," says Tom, "you try it, and see how you feel. I never did better shooting in my life and I was cool, but when the fight was over I broke down."

We all went with Tom, and found one big Indian. Tom said this was the last one and that the other one was behind a bush. We looked behind the bush, and found two dead Indians. He had killed two at the first shot. A piece of rope was obtained, and the Indians were hung up in a juniper tree, as a warning. Two years later I passed that way and saw the skeleton of one of the Indians still hanging to the tree.

When Tom commenced firing, Mr. Sanders heard the report of his rifle and took a sheet off the bed, climbed up on a big rock in front of his house and waved it. A juror near the courthouse window saw it and said, "Boys, there's Indians."

The jury did not ask leave, but rushed out and got there. After an absence of about an hour, the jury returned, took their seats as though nothing had happened, asked the question, got advised by the court, and retired for further deliberation. The next day I noticed the judge carried his rifle with him and kept his revolver strapped on him, ready for work at a moment's warning.

The first settlers of northern Arizona were built that way. They faced the Indians and never ran from them. There never was a woman or child taken prisoner or killed by the Indians.

In looking around Prescott today, I saw several men that were in that little army, but the majority of them have passed away. Several were afterwards killed by Indians. Nearly two years later, near the Point of Rocks, east of Prescott, Mrs. Stevens told me of what had happened a day or two before.

She said: "Mr. Stevens had gone to town with milk, and I was doing up my house work, when I noticed Indians crawling up to steal my calves that were feeding in the little pasture. I thought that a man would do better than a woman, so I hastily pulled on my husband's pants, put on an old soldier's overcoat, took the rifle and went out. I pointed the gun toward the Indians and charged on them. They skedaddled back into the rocks. I looked up the road and saw Rube Farrington and a train of teams coming, and I soon had help."

Mrs. Stevens had "sand," you bet.

IN 1865 I built a toll road from Mojave to Fort Whipple. I took a contract to haul 800 tons of government freight from Fort Mojave to Whipple and Camp Verde, and I bought in Los Angeles and San Bernardino forty yoke of oxen and a number of wagons built at a cost of $600 each. I next bought eight six-mule teams to do this hauling.

I had previously put up a building in Prescott and laid in a general stock of merchandise, including agricultural implements and miners' tools. I purchased a set of tinners' tools and built a shop to manufacture tinware. I also built a large saloon, and a corral and barn to accommodate and shelter stock. I also took to Prescott two billiard tables, the first taken to Arizona. This required me to travel over the road, first to keep it in repair, and next to look after my freight teams.

I got along quite well until the fall of 1867, when I was riding alone from Prescott to Hardyville. I would ride nights and lay off during the day, as the Indians were cowardly and were afraid to make an attack in the night. The road crossed four ranges of mountains; passes would be made through these at night and frequently I would ride by day in the open country.

One trip I rode through the Aquarius Range and the Wallapai Springs. It was twenty miles, and I got opposite this spring a little after sunrise. I saw no signs of Indians, so I went off the road a few hundred yards up a rocky canyon to a spring, and dismounted and led my horse.

I had gotten near the spring when a young Indian stepped out from behind a rock, and before I had time to get my revolver out he was within six feet of me, and said, "Where you go?" in plain English. In three seconds, three more Indians came out of the brush. Each had his bow partly bent, and arrow in place. I noticed that they had full quivers of arrows slung on their shoulders. Within three seconds from the time the first one came in sight all four were within six feet of me. To move to draw my revolver from its scabbard or take my carbine from its sling, would have meant my heart would have been pierced with four poisoned arrows.

I was paralyzed. There I was, a prisoner to be tortured to death and my noble horse (that clung to me and rubbed his head against me) would be chopped up into steak and eaten by these red devils. As they stood like statues, a laughing sneer on their faces, as much as to say, "Now, old fellow, we have got you here," a thought struck me.

I had heard that these Indians were afraid of the Yavapai Apaches. The Apache country joined the Wallapai's on the east, and they, being the more numerous tribe, would frequently attack, kill and burn Wallapai camps. I turned with all the coolness that I could muster (for here was a hurrying time of year) and said, "Who are those Indians back in the cedars? They look like Apaches and I think they run all night."

"You see them?" asked the Indians.

"Yes, close by."

"How many?" said the Indian.

"I guess about fifty." At this point I

(Continued on page 49)

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THE

GREAT PEARL HUNT in Texas

It has been over a half-century since pearl hunters swarmed to the shores of Caddo Lake. Fifty long years—plenty of time for a whole new crop of pearls to form

By AL EASON

Don Vincent of Kilgore, Texas, examines pearls found during a family outing. Photo courtesy *Longview News And Journal.*

EVER since the first stone-age man bashed open an oyster with a stone axe while seeking his evening meal, and found a beautiful pearl instead, people have coveted this "water-gem" for bodily ornamentation. Men have fought and died, and women have sold their bodies and immortal souls to gain possession of a sphere of solidified nacre.

Prior to the year 1900, when Europe had kings and Russia had a Czar and Czarina, the pearl became the most sought after of all adornments for the royal crowns and lovely necks of the reigning houses of Europe and Asia. This demand for pearls by the royal families soon filtered down to the richer people of the nations and pearls became in short supply. And this is how it came to pass that thousands of persons camped on the cypress-clad shores of Caddo Lake in Texas in search of a fortune in pearls.

Before this time most of the world's supply had come from the oyster, usually deep-water shell found in the far reaches of the salt seas. To bring this deep-water shell to the surface, where the oysters could be opened, required divers especially trained for this dangerous work from childhood. The shallow pearl-producing oysters had been reduced practically to extinction, and divers had to work deeper and deeper water in search of the producing shell.

The production of a pearl by an oyster is a slow process. First, a grain of sand or some other bit of foreign matter enters the shell of the oyster or mussel and irritates the tender tissues within. The mollusk immediately begins to secrete a modification of the mother-of-pearl that lines the shell to coat the offending matter. Over a long period of time layer after layer of this coating is added and, if conditions are right and the coating is of equal thickness, a beautiful pearl is formed.

Because of the slow production of pearls, the shortage of trained divers who could reach the great depths necessary to harvest the pearl oysters, and the great demand, international jewelers turned to the lowly fresh-water mussel (Mytilus Edulis) for their source of supply.

THE GREAT pearl hunt began on Caddo Lake about the year 1900. People came from hundreds of miles away to seek their fortunes in the sand and muck at the bottom of this most beautiful of lakes. Many came in covered wagons and brought their families, prepared to stay for months if necessary, in their search for riches. So great was the influx of pearl-seekers, that one old-timer described the lake as "ringed with their campfires, as far as the eye could see."

Many of the pearl-hunters were farmers, most coming to search for pearls between the time they "laid by" their crops, and the time of harvest. This coincided well with the low-water period of the lake in July and August, for it was then most of the mussels were found. Few people dived for the mussels of Caddo. For one thing it was not necessary; the shell was there for the taking in water ranging from eighteen inches to two feet in depth.

The mussels were gathered by the simple process of crawling along the bottom on hands and knees and feeling for the mollusks. A small boat, or scow, was pulled alongside to receive the catch. When the scow was filled, it was towed to the nearest shore, and the mussels opened. This was accomplished easily by placing the mussel with the hinge down, and inserting a thin-bladed knife between the shells on the ends and cutting the muscle holding the shells together. The shell could then easily be pulled apart with the fingers.

Expenses for food at the lake were practically nil. Deer and wild turkey abounded in the swamps and forests surrounding the camps, and the lake and bayous teemed with a wide variety of fish. Hunting and fishing parties were formed and the pearl hunters socialized at fish-frys and barbecues complete with "fiddle-music" and dancing or "play-parties."

Pearl hunting was not all a bed of roses, however; the swampy areas swarmed by night with hordes of malaria-bearing mosquitoes. The hunters from necessity slept under mosquito-bars and burned rags in a futile attempt to free the camp areas of the pests.

By day, flies hovered in clouds over the mounds of rotting mussels along the shoreline. The sanitary situation became so acute the State of Texas sent a man to try and talk the people into throwing the offal back into the water. He was laughed at and, lacking laws on the statute books to enforce his request, returned to Austin.

Tow Head was one of the favorite camping spots on the Texas side of the lake. In 1900, during high water, this rise of land was an island, but was accessible by land when pearl hunting was at its peak in July and August. Most of the people who camped on Tow Head hunted for pearls in the Ames Spring Basin and the Goose Prairie area. The island was at the point where Cypress Bayou enters the main body of Caddo Lake and, because of this central location, became a focal point for hunters and the pearl buyers who came up the lake from Shreveport, Louisiana. (This was before the present dam was built blocking boat traffic from Twelve Mile Bayou.)

The hunters soon developed a jargon of their own. A "washboard" meant the black, thick-shelled mussel with deep indentations in the shell. These were much sought after, for they produced the higher-priced pink and white pearls. A "slug" was an irregular-shaped mass of mother-of-pearl of little or no value. A "peeler" was a pearl that was not perfectly round, or of a desired shape. These peelers were so named because there was always the chance that if the outer layer were removed, a perfect pearl would emerge.

Small buyers sometimes bought peelers at a piddling price, gambling on the possibility that when peeled, they would uncover a bit of a fortune. Much speculation went on, and men grew in wealth who never got their feet wet looking for pearls. *(Continued on page 54)*

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Andy Carlson stands high above this group in an early day picture on the north slope of Battle Mountain. Bull Cliff is in the background and the Vindicator Mine shows dimly in the distance.

They asked nothing more of life than a roof overhead, a little food and drink, and solitude to dream the dreams that made their lonely existence bearable

By RUFUS L. PORTER

Photos Courtesy Author

Bull Hill SAVAGES

DURING the boom years (1891-1904) in the fabulous Cripple Creek-Victor, Colorado, gold mining district—"The World's Greatest Gold Camp"—shacks, cabins and houses of every description sprang up all over the hills, away from the dozen established towns. They were built by squatters on mining claims, who usually paid "ground rent" of a few dollars per year to the claim owners. And the tenants were also expected to pay a small tax on the buildings. In later years, however, the companies became very lax about the ground rent and the assessor didn't consider the old shacks and cabins worth his while to climb the hills to appraise them. So, after the population began to decline, they were taken over by a new breed of men who became known as "The Bull Hill Savages."

These men were mostly frustrated prospectors past middle age, some of whom had come in with the rush. Many had made their stakes on leases or by selling their early claims; a few had grown rich a time or two by getting lucky on a lease. But they had "blown it in" in the classic tradition, or had "put 'er back in the ground" on other leases.

Many of the Savages were well educated. I knew a couple who had degrees in mining engineering. One had been a famous actor and had "trod the boards" in every civilized city throughout the world. A few had been successful businessmen "back East" who had simply walked off and left their families, businesses and everything. Many of them had sons or daughters somewhere. But the majority were confirmed bachelors. Several had sailed the seven seas before dropping anchor on Bull Hill or one of the lesser hills of the District. Old Man Oliver, mining engineer, born on a Yankee Clipper, had been a "master of sail or steam, any tonnage," at twenty-two. But most of them had been simply drifting hardrockers and prospectors all their lives and had mined gold on every continent on earth.

These men were not derelicts, although a few of them "went on the county" in their very old age. They were hopefuls who lived in dreamland. They would mine for wages or on contract long enough to make a small stake to resume leasing, always expecting to strike it rich on the next try. Those who had made big stakes just knew they could do it again. Those who hadn't still had faith. And as long as they lived, they never gave up. Just often enough to keep them all encouraged, one of them would find a little ore. Several became "dump rats" and eked out a living for years picking over old mine dumps that the regular Savages wouldn't fool with.

There were a few mean ones who always wound up in jail after they had been to town and hoisted a few snorts. But most of them were kindly, hospitable souls who'd give you their last pint of moonshine. I knew a couple who kept their own little stills and picked up a few honest dollars by selling a gallon now and then, after Colorado went dry in 1916.

I knew several who would get so drunk they would have to crawl home on their hands and knees. Andy Carlson, the Big Swede, would crawl a mile from Victor up the Midland Railroad tracks on a dark night with one hand on the rail to guide him. When he reached a certain switch he knew it was time to take the trail up to his cabin.

I BATCHED for a year, myself, in a cabin just below Andy's. One night in the dead of winter with the thermometer at ten below, I let my bulldog out and she soon started barking furiously. I rushed out to see what she had found and it was Andy, halfway up the hill from the tracks and half frozen. He had passed out and would have frozen stiff if I hadn't let the dog out before retiring for the night.

Andy had been a sailor for many years and he kept his cabin "ship-shape" at all times, drunk or sober. He died in his sleep in the late 1940s.

Some of the Savages were not so clean as Andy. In fact, more than a few were notorious for the filth and squalor in which they lived. There was Bathless Bill of Midway. He had never taken a bath and was proud of it. He was shunned, even by most of the other Savages. His skin was positively scaly with dirt, and he smelled to heaven.

But after Bill struck it rich on a lease and was wallowing in money, many who had given him a wide berth became his friends. Down at the bars and honky-tonks on Myers Avenue he was a popular man while his gold held out, for he spent it freely. His fair-weather friends

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got to teasing him one night for being the "great unwashed," and Bill bought $1,400 worth of champagne, dumped it in a bathtub somebody had set up on the bar, climbed in, and proceeded to take his first and only bath.

All the old Savages are gone now, and their cabins were wrecked or burned years ago. But the aroma of some of them still lingers around the spots where their cabins stood. One of them, Lon Bergmiester, used to hibernate during the winter and never get out of bed for weeks at a time, except to use a big slop bucket he kept under the bed. He had his bunk beside the stove with a pile of wood within reach. Groceries were kept on shelves above his bed. He could start a fire, prepare a meal and eat it without ever getting out of bed. Lon never washed the dishes until spring.

"Hell," he said, "There ain't no flies in wintertime."

If he ran out of groceries or whiskey (he used more of the latter than the former), he would wait for a nice day and journey down to Victor and stock up for a month or two.

Buffalo Brown had been rich once, at least to the tune of $50,000 that he made on a lease on the Last Dollar mine. But "Goldfield Red," a renowned harlot, got the most of it. Buffalo was getting old and his cabin was not far from where I was leasing. I used to kind of watch over him, but I had never crossed his threshold, although I had been invited to many times.

One time during a cold spell, when I hadn't seen him around for a week, I stopped and hammered on his door, hoping he hadn't dropped dead, as so many of them did, sometimes not being found for days or weeks.

He hollered, "Come in," to my knock, and when I opened the door the stench that poured out nearly bowled me over.

"Come on in!" Buffalo bellowed. "Don't stand there and hold the door open, it's colder'n hell outside."

So, for the first and last time, I went in. He had a red-hot fire going and there was a warm area right near the stove in which he was basking. He was eating some kind of slumgullion out of a huge frying pan that sat bubbling on the stove.

Above left is a corner of the cabin in which Andy Carlson spent his last days. The author lived here during the 1930s and it was in this yard that he found the Swede nearly frozen one winter night. The town of Independence is in the background; Sacramento Mine in the right foreground; Vindicator and City Mines are in the distance.

"Pull up that block of wood and set down," he said. "What in hell brings you out on a night like this?"

"Hadn't seen you around," I answered. "Just checking up."

"Hell, I'm OK," Buffalo assured me. "It's been so danged cold, I ain't been out of the house for a week."

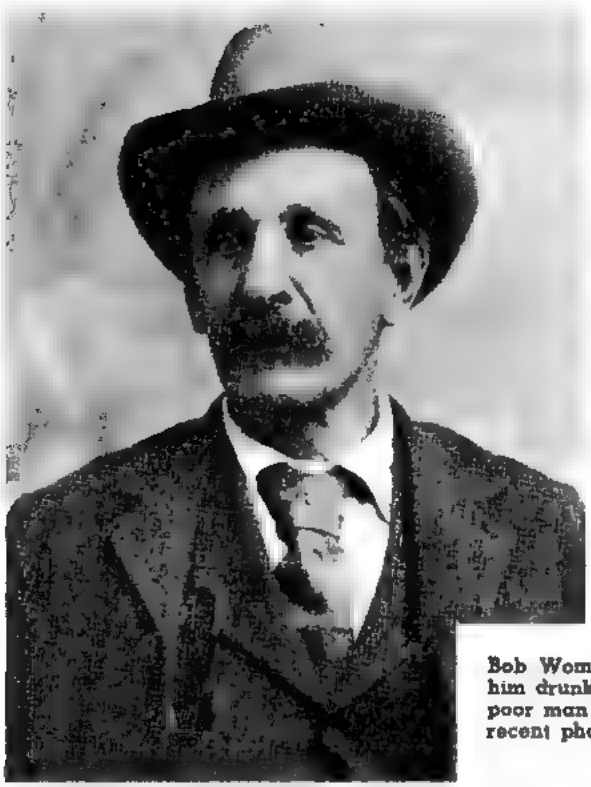
He had an old-fashioned pot, not the kitchen variety, sitting by the stove and filled to the brim, adding its distinctive fragrance to the well blended atmosphere. Suddenly he said, "This stuff's too danged hot to eat." He snatched the skillet off the stove and set it on the pot—and, after it had cooled a little, went back to eating from it!

When he offered to share his supper with me, I thought it was time to leave. "Rabbit stew" he called it. But I noticed his old tomcat wasn't around, and Buffalo hadn't been out to snare any rabbits.

SOME of the old Savages would get a little touched in the head from living alone so long. They were harmless, but they would get queer ideas. Several of them had a fear of their cabins' being robbed while they were away and would set guns so they would fire through the door if anybody got to fooling around. Two of them were killed when they came home drunk and forgot about the guns. One used to hang a big sign on his door that read: "This house is being watched from ambush. Touch this door and you will be shot." When we saw that sign we knew old Pete was downtown getting soused.

Dinny Rind, an old Mick, was watchman on the Clyde Mine on the north

Greasy Miller, mounted, swamping an eight-horse ore wagon about 1904. This was before he settled down to live as one of the better-known Savages. The picture was made in front of the famous Swamper's Saloon.



Bob Womack, left, discovered gold in Poverty Gulch October 12, 1890. "Friends" got him drunk and bought his claim for $500. It produced several millions and Bob died a poor man in 1909. Womack's cabin (above) in Poverty Gulch as it looked in a fairly recent photo. The Abe Lincoln Mine is in the background and his discovery mine, The Gold King, is less than a mile up the gulch.

side of Battle Mountain until he was well past 100. He was working hard on a lease when he was past 95, carrying used railroad ties uphill and sawing them up for wood as long as he stayed on the job. He died at 105 at the home of his daughter in Pueblo. He was given a write-up in the big city newspapers at the time of his death in the late '30s.

Bull Hill Baker was the last resident of Altman ("the world's highest incorporated town") and one of the more famous Savages. He worked for the Altman Water Company for forty years. After Altman was no more, the company sold water to the mines and to other towns close by. Bill once got his picture and a feature write-up in a magazine by swearing that he had one time voted Republican and "suffered from rheumatism for thirty years afterwards."

Greasy Miller lived alone in Gillett in reeking squalor and seemed to like it. He had an untidy habit of throwing all the trash on the kitchen floor and also raking the ashes out of the stove to fall where they might. He often set fire to his house in that manner. But there were one hundred or so houses still standing in Gillett, all of them vacant and many with the furniture still in them. It wasn't much of a chore for Greasy to move. Whenever they would see a column of smoke rising from the old townsite, the residents of Cripple Creek would say, "Well, it looks like Greasy's moving again."

Greasy kept a team of horses, and about once a month would haul in a load of wood and sell it for a few dollars. Then he would buy a sack of groceries, a sack of feed, and a few bales of hay for his horses. He took good care of them, and nobody would see him again until the groceries and horse feed ran out. Greasy was a teetotaler, so he could live cheaper than most of the other Savages.

One time I needed a load of wood and as I was driving by Gillett anyhow, I just drove over to Greasy's place and hammered on his door. Greasy stuck his head out through a hole in the roof and said, "You'll have to come in this way, Bub, the door's stuck." He had dumped so much trash on the floor that he could no longer get the door open.

"Why in hell," he asked, "don't they hang a door so it swings out instead of in?"

Greasy, who had been a famous wrestler in his youth and who had brought the very first automobile into the District, had to go on the county during his last few years. This was before there was such a thing as old age pensions. The county commissioners put him in a cabin up Poverty Gulch with the hibernating Bergmiester, who also was on the county.

A week later Greasy went to the commissioners and complained, "I can't live with that old so-and so, he's too damned dirty for me."

Greasy's car, a two-cylinder Maxwell, was brought to Cripple Creek and put on display. Walter Chrysler, who had taken over the Maxwell plant, heard of it and gave the county $2,500 for it. It now reposes in the Chrysler Museum. It is still brand new. Greasy drove it forty miles from Colorado Springs to Gillett, parked it in a barn, and never took it out again. The car did not leave the barn until Greasy died thirty years later.

TOM HODSON was one of the cleaner-type Savages. He had made and lost several stakes in his time. He worked as long as he was able and lived long enough to enjoy an old age pension for several years before he cashed in.

I was sinking a prospect hole up on Bull Hill one time when one of our fierce spring blizzards blew in. Tom lived in a little house at the Isabella Mine, not far from where I was working. I went over and he invited me in out of the storm. He had a fresh gallon of moonshine, so we sat and drank out the stormy day.

On his dresser in the adjoining room I noticed a picture of a very beautiful young woman with a baby on each arm.

"Who is the lady, Tom?" I asked.

"Why, that's my wife and my twin boys," he replied.

"I didn't know you were ever married."

"Oh yes," said Tom, "a long time ago, but it didn't take very well. She was too refined."

Above left, the last residence of Greasy Miller in Gillette, 3½ miles northeast of Cripple Creek. Although it was outside the gold producing area, it had a mill for treating Cripple Creek-Victor ores and the town saw a lot of mining activity. Muleskinner's Paradise (above right) at Midway. This building and two cabins are the only buildings left at Midway, once headquarters for ore hauling companies. The old saloon was a favorite hangout for mule-skinners, and several shootings occurred here.

It developed that she had come out from Boston to teach school in the district. Tom was young and of the romantic western type, and he was making money, so they got hitched.

"She couldn't get used to a prospector's way of life," Tom explained. "She just couldn't bear to sleep next to blankets, and I wouldn't crawl between sheets."

Art Stanker, proprietor of a mining supply house in Cripple Creek tells of an old Savage who was leasing up at Windy Point on the Range View Road. Art used to call on the leasers and take orders for powder, steel, fuse and whatever else they needed, and deliver it on his next trip.

"This old Savage, Bull Buller, lived all alone," says Art, "and I don't suppose anybody ever called on him but me. Yet his favorite expression was, 'There jest ain't no privacy.'

"One morning when I stopped there, he had a brand new gate in front of his cabin. There was a post on each side to fasten it to, with a barrel hoop looped over the post to hold the gate closed.

"The gate was there, but no fence, so I just drove around the gate and went to the back door. Old Bull said, 'Don't reckon I need nothin' today.'

"He seemed kind of gruff, so I didn't linger long. But when I started to drive away, I noticed that gate again. Just for the hell of it, I swung the pick-up around, got out and opened the gate, drove through and closed it and went back and hammered on Bull's door again.

"Well, this time he asked me in and poured me a big slug of whiskey from a gallon jug. He was real friendly and we talked for quite awhile. When I started to leave he said, 'Long as you're comin' up this way tomorrow, you might as well bring me a can of carbide, two boxes of powder and a roll of fuse. Yeah, and I need a cap crimper, too. Lost mine and been crimpin' 'em with my teeth.'

"As I left, carefully closing the gate behind me, he said, 'You know, there jest ain't no privacy.'

"After that I always used his gate, getting out of the pick-up to open it and then again to close it. And he always gave me an order of some kind, even if only a piddling one. Old Bull would look over toward Pikes Peak, a few miles distant, then turn and gaze out over the Sangre de Cristo Range, seventy miles as the crow flies, as though he had a line fence stretched tight all the way across, and say sadly, 'You know, there jest ain't no privacy.'

"He was still there when I went into the service in '42," says Art, "but when I came home, he was gone, I suppose to his reward. The old gate was still there. The barrel hoop was gone and the gate was creaking back and forth in the breeze. I often wonder if old Bull has found any privacy where he is now."

THE ONLY female Bull Hill Savage I ever knew about was Old Belinda (not her real name) who lived at Midway for years after all the other Savages had died off

Belinda came into Cripple Creek in 1902 or 1903 and was a resident of the district until her death in 1961 at the age of seventy-eight. She was the younger sister of the camp's best known harlot, Leo de Lion.

Legend has it that she ran away from home (Paris, France) at the tender age of sixteen to "get rich" off the soldiers in the Boer War in South Africa. The war didn't last long enough for her to make her fortune. Besides, the soldiers were poorly paid.

Broke and far from home, she cabled her older sister who was "working" on Myers Avenue, "the World's Greatest

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(A) The ghost town of Gillette as it appears today. Greasy Miller's last house is in the background at right. Gillette once had a population of 3,500. (B) Bill Maguire's cabin, where he lived from the early days until World War II, when he moved into Colorado Springs. He was one of the more "careless" housekeepers on Bull Hill. (C) The cabin of Ned Blackburn, a neat housekeeper. A little to the right of Ned's cabin stood Bob Montgomery's place where Old Belinda lived alone in her last years. Pikes Peak is in the background of the two pictures below.

"I Married A Crow"

Caleb Greenwood has taken his place in history as a man of indomitable courage. Perhaps it was inspired by his beautiful Indian wife, Batchicka, who also had more than her share

By RALPH McCARROLL

Photos Courtesy
Museum of the American Indian

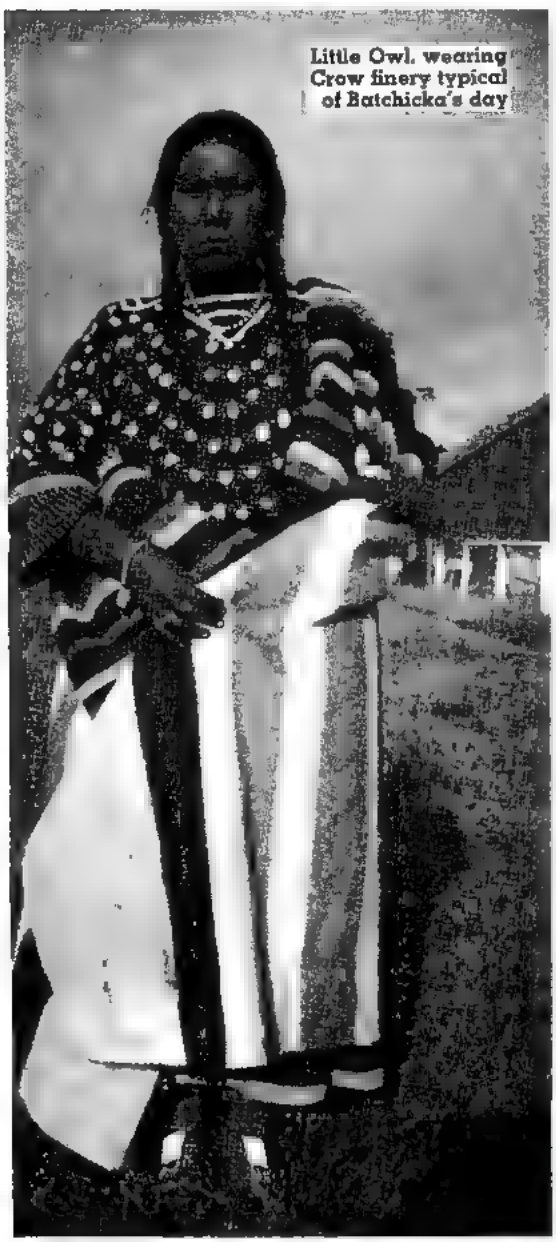
THE Greenwoods' Virginia plantation, in 1781, was remotely located and often the scene of excitement. Early one morning, eighteen year-old Caleb Greenwood heard terrified screams coming from the pre-dawn darkness outside. He grabbed a loaded shotgun and rushed out to investigate. Barely discernible in the dim light was his father's female slave, struggling with two men. Caleb answered her cries for help with a well-aimed blast from his shotgun. One man fell, dying; the other ran.

Caleb's father was awake now and appeared with a lantern. He peered at the dead man's face.

"My God, Caleb," he cried, "you've killed the sheriff!"

Thus began, on a sour note, one of the most remarkable careers of adventure and accomplishment ever recorded in the history of the Old West. Caleb Greenwood became a legendary figure, at a time when history-making events were commonplace.

Caleb's father made an on-the-spot decision. He gave his son a thousand dollars, a good rifle and the best saddle horse in the stable. He wished his son Godspeed and sent him on his way. The elder Greenwood felt his boy was justified in his act, but didn't care to chance a trial for murder.



Little Owl, wearing Crow finery typical of Batchicka's day

At that time, accurate records were seldom kept. Not much that can be documented is known about Caleb Greenwood until he reached maturity. It is known that he spent thirty-nine years working out of St. Louis as a trapper and fur trader. He lived for fifteen years in the upper Missouri River country among the Indians. He is listed as a member of the Manuel Lisa group and as a guide for the Astorian Expedition. Both ventures were important in the early explorations of the upper Missouri and beyond. It was while with the Astorians that Caleb married a Crow Indian maiden, Batchicka. She bore five sons and two daughters.

A TRAPPER led a lonely, solitary life. It was not uncommon in those days for a man in his trade to marry an Indian squaw and live with her tribe. The arrangement was a good one for both. He gained a home, with all its comforts. He was allowed to pursue his occupation in the tribal territory without fear of molestation. The bride was honored and admired by the other squaws. It was a tribute to her charms to be chosen by a trapper as his wife. She was usually well provided for and had many extra possessions that were the envy of her less fortunate sisters. When he returned from his trips to civilization to sell his furs, her husband brought to her and the tribe trinkets that were hard to come by. His attitude was different, too. He didn't expect her to assume many of the drudgeries that were the lot of the average Indian wife.

The marriage of Caleb Greenwood and Batchicka was unique in one important respect. It was not an arrangement of convenience. He and his wife were genuinely attached to each other by mutual love and respect. It was always Caleb's proud boast that, "I married a Crow. Not a cowardly Blackfoot. The Crows are the best of the lot and I've got the best and prettiest squaw of the tribe."

Caleb left his family, periodically, to take part in journeys of exploration. He guided the famed Ashley party on a venture that took them north from St. Louis into the Rocky Mountains in search of new and fertile trapping grounds. His intimate knowledge of the country, familiarity with Indian customs and languages, and his know-how on the trail aided materially in the success of the party. They discovered the South Pass over the Rockies, found lush trapping grounds and emerged in two years with $75,000 worth of pelts. Caleb piloted them safely through hostile Indian territory back to the St. Louis market with their valuable cargo.

Some notable names were with the Ashley Expedition. Hugh Glass, Jim Bridger, William Sublette, Jedediah Smith, Thomas Fitzpatrick and William Rose were later to make their impact on history. They were young men. Caleb was sixty. They called him "Old Greenwood," a name that stuck to him for the rest of his life. They learned much about the trail and the Indians from Old Greenwood.

CALEB returned to the Crows and the comforts of family life at a time when most men of his age would be thinking of taking it easy. His life had been hard and dangerous. He was noted as a guide and woodsman; his place of honor among his adopted people was assured. Yet, at age seventy-five, real drama entered his life, the kind that reads like fiction.

Old Greenwood noticed that his vision wasn't quite as keen as it had been. His eyes blurred at times. The mountains he loved so dearly were no longer in sharp focus when he gazed upon them. He was still able to bring plenty of game home to his family, but he realized that if his condition worsened, he would not be able to roam the woods and draw a bead on a juicy buck or fat bear. The tribe, by custom, would provide for his family, but Caleb didn't want charity. He was a proud man.

The tribal medicine man attempted to help him. He stirred evil smelling potions and chanted the proper songs, but nothing happened. Old Greenwood's vision continued to slip away. He discussed the situation with Batchicka. Soon he would be completely blind and helpless.

"It looks like I'll have to get to St. Louis and try the white man's medicine, Batchicka," he said. "Maybe some trappers will come by next summer and be willing to take me with them. I could never make it alone."

"We will go now, before winter sets in," his wife replied. "I will take you to St. Louis myself."

Caleb didn't like her idea. The thought of depending on a woman to get him out

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Crow woman carrying her child

of a bad situation hurt his pride.

"You are needed here to care for the children," he argued. "The papoose is only a month old."

Caleb thought that would end his wife's arguments but she wasn't impressed with his logic.

"We will take the children with us," she insisted firmly. There was no further discussion.

The indomitable Batchicka began her preparations for the long trip as calmly as though St. Louis were just around the next bend in the river. She knew she would be paddling a canoe laden with a husband, six children and supplies for the journey. In addition, she would be hampered by a papoose strapped to her back. They would pass through more than a thousand miles of hostile Indian country. Each night, she would have to unload the canoe, set up camp, cook food and care for her helpless husband and small children. All of this after a long, hard day's work with the paddle. Each morning, the routine would be reversed. She could depend on the children for a little help, but the entire responsibility of the arduous undertaking would fall on her. Caleb couldn't help her.

The courageous squaw built an oversize birch bark canoe, and prepared huge quantities of pemmican and jerky. She made warm clothing and tanned skins for robes. In two weeks, she was ready.

THE PLAN was to follow the Yellowstone River east until it joined the mighty Missouri, thence south on that stream to St. Louis. Great care would be necessary. Each of the tribal domains they would pass through was hostile country. Trespassers were murdered, after hours of torture.

Caleb was sightless, but he had a vast knowledge of these things. He advised Batchicka to travel only in the very early morning hours and after dusk when the canoe would be hard to see. During the brightness of day, a hiding place would be found.

The little caravan reached the Missouri without trouble. They were well down the river, past the Arikaras and entering Sioux territory, when misfortune struck. The canoe was floating silently past a sleeping village when the dogs discovered them and alerted the warriors. Soon the waters were swarming with swimmers anticipating easy prey. The brave Batchicka was ready to fight. Caleb was unable to. He cautioned her not to resist.

"Give them everything," he said. "Maybe they will let us go if we don't resist."

His reasoning was sound. He knew that Indians, despite their reputation for savagery, seldom harmed women, children or blind old men. That is, unless they were angered or insulted. Caleb's heart was heavy with dread, but he concealed his fear from his family.

The canoe and its unusual cargo was towed ashore. The family was surrounded by the jubilant Sioux. Their precious belongings were gleefully appropriated, amid much bickering over who got what.

Batchicka managed to conceal one small iron pot of meat under her voluminous skirts. She knew this would be enough food to keep them alive for a time, if they survived this danger. A sharp-eyed Sioux brave discovered the pot and made a triumphant dive for it. That was more than the brave mother could take. She grabbed a canoe paddle and rapped the would-be thief over the head so hard he sprawled to the ground with a yelp of pain and surprise.

He looked at Batchicka admiringly and said, "Heap brave squaw." The others joined in agreement. The Sioux not only allowed the Greenwoods to live, they returned all of their possessions, helped reload the canoe, and gave it a friendly shove as the grateful family resumed its journey.

They reached St. Louis without further trouble. Caleb found a good doctor, fortified himself with a jug of hard liquor anesthetic and submitted to surgery. Once again, he was a whole man, thanks to the love and fortitude of his Crow Indian wife.

The family lingered in the city for the winter. Travel on the river was too hazardous until the spring thaw. Batchicka reveled in her new surroundings for a time, then laid down without protest and died. Her heroic labor in behalf of her beloved family proved more than body and heart could survive. It is not surprising that Caleb Greenwood's proud boast for the rest of his life was, "I married a Crow."

Caleb chose to leave his motherless children with good friends in St. Louis. He wanted them to get some formal education and learn the ways of civilization. He returned alone to hunt and trap the Yellowstone country.

WE NEXT hear of Old Greenwood in his eighty-first year. Again he added a chapter to history. His activities were of vast importance in the great migration West.

Many hardy settlers made the hazardous crossing to Oregon and Washington via the Oregon Trail. Others sailed around the Horn and settled along the West Coast, principally in San Francisco. Captain John Sutter, a Swiss, pioneered the Sacramento area. He erected Sutter's Fort in the midst of his vast holdings. The fort became a gathering point for the few who braved the Sierras, but most of them moved on. The land was still Mexican territory and they feared the uncertainty of settling on foreign soil.

Crossing over the rugged Sierras was so rigorous, few attempted it. Those who did succeed had to abandon their wagons and use their horses as pack animals to get over the granite peaks. No wheeled vehicle had yet made it to Sutter's Fort.

Finally, a wagontrain, whose members seemed to be more determined and resourceful, decided to get their wagons over the Sierras or bust. It was a large train with three capable men in charge. They were Captain Stevens, Murphy Martin and Doctor Townsend. The caravan was large enough to provide mutual assistance and protection to its members in any emergency. Their chances seemed bright.

To further insure their success, Caleb Greenwood was hired for the difficult job of guide. At eighty-one, he was alert, erect and agile and certainly qualified by experience. This time, he was accompanied by his three oldest sons.

He piloted the wagons to Fort Laramie without incident. Several times, hostile Indians scouted the train; each time, Caleb rode out alone, talked to them in their own tongue, distributed a few gifts and the wagons were allowed to proceed without danger of attack. The savages seemed to have a deep respect for Old Greenwood wherever he went. He spoke the truth to them. Any misgivings his employers might have had about their ancient scout were dispelled. He was the train's most valuable asset.

(Continued on page 60)

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MACKINAW BOATS on the

Mackinaw "Montana" at Fort Benton on the Missouri River—1878.

FIVE MEN in a lone Mackinaw boat drifted down the steady current of the Missouri River one late September evening in 1866. The boat had just made the last bend in the Missouri a little above the mouth of the Milk River (in what is today Montana). It moved downstream at about four miles per hour and commenced a slow turn for a landing on the wild and empty shoreline.

The "steersman" stood tall and upright on the stern board of the boat leaning hard on the long rudder sweep. From this position he could see over the crude cabin amidships to scan the river ahead for snags, and to seek out fast-moving water in the deep channels of the river. The big Mackinaw was being swung in toward the shore for a night camp after a long day.

In this particular boat on this particular evening were five men whose names were to appear later in the pages of the Helena *Herald* of Thursday, November 29, 1866. These men were John Cobden, T. A. Kent, John Ross, James Smith and William Barber.

They had left Fort Benton (Montana) on September 5, 1866. Reports concerning the party came in from western Montana, but no real information reached the mining area for more than a month. A letter was written by John Cobden from Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, dated November 1, 1866. It was printed in the Omaha (Nebraska) *Herald* and it "corroborated the rumors prevalent" that the Cobden party had been destroyed by Indians.

"Please notice the deaths by Indians of T. A. Kent, John Ross, James Smith and William Barber who were killed at the mouth of the Milk River after five hours of fighting the Sioux. Kent killed (the printed copy of the letter states) thirteen of them with his knife. When he clinched with the thirteenth, one of the cursed savages killed him with a billet, striking him on the head. I received wounds in the body from arrows but nothing fatal I hope. We left Benton on the 5th of September in a large skiff. At the time of the attack we were in camp for the night. Hoping friends of the deceased may hear of the sad intelligence, Yours &c. JOHN COBDEN."

It seems more logical that Kent may have killed thirteen Indians and in the final rush of hand-to-hand fighting killed three with his knife. However, the newspaper printed the above account.

The unfortunate Cobden party was a part of that rising tide of downriver Mackinaws which carried men and families back toward the eastern states in 1866. The river moved like an endless fluid belt toward distant Yankton, Sioux City, Council Bluffs and St. Joseph. Miners and their families, who longed to be back home before winter's bitter cold and snows settled across this wide and lonely region of Montana, found the open highway of the Missouri River beckoning to them.

THE Fort Benton levee was generally empty of steamboats by the second week in July. Water levels fell rapidly across the rapids section that set the boating schedules for steamers to about 120 miles below Benton. A few shallow-

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In the face of rain, wind, stormy waves, aching backs, wet bunks, signs of mutiny, and sudden death by Indians, these craft went down the big river

Muddy Mo

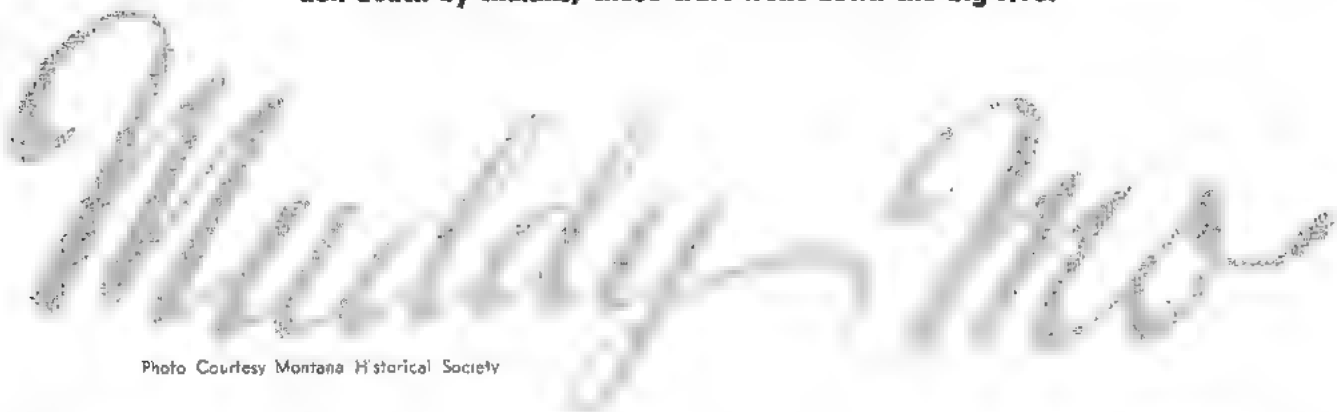

Photo Courtesy Montana Historical Society

By H. BABCOCK

draft "mountain boats" were able to steam to Cow Island and await Mackinaws bringing passengers down to them.

Mackinaw boatmen could leave from both the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone at any time during the navigation season. Private boats could set their own schedule. Commercial Mackinaws could leave the upper river sections late in the year. This use of the big river had been going on since the days of the fur trapper and trader.

The Mackinaw boat was of no definite shape or design, but most often they are noted as being flat-bottomed, pointed on one end, or both. The sizes ranged from boats as large as Captain Rea's 90 feet- by 20 feet-wide *Deerlodge* to an average size of 40 to 50 feet long by 11 feet to 12 feet wide. Some were 15 feet by 6 feet.

Many of the boats had all the beauty of a rough made mortar mixing box; some were merely scows. Most carried ten or fifteen passengers. A good example of a private boat would be the Alan Hosmer boat that went down the Yellowstone in 1865. This boat carried nine men and two women. In 1866, the Hubbell and Hawley Mackinaw went down from Fort Benton with thirty passengers. It was 80 by 12 feet with a 50-foot "bullet proof" cabin and two sails.

Downriver fare was often listed as being $100. Passengers found the menu monotonous, and work at the oars difficult. Cornelius Hedges lists the trials of a passenger aboard the Mackinaw *Lady Parkinson* downriver from Fort Benton to Yankton and Sioux City.

In 1866, hundreds of miners like those of the Cobden party had already left the gold fields of western Montana. Either overland or down the moving highway of the Missouri River, all were headed "outside" to "the States" or for "America."

In the months of July, August and September, Mackinaw boats formed a steady stream of traffic. News from Yankton (86.7 miles upriver from Sioux City, Iowa) stated that during the month of August, 1866, the river from Fort Benton "was covered with returning miners" in small boats.

Traffic tallies for the period of the gold rush years estimated that 200 Mackinaws each autumn carried some 1,200 miners downriver.

MACKINAW boating was known on the Missouri River even before the Lewis and Clark Expedition had explored its full length. Fur traders and free trappers continued to use the river in skin-covered bull boats, dugout canoes and Mackinaws. The latter's use became common when company-operated fur trading posts such as Fort Union and Fort Pierre became established along the Missouri.

Edward Harris, who was with James Audubon (ornithologist and painter of birds) aboard the steamer *Omega* on its trip up to Fort Union in 1843 left notes about seeing Mackinaws on the Missouri. On May 18, Harris noted that they met a Mr. Laidlaw from Fort Pierre with four Mackinaws—"broad-bottomed craft carrying 25 packs of bison hides, 10 hides to a pack. The center of the boats were covered with bison hides over bent sapling hoops. The helm of the boat was 10 feet long, the rudder itself 6 feet long. There was a steersman that stood on a broad board and 4 oarsmen."

Below Fort Clark, near the mouth of Knife River, North Dakota, Harris recorded meeting four more Mackinaws. The Audubon party itself later took a Mackinaw boat downriver in September.

Following the early period of the keel boating on the Missouri, steamboats commenced their conquest of the big river. There was the *Western Engineer* which went to the vicinity of Council Bluffs in 1819, the *Yellowstone* to Fort Union in 1832, and the arrival of the *Key West* and the *Chippewa* before the walls of Fort Benton in 1860.

Almost all upriver traffic was carried by steamers, but mid summer and fall boating above the mouth of the Musselshell River, Montana, was difficult. Rapids began at Two Calf Island.

The usual stopping place for steamers facing the rapids was at Cow Island which appears to be very close to the 109° W. latitude, where it crosses the Missouri. Deep-draft steamboats lingering after the June rise of water from the snows of the western mountains did so at great risk. Many ran aground and were abandoned. Low water season belonged to the small Mackinaw boats.

EVEN though the river was unusually high in 1862, merchant James Harkness had to take a Mackinaw downriver because the *Emily* which had brought him to Fort Benton had returned shortly after it arrived. He left in the Mackinaw *Maggie* from Fort LaBarge just upstream from Fort Benton on August 26. The boat was 40 feet long by 7½ feet wide.

As it went sweeping down the fast-flowing river the crew learned of the Sioux rebellion in Minnesota which had resulted in the death of 644 civilians. Arriving at Fort Union they found the Sioux had already struck and run off all the stock but one blind pony. The fort was in a state of seige and bonus money was offered for men who would stay on as employees. Two men joined Harkness there but it isn't known if they were from the fort. In this vicinity the *Maggie* joined company with four other Mackinaws carrying forty-nine men and one woman.

Harkness believed that the Indians would think twice before attacking such a large party. The party reached Fort Pierre on September 20 and Harkness' friend, Mr. Lampambois, trader at the fort, was "glad to see me (Harkness) through Sioux Country."

On September 24, the *Maggie* was pulled ashore at Omaha and sold for $5.00. It had traveled 2,250 miles downriver in 33 days.

It was four years later when the Cobden party made its camp at the mouth of the Milk River. The time was probably about 9:00 p.m. Twilight hours were long, and both steamers and Mackinaws ran late on the river.

Far upriver in Fort Benton, lights were being lit in the stockade, trading houses and the scattered log buildings not far from the water's edge. The day was most likely September 9. Commercial Mackinaw boats of the Riker & Bevins Company were being made ready for launching the next day. Perhaps the Sioux had already noted the campsite of the Cobden party before the smoke rose above the tops of the cottonwoods along the river.

If the date stated by Hanson, in *Conquest of the Missouri*, is correct then the steamboat *Luella* had passed the mouth of the Milk only three days before the Cobden party reached the site. If the news item in Helena's *Herald* is accurate, then the same steamboat would have started downriver from Fort Benton on the 12th of September. In either case the *Luella* passed the mouth of the Milk River within a short time before or

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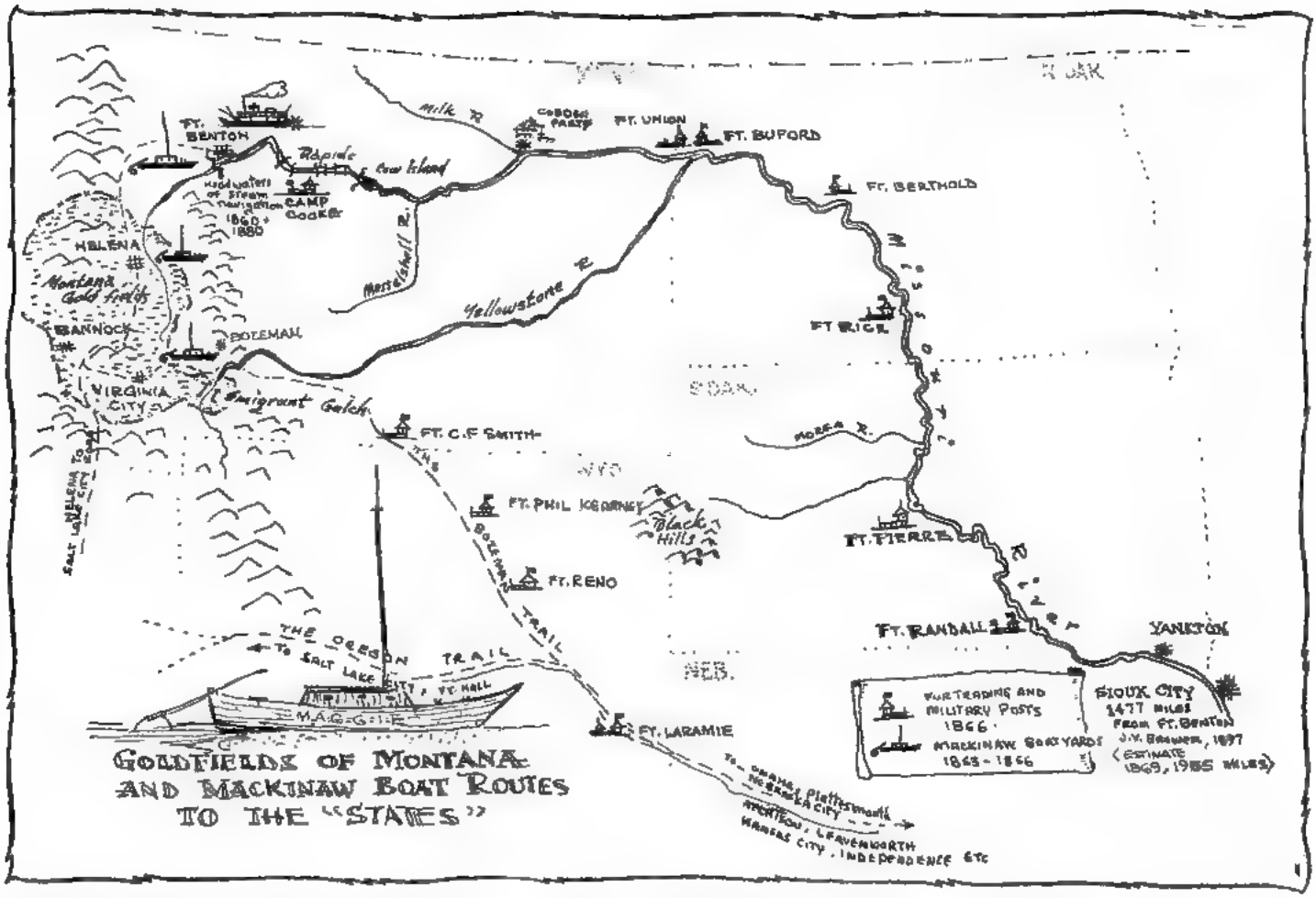

after the death of the four men took place. The *Luella* was stated to have carried 230 miners and over one million dollars in gold dust in the exceptionally late voyage. At the very site at the Milk River Bar, not far from the campsite of the Cobden party, a miner fell overboard from the *Luella* and was never seen again. Some said he was pulled down by the very weight of gold dust he carried in his money belt.

THERE had been thirty-one steamboats up to Fort Benton and vicinity in 1866. Mackinaw boats had been heading downriver most of the summer. Indians were extremely hostile. The Bozeman Trail and its new chain of forts, Phil Kearney, Reno and C. S. Smith, had caused a full scale war to spread across the Montana and Wyoming areas. Fifteen men died in the first twenty-one days after the forts were started. Between August 17 and December 31, 1866, the Sioux killed 154 persons and ran off 700 head of stock.

Along both the Yellowstone and the Missouri Rivers steamers and Mackinaw boats ran a gauntlet of rampaging Indians. The *Luella* upward bound in the spring of 1866, met down-bound boats urging extreme caution.

The clerk aboard the steamer reached such a state of nervous panic that he had to be sent downstream on another boat from the mouth of the Milk River. The steamer had already passed through a number of "Indian scares."

The *W. J. Lewis* had been driven from wood lots by Indians, and on May 18, 1866, its crew heard that "the Sioux had killed a man below the Milk River" two days before. An entry in the log of the boat noted on its downriver trip that after passing the mouth of the Moreau River, South Dakota, the crew was out of Indian country and "can sleep in peace once more."

The following year along the river above Fort Union a Government observer noted that there were many empty cabins and vacant wood lots where wood choppers had been forced out by hostile Indians "the year before."

In 1865, the Steamer *Grant* had put a yawl out on the river to sound for water depth. The small boat, some distance from the main vessel, was attacked and three men were killed. The previous year a large party of twenty-four miners in a Mackinaw boat were suddenly caught on a sand bar near the mouth of a small creek in the vicinity of Painted Woods (near Washburn, North Dakota). With wet powder and caught on a bar, the party was attacked and all were killed.

Two hunters from the deep-draft steamboat *Imperial* were killed by Indians below the Milk River. John Arnold and a man from Georgia added their lives to the roster of dead along the river.

It was probably in 1866 when a Mr. Kendall of Wisconsin and a Mr. Tupsey of New York were mortally wounded by Indians while going downriver in Mackinaw boats. Tupsey lived to get to Fort Sully, South Dakota, where he died of his wounds. But the violent deaths of some boatmen seemed to stop no one. Mackinaw boats kept going down the Missouri through the 1870s.

In the news of October 3, 1867, the following item appeared from Fort Benton:

"Parties are starting in flat boats almost daily from here for the States. I don't think it safe for such small parties to go down the river while the shores are swarming with hostile Indians. Boats should be kept together in order to protect one another if attacked."

Soldiers mustered out in the spring, or late fall, traveled in groups. Miners went in smaller numbers. Near the mouth of the Musselshell River, Peter Koch watched the Mackinaws drift by his trading post. Deserters from the army, strange furtive men singly in a boat, a man in a raft, a colored man, a Frenchman, a woman, all were headed downriver.

One of the last rushes of Mackinaws went down the Missouri from Fort Benton to the vicinity of Williston, North Dakota. There the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad (Great Northern) was being pushed westward. There was work—and money. From western Montana came the families, the laborers, the gamblers, the girls from red light districts. These people could not wait for the first steamboats to reach them. The depression that had followed the terrible winter which hit the cattle business was enough to cause an exodus toward the boom camps of the new railpeople even as they had been in the days of the gold rush twenty years before.

Long journeys by Mackinaw were no longer attempted by the 1880s, but boats of the type called Mackinaws—which could be any sort of floating craft except a raft—were still found along the waterfronts of river towns. A small news item seems to catch the flavor of those last days of the small boat going down the Missouri. It was noted in the Pierre, South Dakota, newspaper in 1880 that: "William Crosby and DeGray stole Napoleon Duchenau's skiff, and a hat and two shirts of H. F. Briggs, and lit out for downriver."

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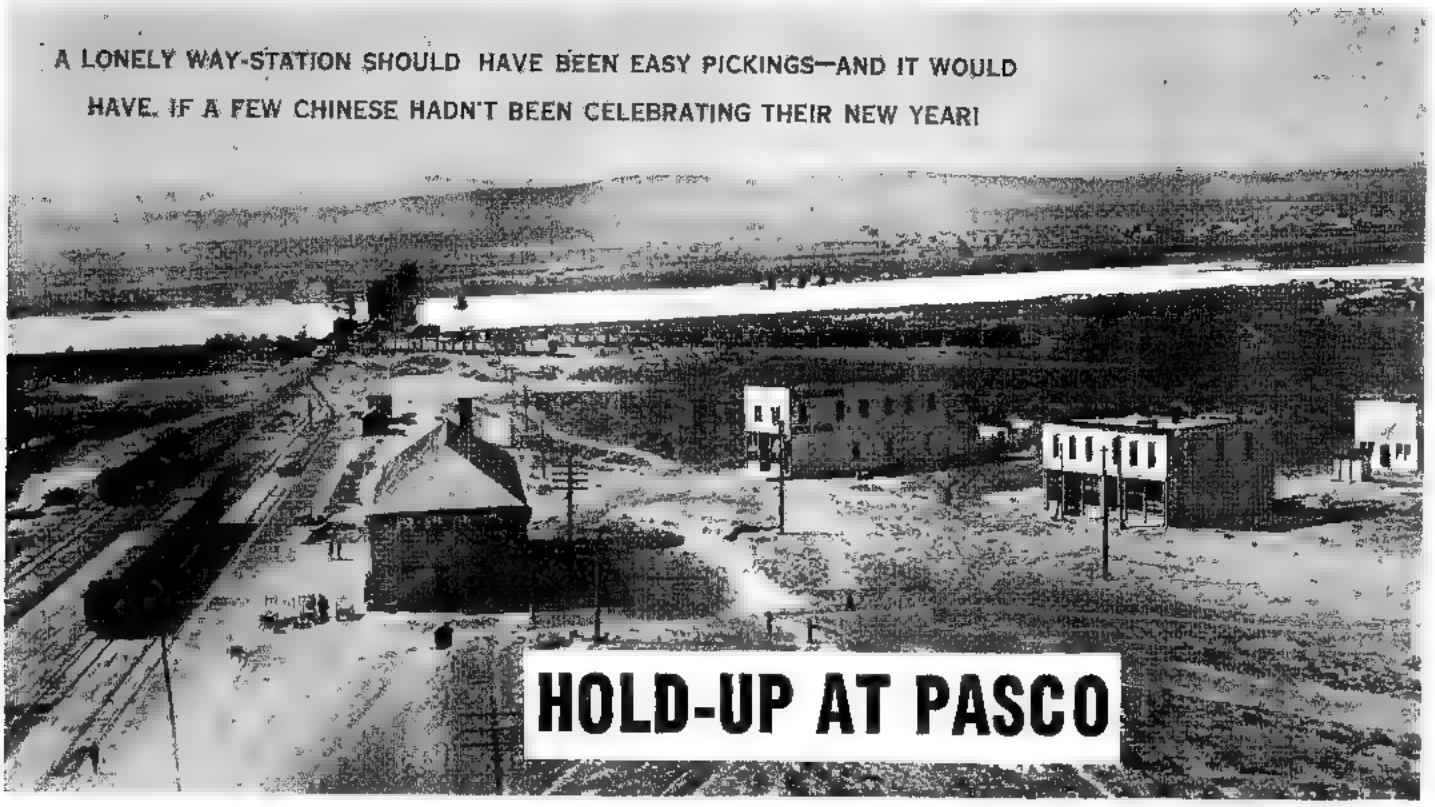
A LONELY WAY-STATION SHOULD HAVE BEEN EASY PICKINGS—AND IT WOULD
HAVE, IF A FEW CHINESE HADN'T BEEN CELEBRATING THEIR NEW YEAR!

HOLD-UP AT PASCO

Courtesy Mrs. Victor Pangle-Pasco

The depot at Pasco in the early 1900s with the Columbia River seen in the distance.

By REX COVINGTON

IN 1903, Pasco, Washington, between Spokane and Ellensburg on the St. Paul to West Coast mainline of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was an important division point. "Locals" east- and westbound were made up in the yards there, and through trains changed crews and engines. It was also terminus and starting point for trains of the Washington and Columbia River Railroad, a feeder line winding through the rich wheat land beyond Walla Walla.

Pasco was the Mecca of "boomer" telegraphers and switchmen. Had an operator not worked in "PA" Pasco; "CA" Pocatello, Idaho, on the Oregon Short Line; in cities like Memphis, New Orleans, Chicago or Kansas City—he would not qualify as a boomer.

Jack Hammond was a boomer. A restless heart and continual quest for new places and faces led him across the country into Western Union and Postal telegraph offices, railroad general and "relay" points, and even lonely wayside stations, before halting at Pasco. His smooth and experienced Morse influenced the Chief Dispatcher at Spokane to appoint him night operator there, where experience and ability were very essential.

People instantly liked Hammond. He was good-looking, lighthearted and friendly, and got along well with the dispatchers at Spokane and Ellensburg with whom he cleared his train orders. Hooks were kept clear of messages to be sent and his prompt "I I PA" to all calls was appreciated by relay operators who had, heretofore, tiredly pounded out the call before gaining response. Before the advent of the Morse transmitters known as "Bugs," many telegraphers "lost their arms" as a result of years of "brass pounding" on keys over iron wires, and their Morse lost its musical smoothness and became painfully poor.

Like most towns of the period, Pasco's one main street began at the depot and ended at the edge of the desert in the direction of the Snake River. Along its two sides, arranged haphazardly, stood the hotel with its gingerbread trimming, a false-fronted and weatherbeaten general store, Wung Wo's Chinese laundry, a barber shop and the Brass Rail Saloon.

Scattered around the end of the street were a number of crude houses and Widow Riley's boarding house, a livery stable with its wooden horse trough, and a blacksmith shop.

Jack roomed at Mrs. Riley's but took most of his meals in the hotel dining room, drawn there by the smiling eyes of the graceful waitress. Several moonlit buggy rides with Nellie had evoked dreams of allowing the dust to settle for keeps on his wandering shoes.

On this eventful evening he reported as usual, and signed the transfer of "Live" train orders and important messages from Johnson, the day operator.

"I'm going to leave my rifle here tonight. I may go rabbit or coyote hunting tomorrow if you'll relieve me for awhile. It's loaded and here's a box of shells should a killer rabbit attack you," laughed Johnson.

Jack admired the Winchester and remarked, "I'd like to try it sometime. I used to be lucky at turkey shoots."

"Sure," offered Johnson as he departed.

ON HIS WAY to work Jack had idly noted three saddle horses tied at the depot hitching rail. There was nothing unusual in that, except the animals bore evidence of hard riding and were not familiar local mounts.

As the wires hummed and sounders chattered, he sent and received a routine file of telegrams, cleared and delivered orders to a couple of freight trains, and sat back to relax.

"Say, brass pounder, I'm expecting a Western Union message from Spokane. The name is Bert Williams." The speaker leaned on the counter and flashed a lopsided grin; his two companions said nothing.

Jack's impression was that they were probably riders from one of the neighboring ranches or just itinerant "saddle tramps."

Jack told him there was nothing for him.

"OK, I'll be at the saloon for awhile. I'll check back later," stated Williams.

As the rough looking trio banged out the door, Fred Masters, the town marshal, strode in on his nightly round and leaned his lanky frame against the counter. He was a grizzled, leathery-faced man whose steely eyes looked through you. Years of "lawing" had destroyed many illusions and left a skeptical mind. However, on occasion, his wintry smile bespoke a grim humor.

"Well, my dot-and-dash friend, you're keeping strange looking company." The thin smile sparked a friendly light in the gray eyes.

(Continued on page 48)

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SPIRIT OF LA PLACUELA

By ROBERT GRAHAM

Photos Courtesy Author

A Shafter silver mine in the early twenties.

Unmistakably, something ghostly pervades the little town of Shafter. The smell of silver is in the air—and a restlessness that, over the years, has never subsided

AGE-TORN walls, adobe and stone shells, cavernous tunnels and endless pits of yesteryear greet visitors at the Chinati Mountains in Southwest Texas. Grim reminders of the once prosperous and "never-to-die" ghost town of Shafter.

The time-battered walls surround an area that belched up tons of lead and millions of ounces of silver, and a string of dreams that to this day affect the remaining population, what few remain. Wooden crosses, tombstones, and fence posts have fallen or rotted back to earth; yet, from time to time, a new grave reminds visitors that the spirit of Shafter refuses to release the last of those who believe in it. It constantly moves. Those who live there claim that when the wind blows on moonlit nights and coyotes howl into space, they can hear and feel the movement as clear as a ringing voice, calling from the past.

Myths, legends, and folktales are related to ghost towns and many believe that a spirit dwells within such legendary towns of days gone by. Perhaps it is this belief in the spirit of the land which the few inhabitants of Shafter, Texas, cling to and which has become a part of the legendary Southwest.

The land that surrounds Shafter, and for many, many miles each way, is as desolate and barren as the empty holes that pierce the heart of the Chinati Mountains. One can stand in the middle of the almost-deserted town and, with very little imagination, hear the voices of the past when the town was in its prime and glory and nothing was ever going to end.

IN 1882, John Spencer, one of the original settlers in the land that had been granted to the United States under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, was making a trip to Fort Davis for supplies to restock his larder. Spencer's route took him along what was known as the Old Chihuahua Trail, an area where depredating parties of Indians stalked their prospective victims, swept down on the unsuspecting travelers, and soon went about displaying their blood-dripping scalps as trophies. He camped at the foot of the Chinati Mountains, for he had to rest his animals for the long pull that would take him into Fort Davis. Many times since 1848, when he had first arrived in the Big Bend Country and established a farm on the Rio Grande, Spencer had made the trip into Fort Davis and he was fairly familiar with the land and the history contained within it.

To Spencer this must have been another routine trip and so he did not exactly look forward to much excitement, except maybe from some party of Apaches out on a thieving and murdering campaign, or running into a band of Mexican rustlers who were active in those parts. Camp was pitched, the animals turned out to graze, and soon there was the aroma of frying meat and skillet-bread and boiling coffee mingling with the fragrance of the trees and creosote brush and cacti.

Spencer walked about surveying the land and always on the lookout for anything that would jeopardize his party.

As he walked around a grove of oak trees and then up a creek bank, Spencer's eye fell on some rocks that glittered from the falling rays of the setting sun. Upon close observation he found the rocks contained a heavy concentration of some kind of ore; some of the pieces were almost pure silver in color—the color that makes a man's heart beat as rapidly as the hoofs of a runaway horse.

There are other versions as to who actually discovered the silver in the Chinati Mountains, one being that it was the Mexican who worked for Spencer and went to call him to the evening meal. Another story, according to an old *tio*, is that it was an Apache Spencer had domesticated who had found and taken the ore samples to Spencer and had actually shown him where he had found them. Both of these claims are repudiated by many, for it was Spencer who acted promptly and with great caution to protect what he had found.

He took some of the ore samples to Fort Davis and had them assayed, being careful not to show too much concern over his find. Whenever someone inquired about the rich ore samples, Spencer would shrug off the question with the story that he had received them in exchange for some bacon and biscuits. He did not recall just who had brought them around to his farm, or on what day it had been.

But once the ore samples had been assayed and found to contain a heavy concentration of silver, some of them almost pure, Spencer had cause to believe he had found his fortune. And he was not wrong in assuming this, for

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there had been some reports made regarding the mineral contents of the land.

In 1876, one S. B. Buckley made a mineral survey in the region and reported that the Chinati Mountains in Presidio County was the most promising mineral region in the state of Texas for silver, lead and copper. About the time the report of the survey was turned in, the Indians were on the warpath and there were many bloody encounters in the area. During the next two years, the Apaches were so enraged at the white men that they continuously pillaged and destroyed all that stood before them. They murdered women, children, and their protectors, and set the torch to ranches and crops, driving off the cattle and other stock. Travelers rarely camped in the area of the Chinati Mountains, for it was sheer suicide to try to cope with the blood-thirsty Apaches.

IN 1878 a geological survey team under J. C. Tait went out to survey the Chinatis, although immediately after the party had departed from Fort Davis there came a report that Indians were in the area, wearing war paint. Contact was made with the survey party and when it was learned that it would take at least another week to finish the task, Colonel George L. Andrews, of the 25th U. S. Infantry at Fort Davis, ordered Tait and his crew to return for their own safety.

Although the area, for more than 400 years, had been the converging center for exploring and warring parties, a large part of the territory remained unknown, or very little known, especially to the Anglo-American. The San Antonio *Daily Herald* reported on January 12, 1878, that, ". . . the Indians are evidently on an extensive thieving and murdering campaign in that section (the Chinatis area) of the country again."

Colonel Andrews telegraphed the fact that the Indians were between Fort Davis and the Chinati Mountains, where Tait and the survey party were working, although there was no effort made to capture or punish them and Tait and his crew reported back safely. It became evident that a large portion of the country along the Rio Grande, including some areas next to the Chinati Mountains, which were to have been carefully explored, would have to be left unvisited until the Indians were driven off.

Spencer was fully aware of the Indian problem, had been through some skirmishes with them, and so went about planning a method of operation that would give him a better idea of what he had found and also of a way to explore without undue risk.

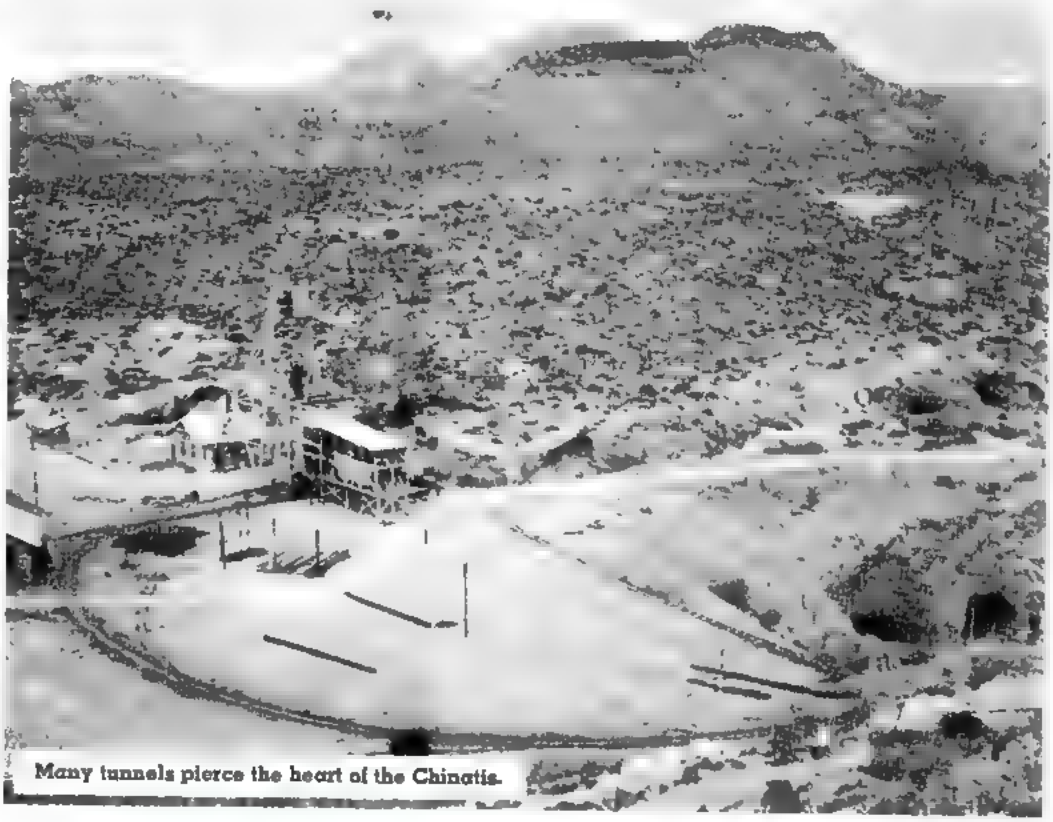
He mined what ore he could, loaded it on burro carts, and hauled it into Mexico to be smelted. In this way Spencer got a good idea of what he had discovered and was sure the mountain was loaded with silver. It was in this way that silver mining started on a small scale in the Chinati Mountains, near Milton Faver's Cibolo Ranch headquarters.

The Indians continued with their killing and plundering and Spencer, ever the shrewd man, realized that the Apaches would not leave the area unless some great pressure was put upon them.

He let Major Shafter, who was in charge of cavalry, and Lieutenant John L. Bullis, who was in command of a troop of Seminole-Negro scouts and also a famous Indian fighter, in on his secret. Major Shafter, who eventually rose to

The mill—long since dismantled and carted away.

The old commissary. Mission in the background faces the new highway.



Many tunnels pierce the heart of the Chinatis.

Manuel Chavez on a mule-drawn water wagon. Similar wagons were used to haul wood to the mill.

the rank of General, and for whom the town was named, made a trip to California to borrow capital for the operation of a mine. He had a successful business trip, and a mining company, The Presidio Mining Company, was organized, with W. S. Noyes of San Francisco, elected the first president.

Major Shafter's cavalry and Lieutenant Bullis' scouts cleared out the majority of the Indians, killing scores of them and making it too hot for the others, and Shafter sprang into life. The Mexicans brought in to work the mine took one look at the silver veins in the ground and exclaimed, *"La Placuela!"* "The Placer," a name it has retained for the Mexicans, until this day.

The first machinery for the mine was shipped as far as Paisano Pass, where the Southern Pacific Railroad crosses the Old Chihuahua Trail, and hauled by wagon freight to Cibolo Creek, where the first mill was located. Humpris and Company, of Marfa, contracted to deliver 4,000 cords of wood at $5.00 per cord. The fulfillment of the contract denuded the surrounding mountains and a large section of the timber country to such an extent that the area has never recovered its timberland and Shafter lies in a ghostly setting.

Shootings and fights were common, as they were in any mining town, and trouble of some sort always erupted and left a change or two, with the losers being buried in the local cemetery.

In 1890 a Mexican cowboy, drifting, arrived in Shafter and set about looking for trouble. He drank heavily and deliberately walked about throwing insults at women, and finally attacking one. Captured, he was chained to a tree to await removal to the jail in Marfa. During the night an angry group of miners kidnapped the prisoner and shot him several times. The action prompted the mine officials to call in the Texas Rangers, suspecting it was no mere incident to be put away and forgotten. The Rangers settled matters—or thought they had—and went back to killing outlaws.

Later, at a dance, there was some dispute over the killing, with two groups taking sides and clashing, exchanging gunfire and knife wounds. The Rangers were called back. The two groups, both resenting the intrusion, united and barricaded themselves in buildings, opening fire on the exposed Rangers. One Ranger was killed and another one wounded, with the other side suffering casualties, also. The incident threatened to flare into a small-scale war before matters were settled and the miners returned to their jobs.

THE MILL was converted to oil in 1910, when the timber was exhausted, and Francisco Luna and Juan Medina, both from Marfa, contracted to haul oil and kept two trucks moving constantly between Marfa and Shafter.

The miners kept boring down into the heart of the mountain until they got to depths of from four to seven hundred feet, worked their way through limestone until the silver pockets were located, and sent up the ore in a steady stream. Some of the pockets would yield $500.00 per ton, while others only $8.00 a ton, with $5.50 being considered the "break even" point. This latter figure was due to the fact that miners were paid low wages and the company had its commissary, where the wages returned to the fold for the necessities of survival. There were many misunderstandings, arguments, and some pitched skirmishes, in regard to wages, a situation which eventually forced closure of the mine, when the miners tried to unionize.

Mule-drawn wagons were used to haul the ore to the mill on Cibolo Creek, about a mile away. It was an endless procession of wagons that kept the surrounding mountains ringing with the lusty shouts of the muleteers; the smell of grass and the forest; the abounding wildlife and the great sensation of working with one of the powers that drive men into near-insanity—silver. The silver was going to keep the land alive and in great spirit forever!

In 1913 a tramway was built to carry the ore to the mill in 500-pound buckets. The constant ringing of iron-treaded wheels was replaced by the steady drag of the heavy cable.

One of the most dramatic incidents connected with the mine at Shafter and the Eagle Mountains nearby, happened in 1914-15. These were the years after the Madero Revolution had exploded in Mexico against dictator Don Porfirio Diaz. It was also the time when Pancho Villa, the famous Mexican bandit and revolutionist, was dealing his heavy death blows.

After the first phase of the Madero Revolution settled and Francisco Madero became president, Villa, one of Madero's ablest generals, decided to stay in Juarez, living the life of the conqueror, and frequently patronizing bars in "Little Chihuahua," a settlement in El Paso.

On January 8, 1914, General Villa, making his way south from El Paso, stepped off a train at Valentine, Texas, and hired a service car and chauffeur, Manuel Vilaba, to drive him past Shafter and on to Ojinaga, Mexico. There he joined his troops for reactivation of the Mexican Revolution, this time against Don Victoriano Huerta, the man responsible for Madero's murder.

General Villa quickly marshalled great forces and in December, 1914, struck a blow against Chihuahua where General Pascual Orozco had entrenched his troops. In the beginning General Orozco had been on the side of the revolutionists but had defected. He had also sentenced Villa to death, when Villa had been under his command, for horse-stealing. Villa escaped the firing squad, but only upon intervention of Madero, and Villa never forgot the incident. He hated Orozco intensely. Villa routed Orozco and his troops from Chihuahua, tore the rear guard into shreds, and chased the rest into United States Territory, across the Rio Grande.

General Orozco's entrance into U. S Territory was a direct violation of the neutrality laws and the Federal officials ordered a search for the defecting general. It was believed that Orozco would attempt to make his way to the mine at Shafter, where it was said he had buried

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The QUITO TREASURE

On at least one occasion there was more to be had from the tea leaves than merely a cup of tea!

Photos Courtesy the Author

By ORRIN H. BONNEY

MY FATHER, Rufus C. Bonney, followed adventure to the little mining town of Idaho Springs, Colorado. He met my mother, Cliftonia Hanning, there. My earliest years were filled with all the romance of gold-seeking.

When Dad first came to the mining camp he was station agent for the Union Pacific Denver and Gulf Railway Company, a bankrupt offshoot of the Union Pacific. That was long before he took on the responsibilities of a family.

Late one afternoon Rufus Bonney looked out of his office at the crowd gathering for the arrival of the evening passenger train. He knew that some of the mining camp population always came here expecting a change of fortune to arrive on the little narrow-gauge train. He had no such expectations himself.

As he leaned across his clicking telegraph instruments and peered out of the big bay windows of the station down the track, it was just another dreary day. Fog was rolling down the mountainside and creeping into the valley. A slow drizzle was bringing the darkness too early.

A long weird whistle from the distance broke through the patter of dripping eaves. An eerie headlight came around the bend, followed the rain-lacquered rails, and picked out the wet sparkle of gold ores in the wooden hopper cars at the siding. The little engine steamed up puffing and squeaked to a stop, a car length beyond the station.

Rufus Bonney straightened his black moustache, put on a yellow slicker, and went out into the rain. As he unloaded the express car he studied the passengers getting off the miniature cars.

He could always pick out the gold-seekers by the aloofness each maintained and by the way they stared intently at the glittering loads of the hopper cars.

Tugging at a crate of machinery he observed the last lonely passenger getting off the train, noticed his derby hat and overcoat of fine-spun wool with velvet lapels. A cane draped his arm.

THE LONE traveler slowly walked over and huddled under the broad station eaves. He kept staring at Bonney. When Bonney finished unloading and went into the waiting room to trim down the kerosene lamps, the stranger followed him.

"Young man!" he called in a voice like a command.

"Howdy." Bonney turned to face the man.

"Do you know anything about the mines hereabout?" The stranger leaned on his cane.

"Guess I know most of them," Bonney replied. "Especially the ore shippers."

"I'm W. J. White," the stranger said. "I've come to look for a certain mine location. I'd like you to help me."

"If I can," Bonney replied. "What's the name of the mine?"

"It doesn't have a name—at least not yet—not until I find it."

"Another prospector!" Bonney sighed. "But you sure don't look like one." He wished the man would go away so that he could sneak in his usual nap in the highbacked office chair before the downbound freight came in to pick up the ore cars.

"No, I'm not a prospector. I'm head of the company that makes White's Yucatan Chewing Gum. Here, have a package." At Bonney's negation he continued, "I may be foolish but . . ." he hesitated as if wondering where to begin, ". . . but a fortune teller told me where to find a mine."

Bonney stared at him. Why did people always have to come to the mining country with such fantastic yarns and hopes?

"I'm afraid I can't help you," he said.

"I'll make it worth your while," the stranger offered. "I'll even give you a part of the mine. Anyway, it won't hurt you to hear what the fortune teller told me."

With determination, the derby-hatted Easterner sat down on the station bench, folded his hands across the top of his cane, and began.

"Not long ago my wife and I were finishing a cup of tea in a little Roumanian place on the east side of New York.

"All at once a swish of red and blue skirts startled me. A gypsy stood over us gazing at the leaves in my wife's empty teacup. Then she glanced at my cup. 'Gold!' she exclaimed. 'Gold!'"

The clatter of cab horses sounded on the gravel platform outside and a hush came over the stranger.

"You must tell no one about this," he spoke in a lowered voice.

"Don't worry," Bonney replied. "I wouldn't let my best friend know I was sucker for such a story. What else did the gypsy say?"

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Rufus Bonney's stock certificate for 750 shares in the Quito Mining, Milling and Tunneling Company.

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Illustration by Lester U. Beitz

LOOKOUT

IN WESTERN Modoc County, California, there was a ranch where Robert Brown and his half-breed wife ran cattle. They had four boys. The three oldest quit school when they were in the fourth grade. They would not stay home and work on the ranch so when their mother died in 1900, Robert Brown sold the ranch and his cattle, and moved in close to Lookout. He took the youngest son with him.

The three brothers became very reckless, and two storekeepers at Adin, it was thought, were paying them to steal cattle. The merchants' herds were growing fast, and they were the only ones who were not losing cattle or horses.

It was noticed that these boys could get anything they needed at the store without paying for it, but the storekeepers denied having any dealings with the Browns even when every roundup time they always came up with a 100% calf crop.

This kept up for about six years—up to 1906—but no one could really prove anything. Everyone in that part of the country owed the store at Adin, and had to be careful of any loose talk.

The Brown boys had all of western Modoc County against them, and many people laying for them. The horses they stole, they would drive to the valley and sell about a four days' drive. They would also steal and butcher cattle and sell the meat to the Modoc Indians for almost nothing. Anyone threatening them would wake up some morning to find one of their milch cows with her teats cut off. The brothers were hated and feared by everyone who had stock.

Their father was a good man and taught school near Lookout. Their little brother, now nine years old, was going to school to his father.

At last the three older boys were bleeding the storekeepers until they couldn't stand it anymore. In April, they called a meeting of the local stockmen, and made arrangements to lynch the "rustlers." One of the men at Adin knew where they would be that night.

The stockmen almost had a split-up over the hanging. Some wanted to get the father and young boy, saying that nits hatch lice. Finally, they rode out to the Brown boys' cabin, got them out of bed, tied their hands behind them, and took them to where their father was living. Mr. Brown begged the posse to spare the little boy's life, but they took every one of them to the bridge near the little town of Lookout, and hanged them. (Author's note: This was disclosed thirty-five years later by the last survivor among the lynchers.)

The next morning, the bodies were found by the rural mail carrier on his way to Dry Lake. He drove back into Lookout and called Sheriff Smith of Alturas. The sheriff with two deputies rode to Lookout, stopping all night in Adin. He questioned the men at the store. No one knew anything.

The Brown family was buried at Lookout. The sheriff and his deputies canvassed all that part of the country, but could get no information whatsoever.

In Alturas, he had the district attorney issue warrants for all who threatened the Brown boys, including the two storekeepers. These men were all brought into court and had a hearing. No one would talk, so the Grand Jury returned indictments against all who were brought in; all were to be tried for murder.

THIS WAS to be one of the longest and hottest trials in California history. There were three sides to the case: one side was for the prosecution, on the grounds that they should not have hanged the little boy or his father; one side was for the defense, on the grounds that the boy should have been hanged, and the grand jury could not be sure the right men were indicted; and the third side remained neutral.

Every man in the county was wearing a six-gun, and not a one dared open his mouth pro or con. Things got so tense that the sheriff swore in the best shots in the county and had them stationed at various points in town, with orders to shoot if they had to. Haying on the ranches was done by the ranch hands and the ranch foreman; all other ranch work was let go. There was no riding the range at all until roundup time. All the men were in town.

The late John E. Raker, United States Congressman, was district attorney; a lawyer from Redding handled the defense. These two men were noted lawyers in California at the time. Judge Jones, a small man with a long white beard, was sitting on the bench.

The day the court started to pick a jury, there were plenty of scared people. No one wanted to serve. When people began filing into the courtroom, the sheriff stood by the door with string and a pencil. Each man had to write his name on a card, then tie his card to his gun, and drop it in the barrel. When they filed out of the courtroom, a deputy sheriff would return their guns. This took place every day of the trial.

Each person called to the witness stand had many reasons why he should not be on the jury. All had read about the case, and all had their minds made up—but they wouldn't say how.

That went on for days, and ran into weeks, till the court had to call in every voter in the county who was not being tried. And still they had no jury. The lawyer from Redding asked that the case be dismissed on the grounds that a jury could not be obtained.

Judge Jones asked, "Is it agreeable with the prosecution?"

"No!" bellowed Raker.

"You bonehead!" the defense attorney protested. "How are you going to try these men with no jury?"

"Call me a bonehead, will you?" and the two lawyers clashed. They were fighting hard, when little Judge Jones jumped to his feet and hammered the bench, yelling, "Stop!"

The sheriff and two deputies stood up in front with drawn guns to keep the spectators from joining in the fight. Taking sides at that point would have turned the courtroom into a roaring and bloody mess.

The Judge finally got things quieted down, but not before both men had black eyes, bloody faces, and their shirts

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The lynch mob got off scot-free as far as a jail sentence was concerned—but surely in the dark hours of the night one or two men must have cringed at the realization that an innocent nine-year-old boy had been one of the victims . . .

By BILLY GROVES
as told to
LYNN S. LANGFIELD

LYNCHING

Photo from the Author

This picture was taken recently near the place where the Brown family was hanged under the bridge near Lookout. The "X" on Lookout Creek in the distance indicates where the bridge once stood.

torn off. Judge Jones said, "I am ashamed of you two men! If you want to fight, get your guns and go out on the street and fight like gentlemen."

The attorneys were then allowed to go out to the restroom one at a time and wash up. After they returned to the courtroom, the Judge called order long enough to inform the people that court would be recessed until such time as he could get a jury from Lassen County.

This move was agreeable to Raker, and his opponent from Redding was afraid to make any complaint.

The men started filing out of the room, each receiving his gun as he passed out the door. The lawyer from Redding told around town that he was sending to Texas for a gunman as his bodyguard. The Modoc people got quite a thrill out of that.

JUDGE JONES and John E. Raker took their saddle horses and rode to Susanville. There they held a conference with the judge and district attorney, and the Board of Supervisors. The Board had no objection if Lassen County citizens wanted to serve, but said it would have to be strictly voluntary.

A call went out in the newspaper and the people flocked in. Many men were trying to find an excuse to go to Modoc so they could say they had seen the hottest trial in history.

The sheriff and five deputies met them halfway between Alturas and Likely. They were brought in the back way by the old flour mill and taken to the Niles Hotel, where they were protected by a guard. Their saddle horses were taken to the feed barn and locked in the feed corral.

The news was sent out that court would take up again the following Monday. The Redding lawyer was very incensed about a jury serving from Lassen County. He had wired to Texas for a gunman, and had wired his transportation. The man had taken the train to Reno, then transferred to the N.C.O. which ran as far as Amadee, and from there he came in on a stage driven by old Jack Asher.

Jack tried to tell the big badman it would be better for him to take the next stage back, but the stranger allowed he could handle any three men north of Texas.

When they drove up to the post office, Jack threw off the mail sacks and said, "There's the hotel down the street across the bridge."

"I expect you to drive me to the hotel!" his passenger replied stiffly.

Jack just set his suitcase down on the sidewalk, and drove around to the stage barn.

On Monday, court resumed. It took most of the first day to examine the jury and swear them in. When the men started to file into the courtroom, the Texas badman was the first in line. He was told to put his name on his guns and put them in the barrel. He said he was a bodyguard, and would have to keep his guns on.

"You either put those guns in this barrel," the sheriff said, "or I'll put you in jail."

"I don't want my guns down in the bottom of that barrel!"

"Then you get back at the end of the line." So he did.

When the last of the line came up, the bodyguard said, "I want to see the lawyer before I give up my guns."

"All right," replied the sheriff. "I'll go tell him." Then he shut the door in the man's face and locked him out.

One by one the jury was sworn in. The jury was then taken to the Niles Hotel and kept under guard. When the courtroom emptied, the Texas badman protested to his employer that the sheriff had refused to let him in with his guns. The Redding attorney informed him somewhat testily that he did not need protection in the courtroom, he needed it on the street.

"Be sure no one gets the drop on me. Now you keep your eyes open and do a little target practice, so you will be able to shoot straight."

The Texan set up a tin-can target in the middle of Main Street. He started shooting the can with both guns.

Albert Fleming had been deputized and was leaning up against a lamppost not far from the badman who was shooting with his right hand, while he held his left gun above his head ready for action. After the third shot, Fleming straightened up and, in a flash, shot both guns out of the stranger's hands.

The deputy then walked over to him and said, "Now, mister, you're in Modoc, not in Texas, and I would advise you to keep those guns in their holsters, or someone will shoot you and we'll have to ship you back home."

The next day he was on the stage heading south, and the lawyer from Redding was left without a bodyguard.

THE FOLLOWING morning when court took up, there were twelve to be tried for the murder of the Brown family with no real evidence to convict any one of them. A whole day would be spent examining and cross-examining no more than two suspects. The jurymen became so tired of the case, they would fall asleep. The hearing ran along day after day, week after week.

One day the jury foreman stretched his long legs out on top of the rail and was soon nodding his head. It was a habit of cowboys, even in my day, to put spurs on when you got up in the morning, and take them off at night in order to get your boots off.

Well, the foreman was sleeping away,

(Continued on page 62)

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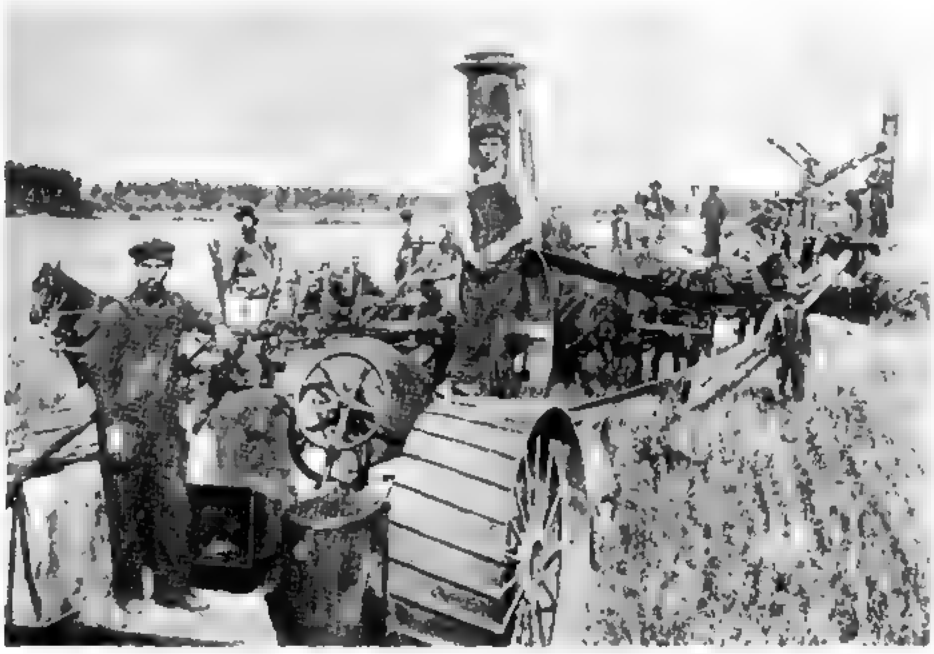
Gentle MONSTERS of the Plains

Their tracks bit deep into the earth, and wherever they thundered along, rich crops sprang up along the trails they made



Threshing outfit on John Pollon's farm near Treherne, Manitoba, Canada—1906

Large threshing operation near Dauphin, Manitoba about 1906

ABOUT 1885, after the buffalo and the longhorns were gone, some clumsy, powerful monsters began puffing their way west. For forty years these mighty steam tractors ruled the great harvest fields of the Plains.

Heavy and slow moving (some of them weighed between twenty-five and thirty tons), they could handle the largest grain separator made and pull more than twenty plows. They were manufactured in America from 1856 to 1930, but their popular span of life was from 1890 to 1925.

Ranging in horsepower from 6 to 150, they came in a great variety of sizes and shapes. In 1910 there were as many different models and sizes of steam tractors as there are different models and sizes of cars today. They served their purpose well, but were displaced by the smaller more maneuverable gas tractors, and today are found only in museums or in private collections.

They cost about ten cents a pound new. The 110 Case is a good example It had a simple engine, a locomotive type boiler, cab, power steering, and other refinements which made it one of the most popular tractors of its time. Its drive wheels were seven feet high and, with extension rims, they measured more than four feet across and weighed more than two tons each. The total weight of this engine was 42,000 pounds and it cost $4,200.

It was known as the 110 Case because it developed 110 horsepower on the belt pulley and thirty-two horsepower on the drawbar. The latter term meant it could pull as much as thirty-two heavy draft horses. This tractor could pull twelve fourteen-inch plows breaking prairie sod, and eighteen or twenty in stubble. There were no gear boxes and they traveled the same speed empty as they did loaded. Three miles an hour would be top speed with the governors wide open.

There were various types of steam engines on these tractors, but they all had one thing in common, they turned very slowly in comparison to modern standards—250 to 300 revolutions per minute was the average speed. As a result, many of these engines have given over forty years of continuous service.

In breaking prairie sod an engine this size would burn two tons of coal a day, or 80 to 100 pounds per acre. These big machines could get very thirsty, and in hard going with the governors wide open, they would use as high as 2,800

By ART FEE

Photos Courtesy
Greenbow Foundation

gallons of water a day. It was a common thing for a big steam-plowing outfit to break up a quarter-section of ground (160 acres) in three days.

There were many steamers larger and heavier than the 110 Case. The Reeves and Garr Scott Companies both made steam tractors that developed forty horsepower on the drawbar, and were able to pull sixteen plows in prairie sod.

IN WHEAT COUNTRY, threshing time was the big event of the year. Extra help was needed and all railways ran harvest excursions west. The grain was cut by binders and the bundles were set up in shocks (stooks in Canada) till the grain hardened and the straw was dry enough to thresh. Then the engineer hooked his big steamer to the grain separator, tied the cook car on behind that, and with the rest of his outfit following, he started for the grain fields.

The average steam threshing outfit employed eight to twelve bundle teams, depending on the size of the separator. A big plowing engine could handle the largest grain separator made, with ease. To handle a separator with a forty-four-inch cylinder and a seventy-two-inch body (the largest made) required twelve bundle teams, two or more field pitchers, and three spike pitchers. Added to the crew were the engineer, fireman, tank man, separator man, cook, and flunky. An outfit this size could thresh 4,500 bushels of wheat or 14,000 bushels of oats a day.

The first man up was the fireman. At 4:00 a.m. he would tramp his way out to the engine and get up a head of steam. By 5:00 a.m. in the eerie darkness, whistles began blowing; this was the call to breakfast. At 6:00 a.m. sharp, the engineer opened the throttle and the bundles began rolling into the machine. Four men with pitchforks, two on each side, kept continuous streams of bundles going into the big separator from dawn to dark.

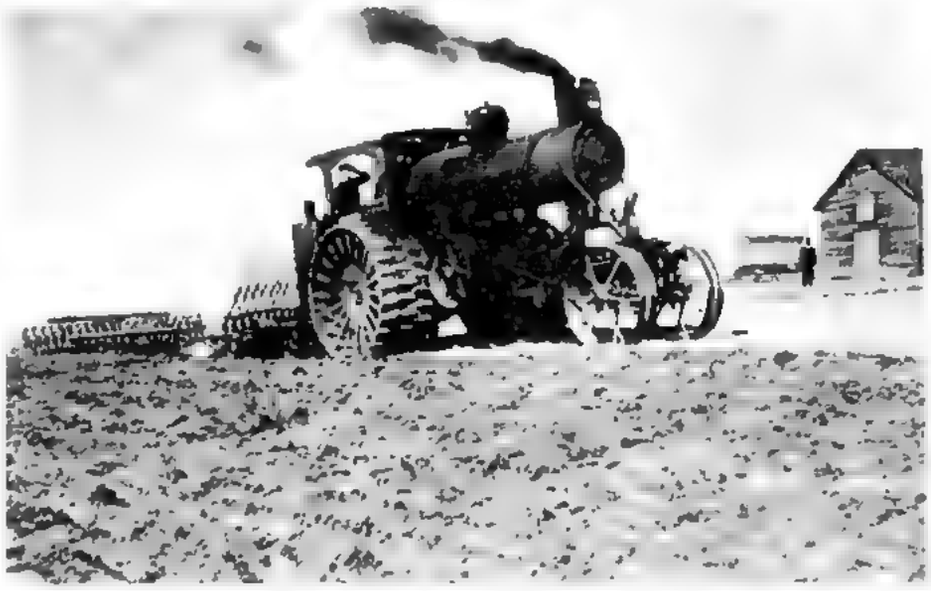
Supreme in the eyes of all, was the engineer, as he moved his ponderous machines from place to place in a cloud of steam and smoke. It was the aim of every engineer to pull into a new set, line up with the separator, put on the drive belt, and have the machines going in record time.

The separator man often looked like a chimney sweep, but he was boss of the threshing crew. Standing on top, with his long oil can in hand, he kept a watchful eye on the men pitching in the bundles—woe unto the ones who didn't feed his machine right.

The tank man kept the engine supplied with water and the flunky kept the fireman supplied with straw or coal. To house and feed a crew this large, a bunkhouse and cook car were hauled with the outfit. The bunkhouse was built large enough to sleep the crew, with bunks along the walls and a stove in the center. The cook car was usually twenty feet long and ten feet wide, with a large stove in one corner, a work table, and a bed that pulled down from the

(Continued on page 63)

30-horse Avery undermount engine pulling twelve plows and land packer. Below, a Reeves steam tractor pulling a plow and disk harrow in 1906.

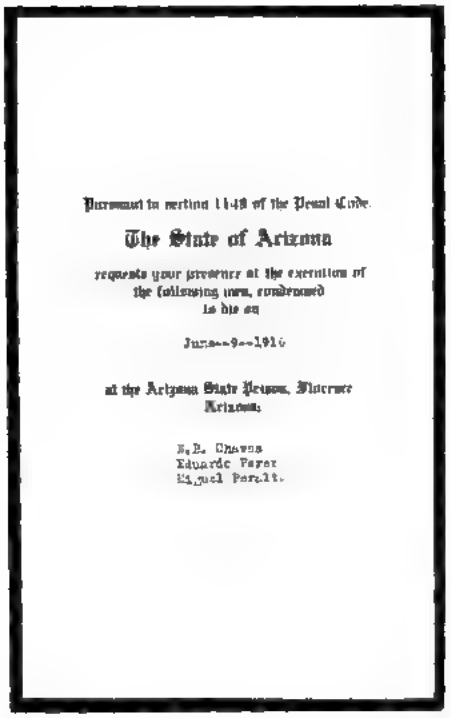


Reeves steam tractor pulling ten plows in prairie sod—1908

By PHYLLIS W. HEALD

"That D..... woman on the parole board!"

Elsie Toles



Pursuant to section 1148 of the Penal Code

The State of Arizona

requests your presence at the execution of the following men, condemned to die on

June--9--1916

at the Arizona State Prison, Florence Arizona.

E. E. Chavez
Eduardo Perez
Miguel Peralta.

ELSIE TOLES showed me the postcard. It was old and worn, but the message remained pitifully clear—"Please save my life. I am sentenced to be hanged September ninth."

As I gave it back, Elsie said, "Receiving that was a terrific shock. For the first time I actually realized that in my new position I would have the power to send a human being to his death."

It was in 1921 that Elsie Toles ran for the office of superintendent of public instruction of Arizona, where a freak law automatically made the person elected to that position a member of the board of pardons and paroles. Elsie, a school teacher in Bisbee, was the first woman to hold this office. And, as she said, "Campaigning through the lovely golden days of an Arizona fall, I enjoyed the prospect of the top job in school work, with the added excitement of trying my hand at things that only men had done. I didn't think of the dark responsibility that victory would carry with it. I would serve as the only female member of five boards, one of which, until I received this card, had been just a name—the Parole Board."

Elsie glanced out the window of her ranch home in Portal, Arizona, as she continued, "I can still remember the expression in the stenographer's eyes that morning when she handed me the mail with this on top. She waited while I read it. Her silence was eloquent in asking, 'How could you, a woman, want such a job?' Suddenly I understood why Arizonans had been debating whether it was wise to elect a woman to this office. Men were afraid of feminine sympathy and emotionalism while my own sex distrusted the idea because they themselves instinctively shrank from so harsh a task."

"What happened to him?" I asked, pointing to the card.

"There was no choice. He was guilty. He paid the penalty. But I'll never forget the day we faced him across the parole board table. The desert's brilliance poured in through the windows filling the bare room with heat and the white glare of endless sunbaked miles. There were seven of us present: we three of the parole board, the parole clerk, the stenographer, Captain Rynning (the warden), and the prisoner. He was a young man, an Armenian. His face was horribly marred by a ugly birthmark and I wondered if that might have played its part in his tragic life. Could such a disfigurement set a scar on his soul, too? In the quiet of that death-dealing room I remembered two lines from the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, and almost said them aloud—

For who can tell, to what red hell
His sightless soul may stray?

"Someone cleared his throat and the awful silence was broken. Then the murderer, in a torrent of limited English, poured out a despairing cry for mercy. Finally, shaken and exhausted, he was led back to the death cell."

Elsie again looked out of the window. "His anguished plea rang in my ears for months."

"That was a tough introduction to a new job," I admitted.

Elsie nodded. "Until then my work as a member of the board had seemed almost glamorous. I felt like one of the leading actors in a play demanding dignity, sternness and nobility. But the reality was humbling. When I left that first meeting with its three-day stream of misery, gone was all complacency, all assurance. I just prayed that I might be given the ability to deal justly and honestly with the claims of human tragedy."

DURING the months that followed, Elsie was to learn that each plea to the parole board, like that first cry for clemency, would be directed to her. The theme of all refrains was—"A woman wouldn't send a fellow to the gallows." "A woman wouldn't keep a man rotting in prison." "A woman will understand."

"Didn't they learn quickly it wasn't so?" I asked, for I knew her record. During the two years of her tenure in office the name, Elsie Toles, became synonymous with justice and mercy but prisoners and their families soon discovered this woman could not be reached through sentimentality. In fact, long before the end of her regime, Captain Ryn-

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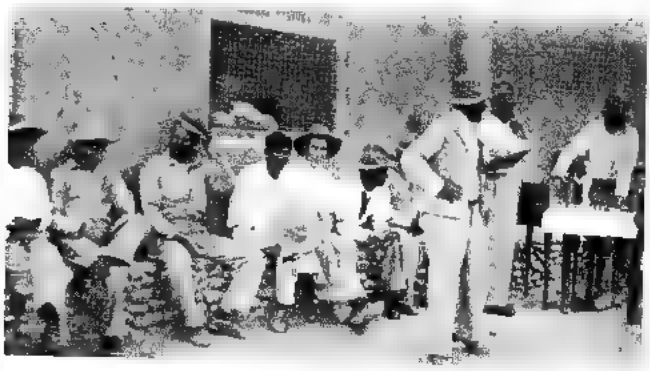
The power over life and death—who really wants it? And who can ever forget the decisions that have to be made?

Florence Prison Photos Courtesy D. M. Lease



The photos above and at right were made inside the walls of Florence Prison in Arizona, May 24, 1914.

ning claimed his inmates were all moaning it would be a lot easier to get a parole if it weren't for "that damned woman on the board!"

Elsie admitted that when wives came to plead for their men, it was worst of all. "On the prisoner's face was the mark of his weakness, selfishness or viciousness to remind us that his suffering was not completely undeserved. But, oh, the sad procession of women who believed and kept faith against all evidence! They fought with any and every weapon for those they loved. They'd pawn their last possession to reach the prison and plead and lie heroically for men who had made their lives on earth a living hell. And the mothers! I told one woman, 'But here is your son's own confession.'

" 'He didn't do it! They made him confess! He was always such a good boy! I tell you he *DIDN'T*!'

"Somehow I'd expected the women whose men are criminals to be different from my own friends and acquaintances —a sort of 'thing apart.' But they weren't. They were everyday people like you and me. One was the wife of a banker who had absconded and been caught. She had been in my class at the University. There she sat on a plain wooden chair facing the parole board. She was struggling to hide humility and pain behind a quiet dignity.

"Then there was my neighbor. She lived right on the other side of the Chiricahuas. Her son was serving a life sentence for killing his friend. She came to plead with me. Her offer was simple. 'Elsie, let Jed out and I'll send him to South America and he won't come back.'

" 'Never?'

" 'Shore.'

" 'Would you go with him?'

" 'I'd like to know how I'd git money enough to git two of us thar. Besides,

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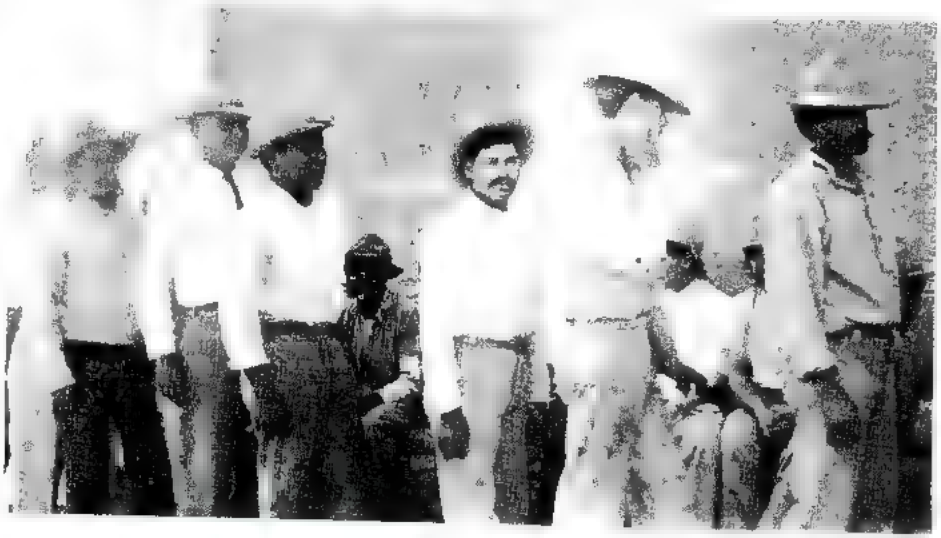
Men stand patiently in the tobacco line (below) at Florence Prison.



ELECTRON

The big oil fire at Drumright, Oklahoma, August 28, 1914.

"OIL FIELD BOOMER," by C. L. Packer in *True West* for April, 1964, brought back vivid memories for me as I, too, was there. I saw the mud and the filth and the drunkenness and crime and depravity of both men and women; but I also saw the innate goodness of these rough men. I have never seen an account of "the other side of the street" which always existed in these tough, temporary oil boom towns. I saw the most of them. I lived in them and I knew the other side of the streets and railroad tracks.

As was the custom, good women and good men always lived on one side of the tracks or streets while the tough element lived on the other. There was surprisingly little communication. Take Smackover, Arkansas, where Mr. Packer tells of the pipeline days. He speaks of the fights and the unruly crowds which gathered nightly to gamble and carouse. It was all true, they tell me. I never saw it. I was on the other side of the track. Women behaving themselves were treated with the utmost respect at all times. A "roughneck" or "tank animal" was never too busy or too drunk to remove his hat and step aside with the utmost consideration for any lady who walked down one of the crowded, busy streets.

I recall a drunken man in Smackover who, having been in a fight, was bleeding profusely from the nose and a deep cut over the eye. He had come across the tracks to the doctor, and I happened to be going to the post office to mail a letter. The street was narrow and dirty. The drunk, upon approaching me, carefully removed his battered hat and, with almost exaggerated swagger, stepped off the sidewalk into the deep mud to let me pass without being crowded. He stood there with his hat in hand, blood blinding him from the cut above the eye, while I passed.

Next came Lou Ann, a small village some eighteen miles from Smackover. John Shirey and his wife, Lou Ann, for whom the town was named, owned one of the few stores in the little village. In fact, it was only an addition to their home with a small stock of groceries and a cubbyhole at one end for the U. S. post office. Across the front was a wide, old-fashioned porch or "gallery," as it was then called.

Adjoining the little store and post office of Lou Ann was a newly erected hardware store with a room above for rent. It had been built by a nice old couple named Akins. It was here that my husband and I found living quarters while he worked as a Hickory Man. (A Hickory Man is one who drives hot rivets with a steel hammer weighing from four to six pounds.) Here I had my first experience with a really rough element.

Lou Ann was wild and terrifying. Emotions were unhampered "across the tracks." The railroad split almost squarely in half the little village that had mushroomed overnight. A small building was used as a depot to unload the huge trainloads of oil supplies which were arriving day and night. The confusion was indescribable! Men—men in slouchy billed caps—men in hard hats—men bareheaded—but all with high laced boots, all vigorous, all seeming to know just what they were doing and where they were going.

The street was a sea of mud. From my side of the street to the little depot, stacks of rail ties had been laid for a walk, not just a row of ties laid on the ground, but great stacks of ties which required another layer laid on top every few days as the lower ones sank into the bottomless mud of the swampy ground.

Teams of horses, sometimes ten teams to one wagon, pulled and strained and slipped and lunged forward pulling the cumbersome machinery necessary to develop an oil field.

I stood in our upstairs room over the hardware store and watched a team of beautiful, grey horses literally drown in the bog we called a street. In this particular long train several teams were down and some of them got tangled in the harness while trying desperately to keep their heads above the ooze. The team of greys seemed hopelessly tangled and I watched as the men strove to rescue them all. But, before the tangle was undone, the greys had strangled and drowned in the mud.

ANOTHER time, one bright, spring morning, I went down to get a loaf of bread. To get to Mr. Shirey's little store I had to walk along the porch from the hardware store. Opening the door, I saw, laid in a neat row, the bodies of three men covered with patchwork quilts. They were waiting for the one passenger train a day that went to Camden, some twenty miles away, where there was an undertaker. The old couple who owned the store said they had been killed in a fight "across the tracks."

At two other times I saw men, cold in death, lying on that old, sunny porch waiting for the Camden train. One of them had been killed while working, the other in a fight. Always the heavy, muddy boots protruded from the covering.

From the same upstairs window from which I watched the team of greys drown, I also saw a crowd of some twenty "girls" unloaded from a train that had brought them from Little Rock to "work" in one of the flimsy buildings that had gone up across the tracks.

The street was a mess, as usual. The girls were boldly dressed and all wore high, spikeheeled shoes! The girls seemed bewildered at the mud but, after some hesitation, they appeared to rise to the occasion. One slim little thing, looking not more than eighteen, climbed onto a flat car on the siding. Quick as a wink the others followed. Within a few seconds they were dancing on this flat car while men stopped and cheered wildly.

But within moments the dancing was stopped—stopped by these same roughnecks who have been called "toughs" by the whole world. Some men climbed

ROUGHNECK

From the smallest strike—to the big, brawling places like Seminole and Borger—roughnecks had two things in common: respect for a lady and contempt for the camp followers

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

quickly onto the flat car, informed the girls that they could be seen from across the tracks where ladies were living, and to beat it.

At another time I saw a bewhiskered dirty roughneck approach a little old lady who stood looking at the precarious crossing of railroad ties to the depot and, with hat in hand, he spoke briefly with her. Then, with a gentle gesture, he picked up the little old lady as easily as you would a doll and carried her safely across to the depot platform. Oh yes, there was chivalry in the oil boom camps.

John Shirey, the grocer, was later to have the second largest well in the great Smackover Pool gush forth on his little piney forty acres. This was the great Shirey-Vietic well, which I saw roar in at 50,000 barrels of oil and 3,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day.

There were not enough tanks to care for the oil. Many teams of mules were brought in and, with the old fresnos, used for road building long ago, the teamsters scooped out earthen pits to catch the black oil as it gushed from the earth with a trembling that could be felt for miles.

Always, along with the heat and dust and grease and oil, there were the little personal glimpses of living that go to make up the heartbreak and the untold prosperity that come to those in new oil fields. I shall always remember the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shirey. About sixteen she was when the Shirey-Vietic blew in making her family wealthy beyond their fondest dreams.

I have forgotten her name, but I well remember that we did our family laundries together out in the back yard and, while we rubbed on those old washboards, we talked. She stood there punching her father's blue chambray shirts down into the old, black wash kettle, and as she stirred and punched, she was all smiles.

"Guess what!" she said. "Papa gave me a whole $20 bill to buy Easter things, and I'm going to Camden on the Camden Train. (Everyone said "Camden Train" as though it didn't go anyplace else!) One thing I have always wanted is two pairs of shoes and I am going to get them tomorrow!"

Her dream came true. She got two pair of shoes.

FROM Lou Ann we went to Drumright, Oklahoma. It was the same all over again. I observed the rough, hard working, hard living, yet gentle men. Let a brash young fellow, who was trying to prove his toughness, come out with so much as a "damn" and some man would say quietly, "Young fellow, you're out of line." He would then tip his hat and walk quickly away.

From Drumright to Mexia, Texas, to Corsicana, Texas, I lived in a world of heat, dust and oil. Arc welding threw its weird blue lights across the line of tents in which we lived, waking us at all hours of the night with its unearthly glow.

The bosses on the job would not permit a loose woman to live in "The Row," as our neat white tents were called. Set close together and neatly snugged down, they made a homey atmosphere even in the wide open spaces of the Texas fields.

Mose Worstell ("Big Mose," as he was known from the Canadian Border to the swamps of Louisiana) was our boss and he always insisted upon a clean, neat, respectable camp. There was a deep, long trench dug some hundred yards back of The Row and here we emptied our trash and garbage. The trench was covered each night by an old, crippled-up man who was too frail to work on the tanks and had been given the job as clean-up man.

Several men in our crew had left families at home and were trying to save money to bring them to the job or

(Continued on page 52)

A familiar sight to those who followed the oil booms. "Home" was a tent which could be folded and taken along to the next strike. Notice the children in the doorway of wooden building in right background.

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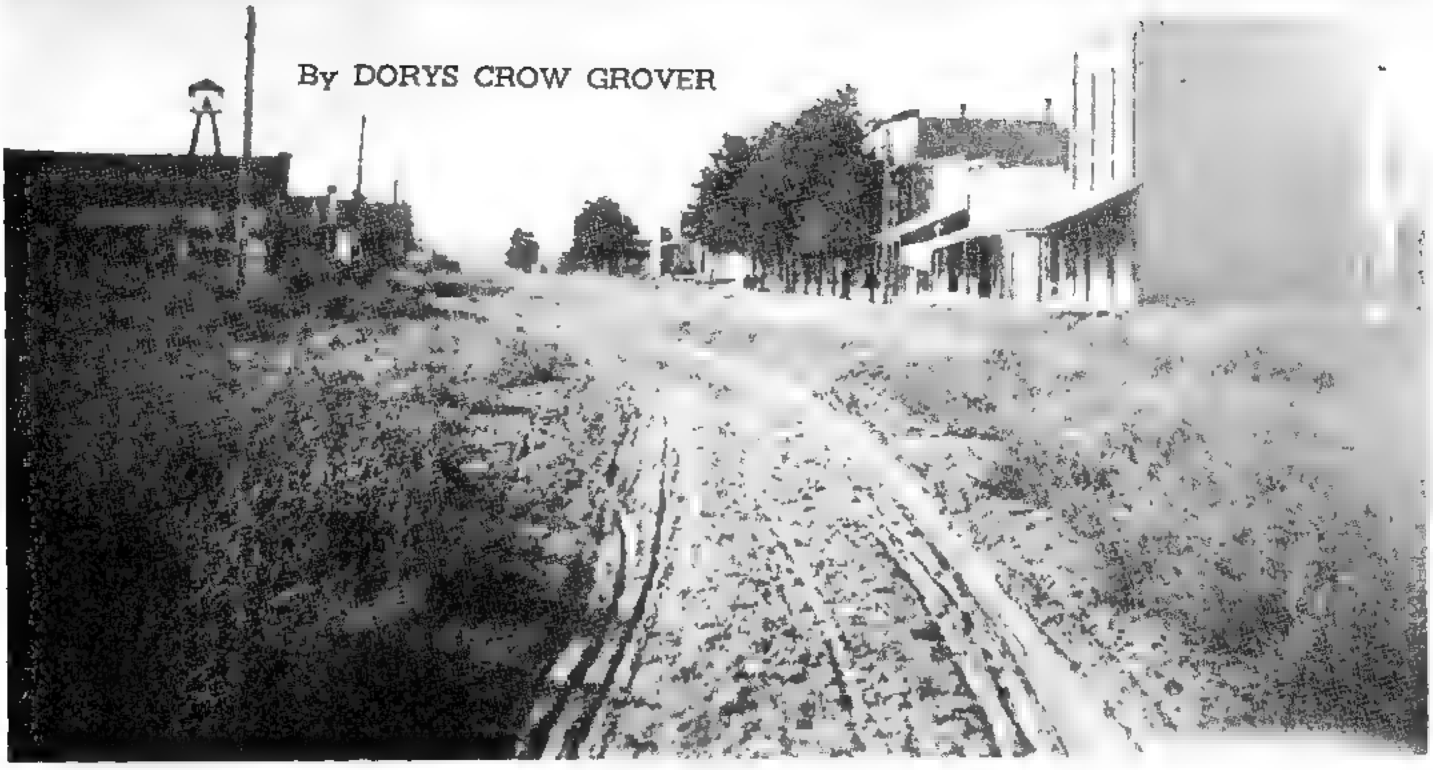
By DORYS CROW GROVER



Echo, Oregon, photographed by W. H. Crary about 1915.

WHERE WAS FORT HENRIETTA?

W. H. Crary Photos
Courtesy Author

The immigrants along the Old Oregon Trail could have told you precisely, but now its exact location is something of a mystery. It was sanctuary for a brief while . . . a lone important outpost . . . quickly forgotten

FORT HENRIETTA, the only military fortification ever built in Umatilla County, Oregon, has long been just a "historical fact," and not even a marker shows where it once stood in The Meadows near Echo. Situated on the Old Oregon Trail, the fort figured importantly in the decisive battle of the bloody Yakima Indian War. Faded chronicles record the rampages of Chief Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox, or "Yellow Serpent" as the Powhatan of the Walla Wallas was known to his enemies.

It was in November, 1855, that Companies B and H of the Oregon Volunteers consisting of 375 men commanded by Major M. A. Chinn arrived at Utilla (now Echo) over the Old Oregon Trail from The Dalles.

They were en route to Fort Walla Walla, which had been attacked and plundered by Indians dissatisfied with the terms of a treaty signed by themselves and Governor Isaac Stevens of Washington. The parley had taken place at the old council grounds of the Yakima Indians, now known as Camp Stevens, Washington.

When the troops arrived at Utilla, a derivative of Umatilla, the United States Indian Agency, erected in 1851 and believed to be the first settlement in the vicinity, had also been burned by the Indians. Construction of a fort was started immediately.

The 100- by 100-foot stockade of split cottonwood timbers, with two bastions of round logs, was erected on the peaceful meadows across the Umatilla River from Echo in 1855. A general Indian uprising was feared from a coalition of the Cayuse, Walla Walla and Yakima Tribes.

The fort was named for Henrietta Haller, wife of Major Granville O. Haller, a prominent military officer who commanded troops in the early Cayuse Indian wars of 1855 and 1856.

On December 2, the day the fort was completed, 350 men left for Fort Walla Walla, leaving 25 men under Lt. Sword to guard the new outpost. Indian trouble was reported brewing near Big Stone Flat west of Fort Henrietta.

Major Chinn reported the situation as follows: "We have an abundant supply of water and timber and enough grass for stock. We have picketed in with large split timbers one hundred feet of ground and erected two bastions of round logs on two of the angles and made two corrals for horses and cattle. This, as a defense, is good against any body of Indians."

Meanwhile, the troops en route to Fort Walla Walla encountered Chief Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox, who with five of his followers surrendered to the white soldiers. Fearing a trap, the soldiers kept the cunning chief and his braves prisoners and, after reaching Wailatpu, meaning "Place of the Rye Grass" (Dr. Marcus Whitman's mission), put them to death during an Indian attack.

A running fight ensued for four days at Frenchtown, with the Indians getting the better of the volunteers until on December 10, 1855, help arrived from Fort Henrietta and the day was saved for the Oregon troops in the deciding battle of the Yakima Indian War.

Governor George L. Curry of Oregon deemed Fort Henrietta an important post. Under date of February 15, 1856, he instructed Colonel Thomas R. Cornelius: "The post at Fort Henrietta you will constantly maintain with a force of not less than 30 men to be reduced under no circumstances while the regiment remains in Field, instructing the officers in command to scour the country thoroughly as the safety of the trains passing to and from The Dalles, as well as the property at that post, must be, as far as possible, completely assured."

After the Indian troubles quieted down and the number of wagontrains venturing westward over the Oregon route increased, settlers in the 1860s began to plant wheat on the rolling lands behind

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the Umatilla River meadows. Log cabins disappeared and frame houses were built.

The historic log fort was deserted except for some old dilapidated buildings, excavations and dry wells. The isolated cabins in The Meadows for the most part were occupied by packers and trappers.

The late W. H. Crary, early day resident, attorney and editor of the *Echo News* (no longer published), recorded in his newspaper that "later the remaining building at the fort was torn down for firewood by settlers until today (1915) the exact location is not known. The old Henrietta Roller Flouring Mill built in 1886 by J. H. Koontz, founder and resident of Echo, is often mistaken as the old fort."

It was Mr. Crary who also wrote, "There is some controversy over the location of the fort and of Wells Springs where it is often mentioned that troops camped."

Mr. Crary quotes from Scott's *History of the Oregon Country* that "The road from Butter Creek is very hilly and sometimes sandy, entering Morrow County, crossing Sand Hollow and Juniper Canyon and taking a course west by south. . . .Upper Wells Springs is about five miles northeast of the site of Strawberry and lower Wells Springs is three miles north of upper Wells Springs."

Major Chinn and the cavalry troops may have camped at lower Wells Springs. Mr. Crary concluded this fact, since the runner or scout from the fort at Walla Walla intercepted the troops at this springs with the news of the Indian trouble. Many old timers at Echo, however, seem to think the troops marched back from what would be upper Wells Springs.

SCOTT also makes reference to the Yakima Indian War of 1855-56 when volunteers traveled seventeen miles over bunchgrass prairie on the north side of the Umatilla River and then to the site of Echo where Fort Henrietta was then located. It was reported a brass cannon was thrown into a well at the fort when troops were withdrawn to prevent its possible use by the Indians.

Graves of two soldiers were visible for several years near the stockade site. The two men were killed by a surprise attack when several Indians attempted to run off the cavalry horses. The graves and well were on the property now known as the Pedro farm. Attempts to locate them were made in the 1930s but changes in the river channel and leveling of the ground for cultivation had obliterated all traces of them and of the fort and agency site.

Before her death, Mrs. Pamela Teel Spike, whose parents arrived in The Meadows in 1860, verified reports about the graves of the soldiers. She said the old fort was situated directly across the Umatilla River from the south side of Bridge Street a short distance from the present Echo city pumphouse.

When she first saw the place, only one of the buildings was standing. The other had been burned. She said she had often played, as a child, near the fort site and knew of the two graves mentioned. Mrs. Spike had said she was quite sure the report of a cannon being thrown into a well at the fort was true.

Another old-timer at Echo, Mrs. Prudence D. Lisle Young, remembered emigrants stopping at the site of the fort along the river to do their washing and staying a week or so to fatten up their

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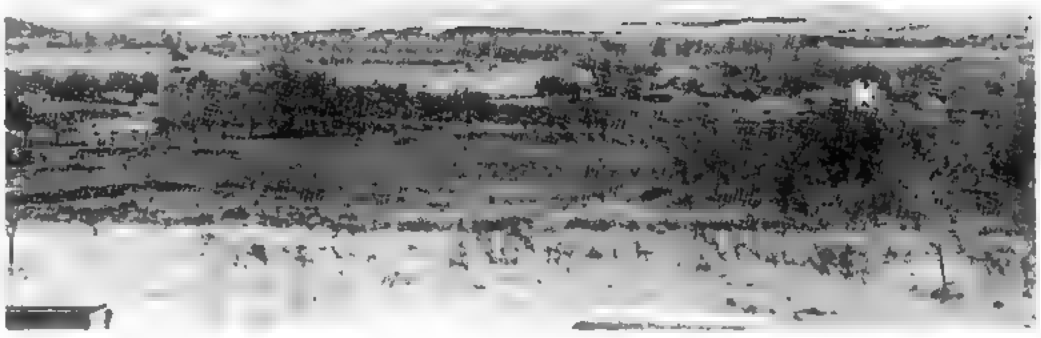
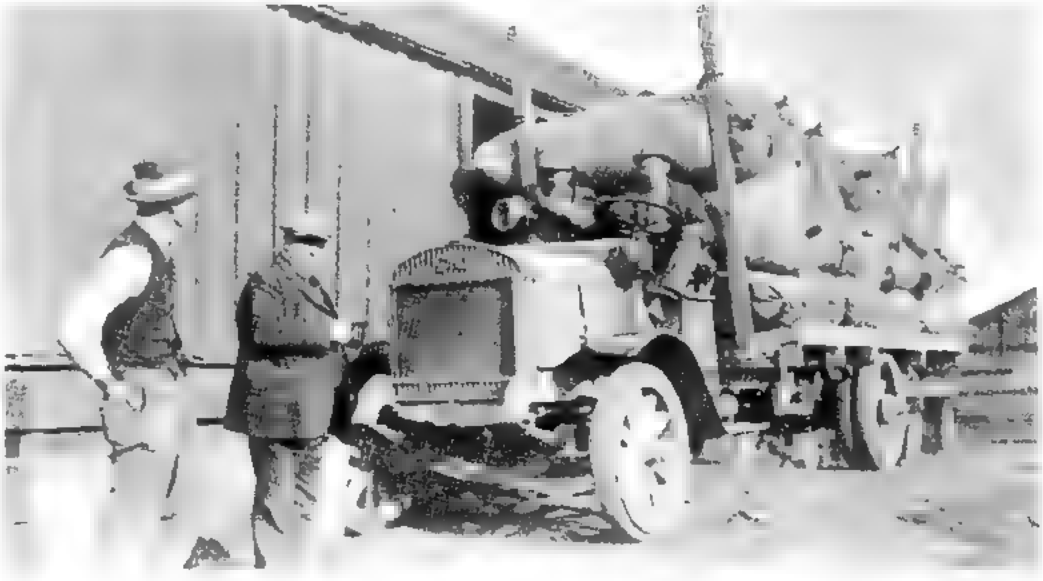


The Meadows (above) is the lowland area where Fort Henrietta stood. The exact location is not known, but the approximate place would be across the river to the right. The building on the left is Echo High School.



Wool, wheat and livestock were big industries in Echo at the turn of the century. Records show over 800,000 pounds of wool shipped from Echo in 1888. Standing above, left, are Shine Markham and Thomas Rose. Other men are not identified. Jake Wattenburger's sheep-shearing outfit is shown below. Charlie Wattenburger is driver of the vehicle; others identified are Shine Markham, Jess Mathes, Chub Babbock, Bill Benedict and Jim Templeton.

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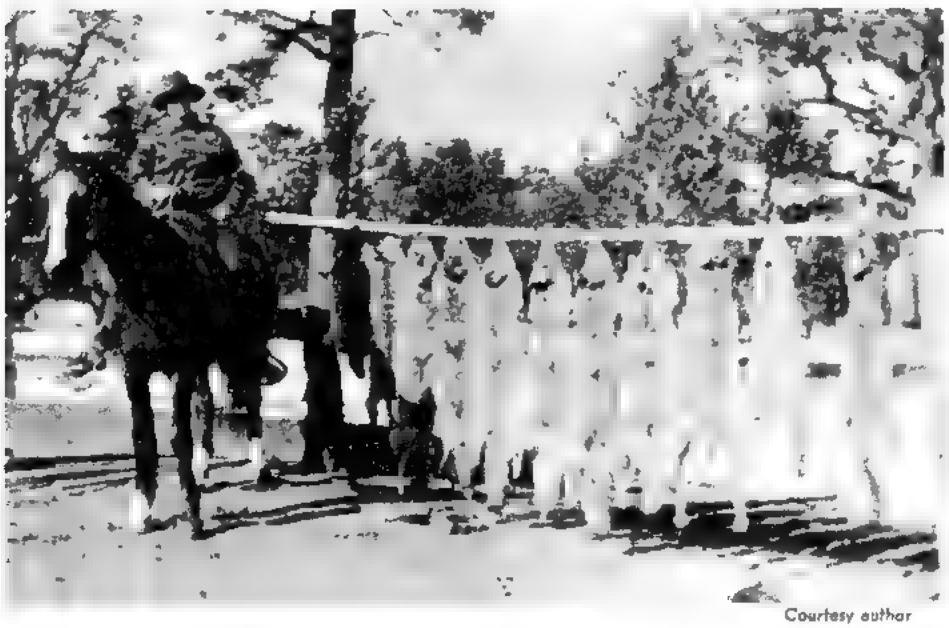
Wild Old Days!



Courtesy author

Annie Parson's prize catch the winter of 1919

A LAND OF WIDOWS
By Florence Severson

HOMESTEAD country is called a land of widows. After the crops are stored in the fall, the men and big boys leave home to find winter work, but their wives and children stay at home in order to hold the homestead. If it is left alone, someone else may settle on it.

New Mexico was opened for settlement in time to attract men returning from World War I. The northwestern part of the state, with its mountains covered with millions of feet of virgin timber and its thousands of acres of valley land for farming and grazing, seemed an ideal place for a home.

Jack and Annie Parsons filed on an unusually good section that had both timber and grazing. It had been passed over by many others because it lay well off any trail and behind a high mesa.

This was our first visit back to Cuba, New Mexico, in years. As we sat in the Parsons' living room, talking about our pioneer days, Annie told us about her trapping experience when she was a homestead widow, as we were called.

"The winter of 1919 was my first one alone, but Jack had taught me how to shoot and how to set a trap, so I had a long trap line.

"I had become a pretty good marksman and once the animal was in the trap I could usually kill it with one shot. But one huge, gray lynx put up a terrific fight and I had wasted three precious shells on him. Eventually he lay dead but I had used my last shell. Now I had only my bare hands.

"When you're down to your last quarter you don't flip to see if you buy a loaf of bread or a box of shells. It's shells. But I could not get to the trading post fifteen miles away and Jack would not be home for another two weeks. He always tried to get in about once a month to see that I was all right and had plenty of supplies.

"For days we had been having a real blizzard but, regardless, that trap line had to be run. All day I sat by the window and watched. Toward evening the snow slackened. I pulled on my heavy trapping outfit and, taking the sled, started the three-mile circuit.

"As I approached the farthest point, I could hear a thrashing and growling. Cautiously I moved in and could see a coyote, caught only by his foot. I had set the trap badly again.

"From the tracks it was evident this coyote was a recent catch and was full of fight. Every time I moved, he bared his fangs—and me, I had only my hands for a weapon.

"Taking the shovel from the sled, I dug around until I had a good pile of rocks and sticks; then I began chunking him. Each blow only added to his fury. Wondering what I would do if he got loose, I eased up a little closer, aimed a little straighter and threw a little harder.

"The blow landed square and while he lay stunned I took the shovel and began beating him. Finally the last quiver was still. I loaded him on the sled and started for home.

"It was almost dark when I pulled into the yard. I burst into the house and fell across the bed sobbing. All I could say was, 'I beat him to death and he was only a baby.'

"The next summer as we sat in our yard of evenings and listened to the yapping of the coyotes in the hills, I thought, 'Yap, you beauties. Your pelts will put a rug on my new floor.'"

As I gazed around this large, comfortable room with its high-beamed ceiling and beautiful hardwood floor, and many trophies, I saw an especially attractive skin hanging on the main wall. Noticing my questioning look Annie said, "Yes, that's the baby. I just could not sell him."

TREE CLAIMS
By Ralph C. Wambaugh

"GOVERNMENT TREE CLAIMS"—remember? Well, if you do, it is safe to say that there is frost on your rooftop, and your eyes aren't likely to be as keen as they once were.

For those who don't remember, in the late Eighties and early Nineties, the U. S. Government took certain steps to encourage people to move westward and build homes. The first step was to survey and plat sections of the new country, then prospective home owners were invited to establish homes on the land and develop it.

To each person over twenty-one years of age, the Government offered to give 160 acres of land; the requirement being that he erect buildings thereon, suitable for a home, and to the value of a certain price per acre. After living on the land for five years, he was to make a report to the Government, before witnesses, that he had complied with all requirements.

This was called making "Final Proof" or "Proving Up" on his homestead. If his compliance was satisfactory, he was then given a deed to the land, and it became

Figure (1) is author's father, Matthew G. Wambaugh. Stocky man in dark hat (seated) is Will Colvin, field superintendent for the nursery company, and (3) his brother, Earl H. Colvin, both uncles of the author.

Courtesy Webb Colvin—Cherlo, Montana

ELECTRONI

his to do with as he pleased, thenceforth.

When it was proved difficult to make a living on 160 acres, under existing conditions, the Government, as an added inducement and to further aid settlers, made two other offers.

One of these was the Pre-emption Law, which allowed a settler to buy an additional 160 acres at a price of something like $1.25 per acre cash

The other offer was the Tree Claim. The requirement in this case was that he plow ten acres on a 160-acre tract, plant it in trees, and tend them for a period of not less than five years. When his obligation was fulfilled, he received title to this 160 acres.

With this encouragement many families became owners of 480 acres of land; however, like all pioneer settlements, the more acquisition of the land was a simple matter. To be able to exist thereon without other income was something else.

Thousands gave up, and either abandoned their land or sold out for a song. A few hardy individuals stayed on.

What kind of people were these? Well, here is an actual photograph of a few in the field, who were among the first to turn the sod.

This group is a Tree Planting Crew employed by the Ezra F. Stephens Nursery Company of Crete, Nebraska. Practically all of them were recruited from the homesteaders in the area.

The scene shown is situated somewhere between Alliance, Nebraska, and what is now Bridgeport, Nebraska, in the western part of the state. My father's homestead joined the original townsite of Bridgeport on the south.

When the Tree Claim Law came into effect, the Stephens Nursery Company contracted with many of the claim holders, to plant and tend their Tree Claims for the five-year period, and the men pictured here were engaged in that work.

Little, if any, trace is left of these early Tree Plantings, a fact probably due to some extent, to the varieties of trees planted, among which were Ash, Box Elder, Elm, Locust and Mulberry, et cetera, and to the methods of care used.

HOW ONE MAN FOUND FREEDOM

By Noda May Ramsdale

THROUGHOUT the year many tourists, seeking release from pressures and trials of normal living, rush by a house, a labyrinth of sixty-five rooms, gardens and grottos imbued with the spirit of freedom of its builder, Baldasare Forestiere. The house is beneath about seven acres of land near Fresno, California, alongside the busy U. S. Highway No. 99, and is known as the Fresno Underground Gardens.

The man who created this house left it as a living monument of the freedom he found in constructing it, working alone and using only pick, shovel and wheelbarrow. Baldasare Forestiere was admired and respected during his years of toil in the gardens. Today the thinking tourist is perhaps a bit envious when he stops to marvel at the accomplishment of a man who found freedom in such an unusual way.

Baldasare Forestiere, born near Massina, Sicily, in 1879, left home at the age of twenty-one. In Boston and New York he worked in subway construction for six years, but not finding that for which he searched, went to the barren desert of California and bought 200 acres of ranch land near Fresno.

High temperatures caused him to remember the coolness of the subways where he had worked, and he dug a deep cellar where hot dust storms of summer and cold winds of winter caused little change in the seventy-degree temperature.

This one room was the beginning and for thirty-eight years Baldasare Forestiere spent many hours each day burrowing and adding rooms to his underground house. Even after he completed his home of living room, kitchen, wine cellar and two bedrooms (one with a small chapel and dressing room) he did not stop. He had found freedom and happiness in working independently, and his vision had grown.

For a man who could neither read nor write, his knowledge of architecture was phenomenal. Engineers and architects who visit the Gardens marvel at the technique the uneducated man incorporated to acquire strength and beauty in his project. Each room fronts a patio to catch the rays of the morning or evening sun, but always with protection from the mid-day heat. His house is air-conditioned, not alone by nature's underground stable temperature and balanced humidity, but by cross-ventilation windows.

The rooms blend with the patios

(Continued on page 56)

Courtesy Underground Gardens, Fresno, California

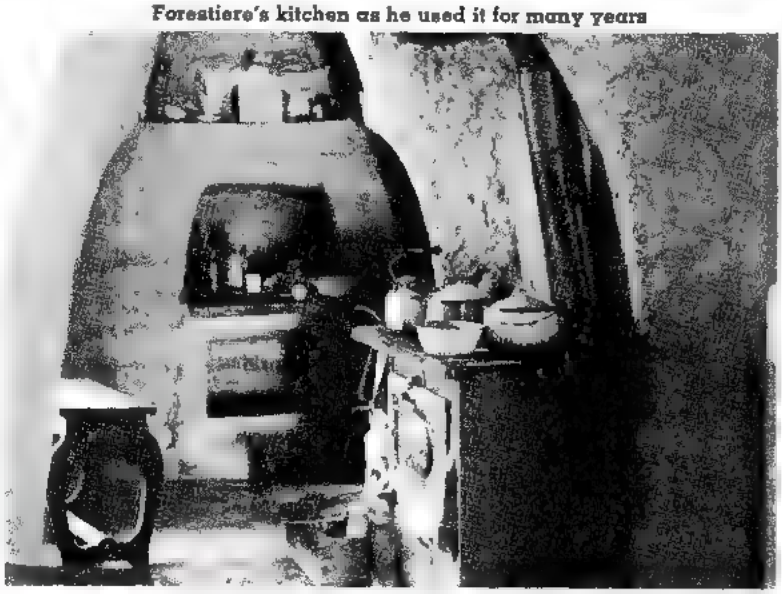
Entrance ramp to car tunnel

One of the multiple-bearing citrus trees

Baldasare Forestiere

Winter bedroom. Note stairs leading to bed in niche

Forestiere's kitchen as he used it for many years



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White Eye, Last Of The Old-Time Plainsmen

(Continued from page 10)

Each night someone had to keep watch on the stock, and at Alum Springs it was Hickok's turn. He growled a little at first, but Colorado Charley, with tongue in cheek, told him he would get a relief at midnight, and Wild Bill took his blankets and buffalo rifle out to the herd. Utter *forgot* to send a relief as promised, and Hickok spent the night alone in a drizzling rain.

On the way up Red Canyon they camped near the Metz place, where Old Man Metz and his family had been massacred by the Sioux four days back. There the mules refused to drink the water in a pond, but the cooks went ahead and used the water, with the result that many in the train became ill. Finally it was discovered that Metz' old Negro servant, a fat woman, had been thrown into the pond among the cattails by the Indians, as unworthy of burial. They pulled out the body and buried it and went on.

"WILD BILL'S eyes, which were diseased, concerned him. He was going blind, and knew it. His sight was perfect up to twenty-five steps, but beyond that distance, things became blurred. By shooting at targets he checked them every few days to see if they were any worse.

"When we camped at the head of Red Canyon the following night, Mr. Hickok gave me some tacks and little squares of paper about an inch wide, and I stuck them on a big tree, one tack in the center of each paper. He then stepped off twenty-five steps, drew both six-shooters, and began firing offhand without sighting, first one hand and then the other. At each shot he would drive the tack into the tree and the paper would fall to the ground. He never made a miss.

"When he finished, he was grinning. Nobody but Colorado Charley and I were there, as he never shot in public. He walked over and put one hand on my shoulder and said, 'White-Eye, I'm all right as long as they don't ambush me with a rifle. I can get a man every time at twice this distance. Lights bother me at night and, when we get in town, I want you to stay with me after dark. People say I'm moonblind but it's worse than that. Watch over me, Kid. Don't go into the mines. I can make enough money for both of us.'

"While camped here, Colorado Charley and I discovered two large springs and named them Lost Springs. A year later we built a stage station nearby and went into partnership. I say this now because I want everyone to know where Wild Bill shot his last targets."

The three horsemen who rode ahead of the long wagontrain via Custer City into Deadwood were Wild Bill, White-Eye and Colorado Charley. Hickok picked out the campsite on Whitewood Creek, and soon Charley Anderson drove up with the four-horse outfit, bringing Steve and Calamity.

"Jane said she would tent here with Steve, as she had in Colorado before he went with the Rangers. Mr. Hickok, who was considered the boss, had no objections, and soon Steve had erected their tent. Within a couple of days we were settled, with Calamity again my cooking helper. We had arrived on the 12th day of July, and this is a date to remember because it allowed Wild Bill twenty days to live."

Calamity Jane was disgruntled because she had only the rough clothing that had been given to her, and she felt that she couldn't compete with the other girls. Her campmates got together and gave her a sum of money with which to outfit herself. Wild Bill handed over $20, and told her to wash behind her ears, with the result that after she had made her purchases she took a bath in the creek and made Steve wash her body thoroughly with perfumed soap.

"'Ain't she a dove?' asked Steve a short time later, when she stepped forth from the tent arrayed in silks. All admitted that she did look presentable enough to give the other girls a run for their money.

"Calamity proved this a few days later when she upped her dress and took a large roll of money from beneath her high silk stocking—paying all her debts with a flourish. 'At least she looks like a woman now,' Mr. Hickok said, spurning the return of the money he had contributed."

Charley Shingle, an old-time saloon man from Cheyenne and a good friend of Wild Bill, had come with the wagontrain. As soon as he hit town he opened his place and set up poker tables in a building known as Number Three. Hickok gambled there every night, with White-Eye either seated nearby or standing at the bar.

"One night a man named McCall overplayed his money, and was taken to task by Hickok. The man was $9 short, and Wild Bill said, 'Fellow, I never allow anyone to overplay his money with me.'

"He then reached over, took a highly ornamented buckskin bag from McCall's hand, and said, 'I'll just keep this until you are paid up.'

"I could see the man was mad clear through, for his face was as white as a sheet, but Mr. Hickok hardly looked at him, saying 'Just you see that this kind of thing never happens again, because it won't be good for you.'"

White-Eye told Hickok on the way back to camp, "You'd better look out for that man; he looked at you like a snake." Wild Bill, who had faced and killed the most dangerous men in the West, was not in the least concerned.

"He's not a snake, but a whining whelp," he told White Eye. "I know him from 'way back. He used to be a hide-hunter down in Nebraska, known as Buffalo Curly. He's from Texas, but the boys down there despised him, and chased him out."

"I stayed with Mr. Hickok by night, but the trouble was that he played also by day. It was like that when he was killed, with me asleep at camp.

"Steve Utter waked me one afternoon, and when I looked at him, his face was like that of a dead man. He sat on the side of my cot and said, 'White-Eye, Wild Bill has been killed.'

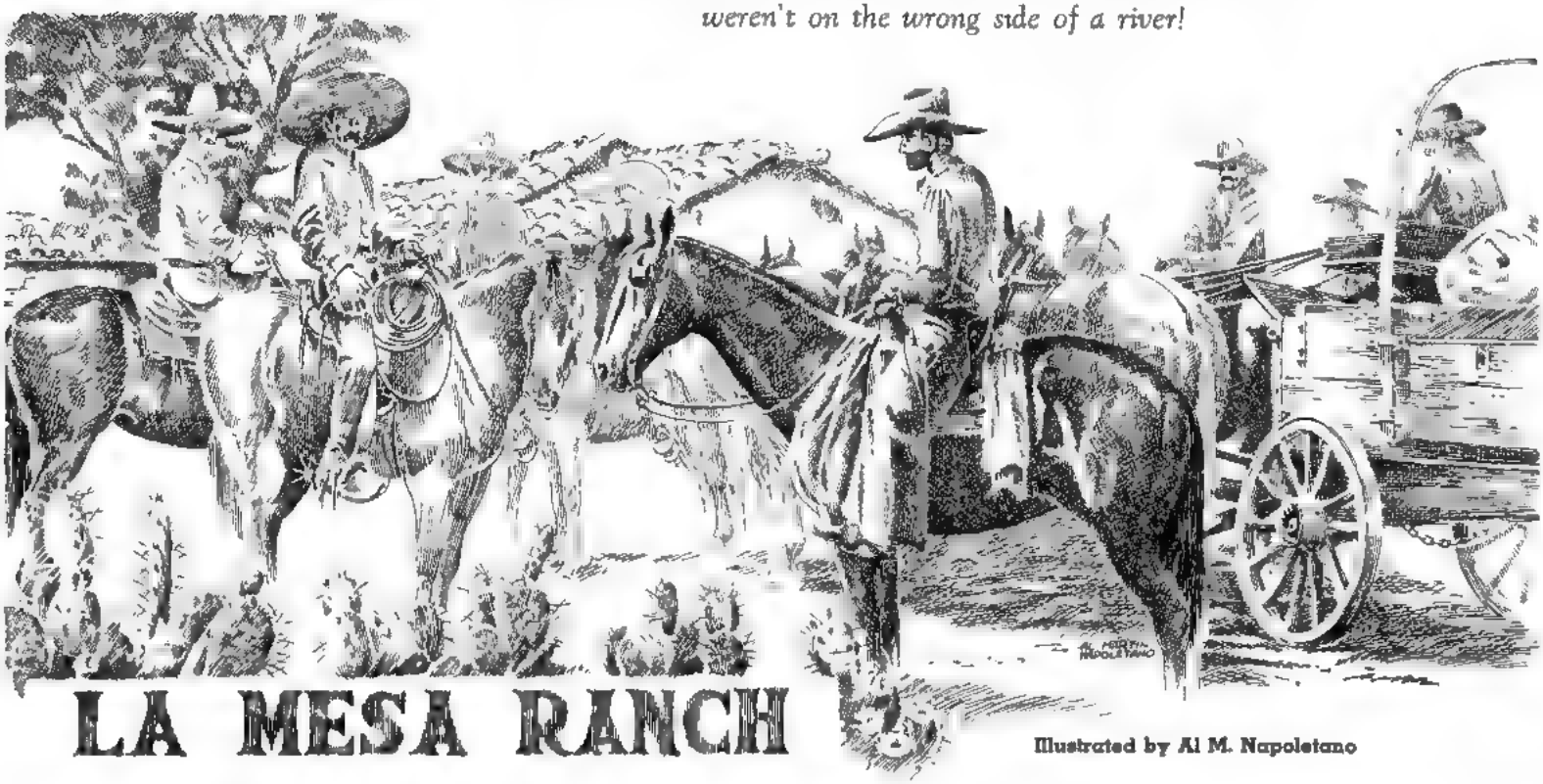
"I sat up and asked him, 'Was it that sneak, McCall?' and he nodded.

"'Hickok was playing in a four-handed game, and he walked up behind him and shot him through the head,' he said. 'You know Captain Massie; the bullet went into his arm, across the table.'

"Wild Bill had been killed in Number Ten, and I'd never been there with him. His first trip there had been his last. I soon learned that this day, August 2, had been the wildest day in the history of Deadwood. While I had been asleep other things besides the murder had occurred. Preacher Smith, a harmless sky-pilot who usually was safe even among

(Continued on page 48)

With plenty of good cowboys, getting 3,500 head of cattle 60 miles doesn't sound like much of a trick. And it wouldn't be—if you weren't on the wrong side of a river!



LA MESA RANCH

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

IN A FEW years Mexico will be so civilized that you will be able to travel for miles without seeing even an ox cart. It is fast becoming a modern country, especially along the highways. This has not always been true.

In the summer of 1914 I went with my father, my uncle and thirty cowboys to Mexico. We left from Moore, Texas, which is located forty miles south of San Antonio on the Laredo highway. My father, my uncle, and I went to Laredo on the train. The cowboys took the horses and the chuckwagon overland.

When we got to Laredo we went to the Hamilton Hotel, where we were met by Don Patricio Milmore, an Irishman and a prominent cattleman in Mexico at that time. Don Patricio tried to sell my father and my uncle one of his smaller ranches; they did not buy the property but did close a deal on 3,500 head of his cattle that they had already purchased.

We left Laredo and went overland to the La Mesa Ranch (sixty miles south in Nuevo Leon) to gather the cattle. It was twenty days before we got back to Laredo.

When we arrived at La Mesa, our headquarters was at the base of La Mesa Mountain, which is a part of the Ceralvo Range. The house was a large, Mexican-style rock house.

We couldn't take the chuckwagon any farther so we made camp near the headquarters house and rode the rest of our way up the mountain on horseback, single file. The trail leading to the top of the mountains was a narrow winding path, and some places on the trail were so narrow one could look over the side almost straight down for 600 feet. There was no way for a wagon or car to get up the mountain.

The top of La Mesa Mountain was about 2,500 feet elevation, flat as the top of a table, and contained about 100,000 acres of land. It had spots of scrubby mesquite trees and was watered by many springs. Everyone marveled how so many springs could flow on the top of the mountain when all the surrounding country was arid.

Its grass was the most beautiful that I have ever seen—like a wheat field, it was so tall. The beautiful, white-faced cattle were as fat as could be.

After we had gathered the cattle, we had to bring them down the mountain the same way we had gone up, single file. There wasn't room on the trail for two cows to come down together.

I WAS fourteen at the time. This was my first experience in Mexico and everything made quite an impression on me. On the way back to the Texas Bor-

By RICHARD L. OLIVER
as told to
ROBERT G. OLIVER

der, some of the cattle strayed, and some were killed by Mexican soldiers. When they wanted meat, they didn't hesitate to ride into the herd and shoot a cow. This would partially stampede the rest and it would take us a day to get the herd back together. Sometimes we didn't find all the cattle as part of the country was very brushy and they would be so scattered. We would gladly have given the soldiers what meat they wanted rather than have them scatter the herd, but that wasn't the way they did things. By the next day we would be in another bandido's territory. This was often someone running for president, and his men would do the same thing and we would have all the work to do over again.

The cowboys in our crew were regular cowboys. They rode hard, worked hard, and they cursed, wrestled, and smoked and chewed their tobacco. They did their share of drinking. But there was one in the bunch, Newt Winters, who loved to fight better than eat. He would fight at the drop of a hat, and the hat didn't have to be dropped very far.

At noon on the drive we went in relays to eat. That way the herd kept moving. One day my father told Newt, four other cowboys, and me to go to the chuckwagon and eat. When we had finished we were to go back to the herd and relieve some of the others.

When we got to the wagon I filled my plate and got under the chuckwagon in the shade. The others filled their plates and sat down ready to eat. Just then we heard horses running. They ran right up to where we were, causing a great cloud of dust.

When the dust cleared there were seven soldiers. They swung off their horses and without asking anyone's permission, just walked over and helped themselves to the food. I was glad I was under the chuckwagon out of sight.

The leader stepped off his horse right by Newt. Before Newt could take a bite, the Mexican reached down and took his plate. This was one time Newt didn't offer to fight. Seven armed soldiers looked like too much for him. He just sat there and you could see him gritting his teeth and getting whiter and whiter.

ABOUT ten miles out of Laredo my father sent me on ahead with two good cutting horses. I was leading them with ropes tied to the horn of my saddle. As I neared the bridge two Mexican soldiers came riding up to me and cut the ropes and took the horses. I didn't argue with them, I just put the spurs to my horse and left at high speed, crossing the bridge so fast that I didn't even stop at the customs or to pay bridge toll.

(Continued on page 54)

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White Eye, Last Of The Old-Time Plainsmen

(Continued from page 46)

the Indians, had been killed outside of town, and his scalp taken. The Montana Herd had been stampeded down at Centennial Prairie. This was a remuda in which practically everyone in Deadwood owned stock.

"While I was getting dressed, Wild Bill's body was hauled into camp. It was brought by a man named Rutherford who had a one-horse spring wagon. The two Charleys (Utter and Anderson) pulled off Bill's boots and the body was cleaned up and fixed by a man named Doc Pierce, a barber. A pine coffin was made of rough lumber, covered with black cloth and lined with a white sheet, and Hickok was placed in it.'

"We buried him the following morning on the side of Whitewood Gulch. Charley Utter placed his old buffalo rifle in the coffin along with a few other possessions, and Calamity Jane and the girl I have named before, along with others whose names I have forgotten picked wildflowers and placed them on the coffin before it was lowered into the ground.

"WITH BILL gone, our ties seemed broken, and all went their separate ways. I felt guilty. I had been his eyes by night, but . . . .

"Steve Utter drifted away; I think he went back to Texas. Steve said 'I never was able to live near the ghosts of dead partners. I can camp on the graves of enemies, but not friends.' He took a hitch on his big six-shooters and mounted his horse one day, and I never saw him again. His brother Charley and I took charge of the Lost Springs Stage Station during the following winter, and we were also shareowners in the Pony Express between Laramie and Deadwood.

"Then, when we finally had to quit because of the operations of the Doc Middleton outlaw gang, we, too, separated. I had a claim, and worked it for awhile. Places to go were getting fewer all the time because the West was passing. This led, however, to my seeing many old friends again."

"Arriving at Leadville in 1879, Anderson was pleasantly surprised. Texas Jack Omohundro was there, returned from the East, where he had been a gun handler for the great marksman, Doc Carver.

"Jack told me that Doc had gone to Europe to hobnob with royalty. He had gone a long way from the plains of Nebraska. I walked into a saloon, and there was my old partner, Charley Utter. I went up to the Bulls-Eye Mine, and there was my first partner on the plains, Yankee Judd. He told me that Charley had been dealing faro at Leadville for the past year.

"'They all end up here,' he said, 'I guess it's the last place to go, anymore.'

"Texas Jack was drinking heavily, and when he died in the spring of 1880, I helped bury him.

"I became acquainted with a man named E. H. Raymond, known as 'Wild Ben.' Ben had been with Liver-Eating Johnson on some forays, and told me that the Liver-Eater and Del Gue had recently passed through Leadville. 'He's marshal up in Red Lodge, Montana, now,' said Ben."

White-Eye saw the passing of another partner before he left Leadville. Yankee Judd, while out hunting, was shot by a drunken Cheyenne. Ben Raymond camped on the Cheyenne's trail until he killed him.

"When we threw the Indian's scalp on top of Judd's coffin, I knew I was through at Leadville," said Anderson. "That was in the spring of '82, and shortly thereafter I bid Ben 'goodbye,' and my brother Charley and I went back to Lynch Creek, Arizona, where we still owned a hole in the ground."

It was in 1886 that the brothers mounted their horses and moved on to the last West—California. "Most of my old friends were gone," said White-Eye, "and we knew we had to stop riding some day, and make new ones. We homesteaded in Monterey County, and right next to us was a family from the East. They had a pretty daughter—you see her seated by me now—and I knew it was time to stake out a new claim.

"Phoebe was a pioneer schoolteacher, and while I had always thought myself pretty smart, actually I was very ignorant, and needed schooling. My horse's feet had struck sparks from enough rocks to turn the whole world into a bonfire, but now I was ready to settle down. Like Calamity Jane, I could stand a little soap behind the ears."

Hold-Up At Pasco

(Continued from page 29)

"Fred, I'm wondering about those three men. They're soaked with cheap whiskey and one of them expects a telegram from Spokane. I think they are at the Brass Rail now, but will be back to check," and a slight frown creased the operator's brow.

The marshal straightened and said, "I'll drop in there and look 'em over. I'll be here as usual when the Limited comes in." He disappeared into the night.

The side door opened and Wu Chan, the young Chinese janitor, with mop and broom, slipped into the room, his soft-soled shoes sliding over the floor.

"I come early tonight, Mr. Jack. Allee samee going be what you call 'big night'—come China New Year, you savvy? Is now Year of Snake." Wu Chan curled his queue atop his head and flashed a bland smile.

"Well, that's appropriate enough. The Snake River is only half a mile away," laughed Jack. "How many of your people are in Pasco now and when is your 'picture bride' coming from the Lotus Land?"

"Count 'em exy gang and section, laundry and me, be maybe forty, maybe more. China girl come soon, I hope."

The operator of the "SF" Spokane Western Union wire began rapping out the call "PA PA SF." Jack answered and copied a message addressed to Bert Williams, Pasco, reading: "Susan is on the Limited tonight," and signed Frank.

"PA," called "DS" the dispatcher at Spokane. Jack copied a "flash" to the yardmaster reporting No. 25, the Limited, as running three hours late. He chalked up the figures on the train schedule board in the waiting room.

Shortly thereafter, Williams returned with his two companions, signed for the telegram, glanced at the train board and tramped out, leaving behind a rancid odor of whiskey fumes and cheap cigar smoke.

ABOUT 11:30 o'clock the North Coast Limited topped the rise at Relief and dropped down the steep curved grade, rolled through the wide grazing land of the "Horse Heaven" country, and crossed the Snake River. It whistled for Pasco and soon the engine with its long train

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of baggage-express cars, coaches and dark Pullmans stood panting before the depot and telegraph office.

Jack had cleared the train and after handing the conductor his orders, followed him out to the platform to watch the transfer of baggage and express. The Pullman cars were dark with their sleeping passengers and most of those in the coaches were stretched out in the cramped seats sleeping "on their necks."

Jack saw the marshal leaning against the depot, and watched the express messenger roll back the car's door to discharge and receive his consignments.

Suddenly the picture was transformed. Williams stood by the express car door, another man herded the conductor and brakeman to the steps of the first coach, and a third held the engineer and fireman by the engine with their hands in the air.

From the corner of his eye Jack saw Masters move away from the wall, draw his gun, and heard him shout, "Hold it right there!"

Jack wheeled and dashed into the office, grabbed the rifle, loaded it and tore through the waiting room onto the platform. Williams, with gun trained on the messenger, was just starting to enter the car.

During these few seconds, a rattling fire and explosions from the east end of the platform broke out. The man at the engine shouted in panic, "Let's get out of here! All hell's busted loose!"

In the scramble and confusion the marshal winged Williams as the man started from the express car.

Jack exchanged shots with the outlaw at the coach steps and saw him stagger as he cut across the platform and dashed with his two companions to their horses. The sound of pounding hoofs in escape accompanied the continuing staccato firing at the end of the platform—as a crowd of Chinese coolies came marching innocently along, exploding firecrackers and hurling Chinese fire-bombs in the air.

"Well, another day, another dollar," laconically drawled the marshal as he patted Jack on the shoulder. "I'll telegraph the sheriff and we'll get up a posse."

Above the din Wu Chan shouted: "Mr. Jack, how you lika China New Year?"

Later it was learned the express car safe contained a shipment of $50,000 consigned to a Tacoma bank, and from some source the would-be robbers had learned of it.

I would have liked to report that Jack received a small reward for his part, married the girl, and settled in one of those houses at the end of Main Street, but the steel rails meeting in a needle point in the long shadows down the road marked his passage in search of new faces and new places.

A Sack Of Poisoned Sugar

(Continued from page 18)

looked in the direction and in a second all four Indians disappeared as they had come and were out of sight. I could see the brush wiggle and move and then see a form dodge quickly. Soon I heard a yelp, a signal, danger. The next minute I saw a lot of ragged squaws, children and bucks climbing up over the rough and rocky mountain. They had been camped in a small ravine close by and were evidently laying for me.

NOW IT was my time to move. My horse was uneasy. I did not stop to

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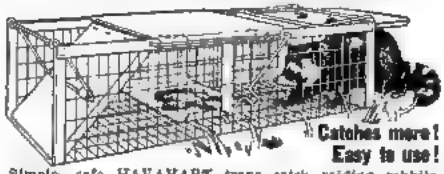

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water him, but at once mounted, and the horse realized the situation and started to run down over the rough rocky trail. I checked up, and when I got to the road I tried to hold him, but run he would. I finally got him quieted. I had sixteen miles to ride to Beale Springs (the next water) and fifty miles to my home. I had to travel a little slow so as not kill the noble animal.

I reached Beale Springs in less than two hours. The horse had not drunk for eighteen hours and the weather was warm, so I only allowed the horse to drink one-half of what he would have drunk. I filled my canteen and drank, myself. I realized that my nerves and my whole system was shaky. The fact is—I was whipped without a fight.

I mounted my horse and rode over the Cerbat Range to Coyote Spring, four miles. Here I allowed the horse to satisfy himself with water. I had not noticed any signal smokes ahead of me and I thought that I was out of danger and rode quietly along over a smooth road for about five miles. I was yet trembling and rather broke up. I concluded that I would stop a few minutes and rest, and finding a little batch of grass I took off the bridle and let the horse feed while I made a cup of coffee.

I had gathered up some sticks and fixed for a fire when my horse threw up his head and snuffed. I looked, and within ten yards of me I saw an Indian approaching. He had a bow and arrow in place but did not seem to be on the warpath.

He said, "How de do, how de do; tobacco smokum?"

I threw him a small piece of tobacco. I next threw my saddle bags on the saddle, tightened my cinch, and without putting on the bridle, mounted and the horse started on a run. I soon coaxed him to stop. I got off and put on the bridle, as I had learned that the Indians would so appear to a party; one Indian would come; soon one more would come, and in a very short time there might be six or eight. Then they would take the advantage.

I did not care to stop longer, I could go home without eating and did so, arriving about five o'clock, but I was asked if I were sick when I reached there. I said no, but was tired. I drank a cup of tea but ate little. I went to bed but could only sleep a few minutes at a time. It took me five or six days to get to myself again. As soon as I would close my eyes to sleep I saw those red devils that held me up. I finally got straightened out and in ten days a party of military came along and I accompanied them to Prescott.

I sold my mule train, got a little money—the balance I never got. I sold my saloon to the quartermaster at Whipple Post. I sold as much of my goods as I could and sold my tinners' tools. I sold my buildings and loaded the balance of my property on the ox train and returned to Hardyville, where I turned the oxen loose in the river bottom. As soon as they were fat, I sold them to the quartermaster for beef, and I concluded to stay at home and take no more risks with the Indians. I abandoned the toll road that cost me $35,000 to build. The fact was, I could not fight, single-handed, the United States Army and the Indians at the same time.

Since the Indians gave up and came in and made peace, I have frequently met one of the Indians that held me up, but I never apologized or asked his pardon for the lie I told them. The fact was I saw no Apaches. I made up a lie out of the whole cloth, but I was satisfied that the lie saved my life; also saved my horse.—(*Prescott Journal-Miner*, 1897)

The Quito Treasure

(Continued from page 33)

"She told me to take a train to the Pikes Peak country and go to the place where gold was first discovered. Then she told me how to find the mine. She said to find two forking streams and take the one to the left. I was to follow it to a grave and then keep going a short distance—until I came to solid rock with a rusty looking crack running through it. She told me to dig away the rusty streak of rock and I would find great riches. She had me promise to give her a reward when I found it," the stranger concluded.

Bonney laughed. "That's the worst prospecting story I've heard yet. But you don't need me. Just go out and find the place yourself."

"Young man, I'm serious. This fortune teller was able to tell me things about myself no one else knew. Oh, there was something else she said. When I arrived at this mining camp—I looked it up later to see where gold was first discovered—I was to get the first man I met with a black moustache to help me find the place. That's where you came in."

"Quite a story," Bonney chuckled.

"Are you going into it with me?" The stranger showed no mood for joking.

"Into what?" Bonney asked.

"Locating the mine!"

"Nope! See that chunk of rose quartz on the desk? That stuff was all they got out of the so-called mine I've been sinking half my wages into. It was a sure thing, somebody said, but when the assayer got hold of it he couldn't find even a fly-speck of gold or silver. I'm fed up with wasting time and putting money into empty gopher holes."

"But I've told you I'll bear all the expense." The stranger looked straight at him.

Bonney eyed him slowly. "I've got to think it over," he said. "I'll give you an answer in the morning. Right now I've got a lot of work to do. You'll find a room at the Bebee Hotel. I'll see you there at breakfast about 6:00."

WHEN he'd finally gotten rid of his visitor, Bonney propped his feet up on the desk, leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. He must have dozed. The next thing he knew it had stopped raining and the moon was shining. The stranger and the gypsy story flashed across his mind and he wondered if it were something he had dreamed.

Bonney sat there a long time thinking about it. Then a slow smile lit his face. He knew what he would do when he met his "partner" the next morning.

(Whenever Dad told us the story and came to this point his eye always carried a bright twinkle. It made me wonder if he already knew of a secret gold prospect which the events of the night before gave him the opportunity to exploit.)

The gold hunter and Bonney were both there for breakfast early. Bonney pulled an agreement out of his pocket giving himself a percentage of any mine he could locate, with White paying all expenses. White read it and both signed it.

They went by the livery stable and rented a horse and buggy. Bonney took the reins and drove out south of town.

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Rufus C. Bonney

"There are the diggings where gold was first discovered in Colorado," he showed White.

"Well, there is a fork of two streams," White said.

"Yes, the one to the left is Chicago Creek."

"Now all we have to do is to find the grave," White said excitedly.

Bonney smiled. A half mile farther on, they came to the town cemetery.

"Some old graves up there on the hill," Bonney said. "Any particular one you want?"

"No, let's keep going."

They rounded a bend of the creek, passed a miner shoveling gravel into a battered sluice box, and drove through a stand of willows that reached over the road and brushed by the buggy. Bonney drove slowly now, purposely.

All at once White let out a shriek, threw his cane into the air, and jumped from the buggy. Bonney climbed down. Before them was a rusty vein of rock bearing old scars of a prospector's abandoned pickings, but nothing more.

That vein of rock became the famous Quito Mine. In two weeks the sterile, rusted quartz had been stripped away, and a thin and widening streak of precious metal was exposed. Before many weeks, rumbling ore wagons were hauling off enough gray and glittering rock to put a fortune in the bank.

Dad never told us how he picked the spot. Was it the gypsy tale? Or was it a casual tip overheard on the station platform from the daily buzz of milling gold seekers—perhaps a prospector, pockets empty, waiting to catch an outbound freight, mumbling about a vein he had found up on Chicago Creek?

Guns Of The Old West

(Continued from page 11)

running gunfight in a Portland street. Both men were tried, convicted for their crimes and sentenced. Dave Merrill drew twelve years and Tracy twenty years in the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem. Egotistical Harry, considering himself the leader of the pair, evidently did not question the sharp discrepancy in the respective sentences.

Merrill and Tracy remained in the penitentiary almost three years before a released criminal named Wright somehow smuggled two Winchester Model 94 .30-30s and a supply of ammunition into the prison and into the eager hands of Harry and Dave.

On June 9, 1902, Tracy, Merrill and another inmate shot their way out, killing three guards in the bloody process. Leaving the third escapee to shift for himself, Tracy and Merrill headed northward from Salem toward Portland sleeping in the woods mostly by day and traveling at night. Posses failed to locate them. Two hundred and fifty men of the Oregon State Militia joined the manhunt to no avail.

Newspapers splashed the sensational story on the front pages. Tracy spotted the story one evening when the two fugitives dropped in at a farmhouse, boldly announced their names, and demanded food. Harry avidly read "his" story. Frequent stops were made at isolated farmhouses for food and a look at the newspapers. The frightened farm folk wisely gave the killers what they wanted. Tracy and Merrill didn't harm them and they reciprocated by not informing the lawmen until after the fugitives were long gone.

The pursuit was heating up behind them and the fleeing outlaws decided to bypass Portland and head north into Washington. Somewhere along the way Tracy murdered Merrill. Obviously he had seen an item in a newspaper revealing that Dave had betrayed him to the law. Merrill's bullet-riddled body was found in the woods on July 16. At that time Tracy had been "on the dodge" five weeks.

Harry's first clash with pursuing lawmen since breaking out of prison came near Bothell, north of Seattle. Ed Cudihee, sheriff of King County, heard that Tracy was hiding out in a farmhouse. The late Jack Parberry, ex-miner, freighter, police captain, and later a well-known rancher of Scio, Oregon, writing to *True West* in 1957, described in his letter what happened next:

"Cudihee followed Tracy to Mrs. Van Horn's house. . . . He could see that there were two men in the house. . . . A grocery boy delivered groceries to the house in the evening, and Mrs. Van Horn whispered to him that Tracy was there. When the boy came out, Cudihee sent word by him to notify the chief of police. A game warden and some special officers heard the news and they said: 'Let's go up and grab Tracy before Ed gets him.'

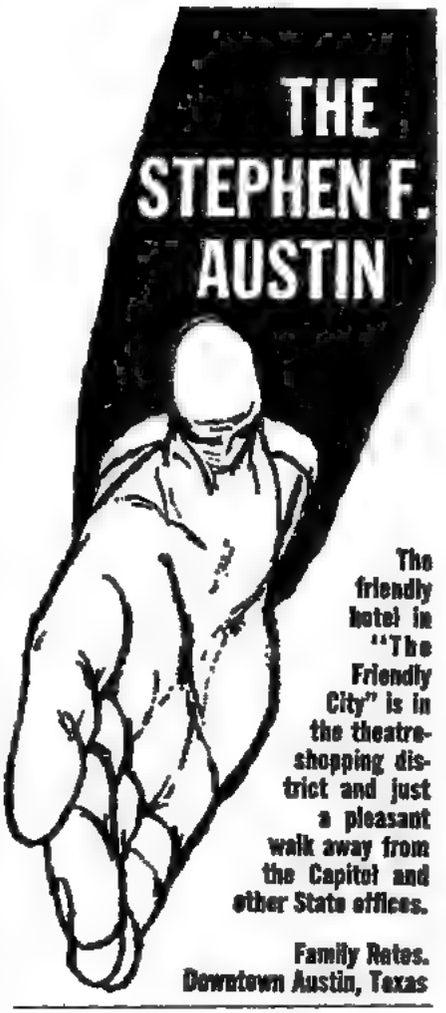
"When Tracy came out of the house, two of the officers—green at that kind of deadly work—ordered Tracy to throw down his gun. He killed them both and ducked into the woods. Tracy was too tough for inexperienced lawmen to tangle with, a fact he proved over and over."

Prove it he did. Eight lawmen fell to Tracy's deadly Winchester before the showdown shootout on the L. B. Eddy farm near Creston, Washington.

Tracy, who had holed up in the farmhouse that very morning, spotted a number of armed men converging on the farmhouse on the afternoon of August 5. Buckling on his gun-belt holding a Colt .45, he had acquired somehow in his two-month flight, and grabbing his rifle, Harry dashed for a wheat field. The waist-high wheat would have provided him with some cover, but he never made it. Stumbling over a rock, he fell heavily. Retrieving his fallen rifle, he took a bullet in the leg from one of the posse before he could get off a shot.

Ignoring the agonizing pain of his leg wound, Tracy fired his Winchester at the officer who had shot him—and missed!

For a moment Harry stood on his one good leg, staring in stunned amazement at the weapon that had betrayed him. Then, in grim despair, he dropped the rifle, pulled the Colt from his belt and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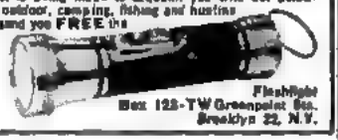

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fired a fatal bullet through his head.

Later, examining the outlaw's rifle, members of the posse discovered why dead-shot Tracy had missed such an easy target. The front sight of the Winchester was bent and rendered useless from striking the rock over which Tracy had fallen.

The Hermit Of Clifton

(Continued from page 15)

Picture, Ollie would grin feebly, act embarrassed, and quickly steer the conversation into some less painful channel. If he ever explained the circumstances, I never knew of it.

One of my friends, a widow living in a nearby town, had been quite fond of Ollie. As soon as she learned of his passing, she hurried over to his cabin, intending to purloin The Picture as a memento of their friendship.

Everything was exactly as the old man had left it. His garments were folded neatly over the back of a chair, and a partly eaten meal was still sitting on the table. But The Picture was gone!

Whether Ollie had destroyed it when he felt life's final darkness stealing upon him, or whether some unknown person had taken it in the brief interval following his death, is a mystery my friend has never solved.

Nearly fifteen years have passed since my last visit to Clifton. Even then, Ollie had been in his grave a good many years, but his little log cabin was still standing, stout and plumb—the last habitable dwelling in the old ghost town. Wandering prospectors and sheepherders occasionally claimed its shelter, and generations of birds and packrats had fouled the place with their litter.

The little iron cook-stove leaned crookedly and cold, its pipe fallen to rust. The slab-door swung idly in the wind, on creaking hinges, and dust from the Great Salt Desert lay deep on floor and table and cupboard shelves. Lining those cupboards were *Salt Lake Heralds* and *Inter-Mountain Republicans* of 1908 and 1909—and driven in the log wall, over the rusty bedframe, was a nail that once supported the likeness of a fancy dude in tight pants.

Roughneck

(Continued from page 41)

to get enough to go back home and pay off the mortgage. They all looked forward to having their families once again. They were not rough men—they were only doing rough work.

TWO BABIES and three years later, I observed the great-granddaddy of boom towns—Seminole, Oklahoma. In the heart of the Seminole Nation there had been a small village, sleepy, quiet, seeing only the dark-skinned Indians and the white homeowners who drove into town on Saturday to sell the cream, eggs and milk, to load the farm wagon with chicken and mule feed and a week's supply of groceries. This was the calm, serene little town of Seminole—until oil came!

Overnight it became a booming, rushing, pulsing, vibrating mass of men, trucks, wagons, horses and oil field equipment. Again, look wherever you wished, there was only mud and bogged-down, iron-wheeled wagons loaded with oil field equipment. As many as twenty horses or mules tugged and pulled and strained mightily to move the ponderous machinery. Often it could not be done.

Because of such a situation, the little town of Dropright, Oklahoma, got its name. Only a few miles from the Seminole Field, a crew was trying desperately to move onto location and had, time after time, bogged down with a great loss of time. At last, the man on whose property they were to drill looked hopelessly at the rig and, spitting a stream of tobacco juice disgustedly, said, "Boys, we drop right here."

Right there they set up the rig and there they got one of the best wells in the Dropright Field.

Seminole! How can I describe it? Tanks, pipes, rigs, machinery of all kinds everywhere. Shacks and tents in haphazard lines to accommodate the workers and their families. Boarding houses—long, narrow, raw lumber buildings hastily thrown up for men who did not have their own places.

Once again Big Mose Worstell was our foreman, and there were one hundred 80,000-barrel tanks to go up for the Reeves Brothers Tank Company. Again we established our row homes and once again Big Mose fired a man because his wife couldn't act like a lady. A woman simply could not live in Big Mose Worstell's camp and not behave herself.

Here I saw a tent (not in our row) explode with a great roar about five o'clock one morning. Four people burned to death—a mother and father, a grown son and a little daughter of seven. Investigation showed that the older son arose and struck a match to light a fire. Gas had accumulated inside the tent from a high pressure line a few yards away.

The boy ran from the tent, clothing afire. When at last he fell, burned to death, he was just outside my tent. Later I found his pocket knife where it had been left when his clothing burned off. I gave it to one of his buddies.

Here, too, a young fellow, just up from the hills of Arkansas, attempted to drill into a gas line to connect up his heating stove. He thought it was a supply line, but it, too, was a high pressure line. The gas ignited. So strong was the pressure that a great hole was burned directly through the poor fellow's middle where the full force of the gas happened to strike.

These rough men, who are sometimes pictured as so callous, made up collections for both of these tragedies and buried the poor men. In the case of the Arkansas boy, there was over a thousand dollars left over for his wife and child. Rough and tough? Tough enough to take whatever was dished out in the way of work—yes. Tough like criminals—no!

Here at Seminole we lived about two miles from town and town was rough. I mean rough! No woman would think of going to Seminole alone, except in dire emergencies—like the time my baby was taken suddenly ill. The men were on the job and could not be reached. The baby must go to the doctor. My sister, who lived in the next tent to me, and I started walking with the baby. We knew we'd never get through the mud walking down the road. There was only one thing to do—go down the railroad tracks. This would take us through the part of Seminole that was a shame to society. Conditions were indescribable.

We walked swiftly and quietly, hurrying as fast as possible. We were halfway through the "other side of the tracks," when an awful looking, blowzy woman stuck her head out from an upstairs window and called to a group of roughnecks in the street just ahead of us.

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"Get back inside and shut up, you floozy!" advised one of them.

Turning to us he asked, hat in hand, "What in the world are you ladies doing on this street?" I showed him the baby, so sick and almost unconscious by then.

"Oh, my God," he said. "Let me take her. Come on, John, let's get these ladies out of here."

That rough man carried my baby as tenderly as her own daddy could have. It was difficult for my sister and me to keep up with his long strides. He stayed in the doctor's office, too, until the doctor said my baby would be all right.

In Seminole Field our tent was pitched near the home of an old colored man named Uncle Henry Cudjoe. Until oil came, Uncle Henry farmed his few blackjack acres, scratching out a bare existence. Now, he was rich beyond his imagination.

He still lived in his little log cabin with a lean-to kitchen. The small porch across the front of the cabin was Uncle Henry's pride, for here was his old hickory rocking chair made with his own gnarled hands. And here he sat, smoking his corncob pipe, watching in wonder as rig after rig went up on his worn-out acres, and as well after well came in with a mighty roar—one so close that the oil sprayed his cabin!

We carried water from the well in Uncle Henry's yard. Often I stopped to chat a moment with the old man. "Uncle Henry," I asked one day, "what are you going to do with all those millions of dollars?"

Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "Little Missie, first thing I'm gonna do is buy me one of them ridin' cultivators. I is plumb wore out with walkin' behin' that ole Georgie Stock!"

He bought it, too, even though he was eighty-three years old and several times a millionaire. We left soon after and I have often wondered if Uncle Henry spent his remaining years in his cabin, as he told me over and over he would.

"Mama worked herself to death here, Little Missie, and we never could have nothin', so I don't need nothin' now," he told me.

OTHER fields came and went—a kaleidoscope of oil, men and sameness. In 1927—Borger, Texas: Borger, one long street opening onto the desert in each end. Borger, full of the same as all other boom towns, but with a criminal element which we had never encountered before. Borger, a wide-open, wicked town that spawned some of the worst of humanity.

There was a close-knit organization in Borger that was run by the underworld for crime of every kind. The wicked element ran rampant. The town was boldly defiant. In Borger, the "painted women" walked unchallenged and good women kept off the streets.

The County Attorney, Johnnie Jones, fought valiantly to establish some semblance of law and order and died for trying. We lived two blocks from his home and I heard plainly the report of the .45 which took his life as he stepped from his car one dark night.

But this marked the beginning of the end. The foul, premeditated murder called in the great Texas Rangers.

I saw them unload from a train one evening, and within the hour the famous Ranger Captain, Tom Hickman, was bringing law and order to Borger. Before the sun was down, men were jailed. Several of the lawmen of Borger were

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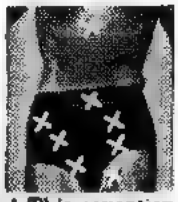

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involved with the crime syndicate.

The "girls" were warned to get out of Borger within twenty-four hours. With Captain Hickman of the Rangers, twenty-four hours meant twenty-four hours. The deep rutted, sandy roads leading out of Borger were crowded with women hastening to get out of town. Most of them found passage of some sort. There were no trains or buses into Borger at that time, and they left in cars, in trucks, riding on the flat beds of trucks bouncing along in the deep sand, clinging to loads of oil field pipe being hauled out, and on running boards of cars. Some walked—walked carrying a small valise of possessions while the sweat poured down their painted faces and the thick, flour-white West Texas dust settled in their hair. But they kept walking. Captain Tom Hickman had said twenty-four hours.

The Rangers invaded the gambling joints which were running openly, hotels, rooming houses and all other places which handled intoxicating drinks. With axes, hatchets, hammers and anything else available, they chopped and hacked and spilled and poured out all manner of intoxicants. Here a note of pathos, yet of humor, crept in as one old drunken derelict threw himself down in the filth of the gutter and gulped noisily at the beer, whiskey and other drinks that were literally flowing down the gutters of Borger's Main Street when the Rangers had finished.

By 1929 the great Depression was just beginning. We had two girls ready for school. That little farm back in Oklahoma, which had been so heavily mortgaged, was all paid for and there was money to farm it right.

From Pampa, Texas, we said goodbye to a rough, hard, inconvenient way of life, yet money could never buy the experiences I had in the early oil boom days or the insight I gained of human nature.

The courtesy and almost Old World gallantry of these big, adventurous, wide-shouldered men of the oil booms I shall never forget.

La Mesa Ranch

(Continued from page 47)

I went to the Hamilton Hotel in Laredo, where my uncle was staying and told him what had happened. He told me to take my horse to the stock pens and get the car. I put my saddle in the car and went back to the hotel where I picked up my uncle. We went back across the river and found General Lucio Blanco. He went with us to find the horses.

After we found them, the General told me to ride one horse and lead the other. The General ordered thirteen soldiers to escort me, five in front of me and eight behind. They stayed with me as far as the middle of the bridge with their rifles at the ready postion. I was the best guarded person in Mexico.

Father had the cattle stopped about two miles from the river. The cattle were thirsty and he was afraid if they got any nearer the water they would smell it and the cowboys would not be able to hold them. We made camp there for the night, planning to drive a few cattle at a time to the river and swim them across.

The next morning Newt Winters and George Conover rode out to look for cattle that might have strayed during the night. Everybody was so busy that no one realized Newt and George were missing until they appeared in Laredo without their boots.

While they were scouting for cattle they came upon some soldiers. The soldiers took them to a little ranch house about ten miles away. They took their horses, their saddles, even their boots. The soldiers told Newt and George to stay right there until they returned. They waited until about eleven o'clock that night and the Mexicans did not return so they left. They walked the ten miles back to Laredo barefooted.

We left La Mesa Ranch with about 3,500 head of cattle and crossed the border with about 2,900 head. Just lucky to have our own.

The Great Pearl Hunt in Texas

(Continued from page 19)

THE HUNT was not restricted to the Texas side of Caddo. There was as much or more activity on the Louisiana side on what was then called Ferry Lake. This is in the vicinity of Mooringsport and Oil City, Louisiana. (The author personally observed many of the "shell banks" left from the hunt in this area, when living there in the late '20s.)

Many valuable pearls were found, and many, many stories told about this man or that making a rich strike. One such story has to do with a man who pulled his load of mussels into Swanson's Landing, on the south shore of the lake. He was exhausted from gathering mussels, and decided to go home and rest and take care of some chores before he opened the mussels in the load. He was gone two days before he was free to return, but when he opened the first mussel, he found a large pearl that sold for nearly $1,000.

George Murato, or "The Jap" as he was affectionately known, was probably the most famous of the Caddo Lake pearl hunters. He originally was a cook for a crew drilling a "wild cat well" in the Potter's Point area of the lake. The well was a dry hole and the drilling company went broke and was unable to pay off its men. George was stranded without money, but he took possession of the mess tent and remaining groceries in lieu of wages. This proved to be an auspicious wedding of a man to a locality, for The Jap made many friends and became a part of the legend of Caddo Lake.

The Jap is said to have found over $3,000 worth of pearls in one season. He later found an enormous pearl that sold for slightly less than $1,500. When the Japanese were being interned in camps during World War II, George was allowed to remain on the lake as a result of hundreds of his friends' signing a petition in his behalf. The only requirement was that he dispose of all weapons possessed by him.

Mr. Charles Hayner of Karnack, Texas, found several pearls worth around $300 each. Most of these pearls were of a rose-pink color and about the size of 00 buckshot. They came from mussels in the Tow Head area of the lake.

Many farmers did not realize over $150 cash from a full year of work on the farm. so the windfall of a pearl worth $300 was worth two years' hard labor to them. By the same standards, the $3,000 worth of pearls found by The Jap would be equal today to about $15,000.

Are there still pearls in the mussels of Caddo Lake? The answer is yes! For there has been no serious pearl hunting in the area for the last fifty years. The

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George Murato holds a Caddo Lake pearl

price of pearls declined when the demand slacked off; then, after World War II the Japanese developed an artificial method of growing pearls under controlled conditions. These cultured pearls flooded the market and brought the price to such a low point that searching for pearls in their natural state was no longer feasible.

But the big black mussels are still there lying in great beds, waiting for the present-day pearl hunter to bring them to the surface and find the beauties they contain. Though these pearls do not have the high market value of the 1900s, they would still make lovely rings or old-fashioned stick-pins. They can be gathered by the ancient method of wading and feeling; or, with the artificial means now available for divers, the deeper, untouched beds can be harvested.

As recently as July 19, 1964, the Longview (Texas) *Morning Journal* reported that members of the Leon Vincent family of Kilgore had gone fishing —and "caught" a pearl. They caught fourteen pearls to be exact.

It was while the family fished and picnicked on the banks of the Sabine River (in the Caddo Lake area) that Jimmy Wayne, five, and Don, thirteen, made their great discovery.

Jimmy Wayne was amusing himself by picking up mussel shells from the shallow water. He found a large shell that particularly intrigued him, but he couldn't get it open. So he sought out Don, who pried the shell open and there it was! A beautiful lavender pearl about the size of an English pea.

Don took it to his parents. As soon as they decided it was a real fresh water pearl, the hunt was on! All of the youngsters rushed for the shallow water along the banks of the river.

They waded in, squishing the mud between their toes and feeling for shells. When their toes told them they had found one, they reached down to pull it in. They put all the mussels together and when they had about a bushel basket full, they began to open the shells. Out of the bushel, they found fourteen pearls, ranging in size from Jimmy Wayne's find down to one not much larger than a pinhead.

Vincent says a jeweler in Kilgore told him he believed the largest one might be worth about $400 or $500, but he was not sure. Some bring only $20 or $25.

Should the reader decide to try for the pearls of Caddo Lake, I would suggest that he hunt in the vicinity of Mooringsport, Lousiana, as this is the only part now free of moss. There are sand bottoms in this vicinity and general conditions conducive to the formation of pearls and the gathering of mussels.

Who knows, maybe YOU will find the grand-daddy of them all!

Shanghai Pierce

(Continued from page 14)

street toward the hotel—hot, tired and very dirty—anxious to get in his room and rest and clean up. Old Neptune padded at his heels, Pierce's valise in his dusky hand.

As the Texan made his way through the hotel lobby, he nodded his head at the familiar faces of other ranchers as they greeted him. Pierce stood patiently at the desk for a few moments while the stiff and starched little clerk shuffled busily in some papers. As the stifling aroma that enveloped the big man drifted toward the attendant, his nose twitched in disgust.

"Young man," Shanghai stated, his patience worn thin, "I need a room."

"And just who, may I ask, are you?" The clerk asked the manure stained, rumpled giant.

"*Who* am I? Who am *I*?" roared the indignant Pierce. His face flushed beneath his quivering beard. "By Gad, Sir, I'm Shanghai Pierce, Webster on Cattle!" His words were emphasized by his big fist as it pounded down on the desk.

The clerk withered beneath the onslaught. His shaky hand shoved a key toward the enraged man. "Yes, sir, Mr. Webs—I mean Mr. Pierce. I'll remember that! Room 215, Sir."

BY THE 1890s, Shanghai Pierce was one of the largest ranchers and farmers in the United States. His vast holdings amounted to one million acres, and he worked in his fields as many as seventy-five convicts a year from the State Prison Farm. Pierce would stand on the second floor porch of his ranch house and deliver orders to his men that could be heard a full mile away.

"Once you heard it, you never forgot it! It was like the bellow of a bull!" one man said. Another likened the sound to "a roar of a hurricane." Shang's voice was befitting his size.

Times were changing. As the open range had disappeared, so had the sea lions. With the fences came purebred cattle, beefier but not as sturdy as the old-time Longhorns. They were more susceptible to the ravages of the coast's hot, damp climate and the insects.

Pierce had seen two sacred cattle from India in a traveling circus. He bought them and had them shipped to Rancho Grande. He was convinced that these thick-skinned animals were adaptable to the Gulf weather, and it was from these early experiments that Pierce's nephew, A. P. Borden, successfully carried on his uncle's work and developed today's Brahman breed of cattle.

Pierce was active in the Cattlemen's Association and always looked forward to the conventions. One year at the convention in Austin, Texas, Shanghai blew in late to a dinner party being held in the dining room of a prominent hotel. Since the great man wasn't there early enough to claim the seat at the head of the table—the one that he felt was due a man of his eminence—he settled himself into the chair at the foot of the table.

(Continued on next page)

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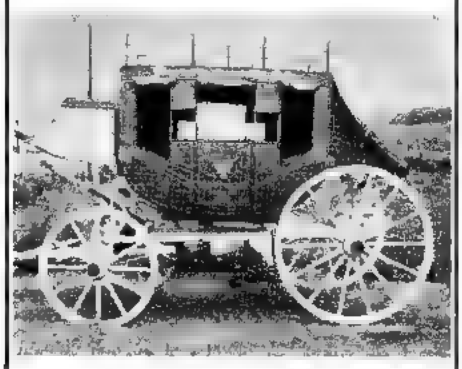

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Before his arrival, his fellow members had been enjoying themselves by passing the jug, and the party had reached a state of great hilarity. When a stranger, who was not of the brotherhood, innocently wandered into the hotel dining room looking for an evening meal, the fun-loving cowmen threw him bodily into the street. He picked himself up, brushed off his dirtied clothes, and hurried off up the street muttering something about his good friend, Ben Thompson.

Thompson's prowess with a six-gun was legend, but everyone was having too good a time to worry about anything serious. "Let's have another round at that jug!"

As Pierce settled down to dine, his mouth watered for a thick slice of the juicy, roasted turkey at the far end of the long table. But even his loud, nasal twang failed to penetrate the din as he asked for the bird to be passed. He tried once more, even louder. Nothing but failure! There was only one course to follow!

Shanghai tugged his boots off. He mounted his chair. Gingerly he stepped upon the table. With his head bobbing near the ceiling, Pierce's stockinged feet cautiously dodged the mashed potatoes, stepped over the gravy and almost landed squarely in the lemon cream pie. But he was getting closer to that turkey. Just as he was balanced dangerously on one foot, the dining room doors were flung open, and a very threatening-looking Ben Thompson brandished an immense revolver. He had come to avenge his friend.

Pierce looked around for the quickest way out, and it appeared to be through the window. So, ignoring the big bowl of beans that he squashed his foot into, he hastily exited, taking with him window glass, screen, sash and all. The other stockmen were no braver than Pierce and scattered like quail.

"Hell, I wasn't about to stand around and get shot! I was the biggest thing there. If he had started shooting, he couldn't have missed me! I just decided to forget that bird and be a live coward —though a damned hungry one!"

SHANGHAI was saddened to think that the Texas he knew was passing. The open range was gone. The Longhorns were gone. His turn was next. His spirit was young and ambitious, but his body refused its commands. He hated to admit that he sometimes needed to stand in a chair in order to mount his horse. Once in the saddle, the old giant rode with dignity and the grace that comes only to a man who has spent his life on horseback. Yes, the open range and his sea lions had become a memory, and soon they would be forgotten. Even he would be forgotten.

"No, by Gad! They'll not forget me! Not Shanghai Pierce, Webster on Cattle!"

So Pierce commissioned Frank Teich of San Antonio to sculpture a life-size statue of him in gray marble. It was to be placed over his grave in the cemetery so that "when my friends pass by they'll say, 'Well, by damn! There stands ol' Shang!'"

Pierce liked to relate the story of the statue's unveiling. He attributed it to his friend and partner, Dan Sullivan. "When Danny saw my statue up on that ten-foot pedestal, hell if he didn't say, 'Gad A'mighty, Shang, you *ol' s-o-b!* That's as close to heaven as *you'll* ever get!'"

Sullivan, who didn't swear, wasn't even at the unveiling. "Aw, that's just another one of Shang's tall tales!" he retorted.

But Pierce was pleased with his statue and considered it "a fair likeness." On December 26, 1900, Shanghai was dead.

A few days later, his remains were slowly lowered into the cold mud of a watery grave. His cowhands, his friends and his family shivered before the cutting dampness of a biting Gulf wind as they paid their respects to tne last of the Big Pasture Men. It was a stormy, restless day, representative of the cattle baron's tempestuous life.

Perhaps his most lasting memorials are the big, gray Brahmas that fatten by the hundreds on the coastal grass and in the swampy country from Texas to Florida. They are living monuments to a great cowman who loved the present but always looked to the future.

May Cleveland, a neighbor of Pierce's, said of him, "He was as uncouth as the cattle he drove, but with all his blustering ways, there was no harm in him. He was, at heart, one of the best men in this or any other land."

Shanghai Pierce would have agreed with her.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 45)

through graceful arches onto verandas, making all of his home a complete outdoor-indoor living area. Some of the skylights are covered with glass; some are rimmed with grapevines that filter the summer light, yet when the leaves fall in the winter, light and warmth can enter.

BALDASARE FORESTIERE'S early training from his fruit-raising father proved valuable. Baldasare believed that many plants would grow as well, or better, below the surface of the ground where the sunlight could be controlled and moderate temperatures could be maintained. He planted trees, shrubs, vines, vegetables and flowers in his rooms, corridors and patios. His theory was right. Many grapevines and citrus trees are full of fruit in their season. Grafting was an interesting hobby with him and several trees bear two or more fruits; but one tree called his "Second Story Tree," about twenty feet high, bears seven different citrus fruits.

On completion of his home, he started creating a retreat for the public, where visitors could relax in an atmosphere of freedom, partake of Italian food and drink in a private dining room, and dance in a ballroom nearby. He completed some 700 feet for an auto tunnel with many private dining rooms alongside. It was his plan that patrons drive down the tunnel, stop near a dining room, and an attendant would take the car outside to a parking area while the patrons enjoyed the evening.

The tunnel and restaurant are not completed. Since Baldasare's death in 1946, his brother Joseph built the ballroom. It was built with modern machinery but in accordance with Baldasare's plans as nearly as were known.

In the future this unusual restaurant will be completed and put in operation for everyone, including weary tourists. Perhaps they, who stop to enjoy and marvel at the accomplishment of the "one man wonder of the world," may catch the spirit of freedom Baldasare Forestiere molded in his home beneath the side of the road.

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GOOD OLD DAYS

From S.P.J.S.T. Vestnik (Herald)
Temple, Texas

PROBABLY most of us take our telephones and other modern conveniences too much for granted. But imagine what great-grandmother would think if she could see how we live today! A glimpse at one of her typical days shows how far we've come.

Such a glimpse is provided by this authentic "receipt" for washing clothes, preserved from the past in its original spelling:

—build a fire in back yard to heet kettle of rain water.

—set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is pert.

—shave one hole cake soap in bilin water.

—sort things, make three piles. 1 pile white. 1 pile cullord. 1 pile work britches and rags.

—stur flour in cold water to smooth then thin down with bilin water.

—rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, then bile; rub cullord but don't bile, just rench and starch.

—take white things out of kettle with broom stick handle then rench, blew and starch.

—spread tee towels on grass.

—hang old rags on fence.

—pore rench water in flower bed.

—scrub porch with hot soapy water.

—turn tubs upside down.

—go put on cleen dress, smooth hair with side combs, brew cup of tee, set and rest and rock a spell, and count blessins.

CANUCK JOE'S REWARD

By Eldon Barrett

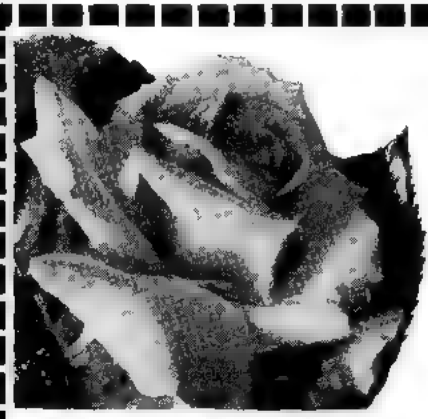
A BUNCH of the boys were whooping it up in Pete Erussard's beachside trading post when in, out of the rainy winter night, walked Postmaster Nathaniel Hilton. He clanked his pipestem on an empty *hoochinoo* bottle to gain attention, then solemnly announced that the community would have to change its name or go without mail from home.

These were sobering words to most of the homesick miners who had stampeded north that year of 1881 to participate in Alaska's first major gold rush. There on the banks of Gastineau Channel, part of the watery labyrinth that makes a jigsaw puzzle of the Southeastern Panhandle, the site in sixteen months had mushroomed from an Indian fishing camp called Flounder Creek to a fair sized community. Since the discovery of gold in nearby Silver Bow Basin, it had been known successively as Fliptown, Pilzburg, Rockwell and Harrisburgh.

But now Uncle Sam was saying that a Harrisburgh in Alaska was one too many to cope with. Either change or go without mail from home was the edict.

There was no question of what had to be done. Most of the miners were *cheechakos* and just about as far away from civilization as they could be. To them, and to most of the sourdoughs as well, mail from wives and sweethearts they had left behind was as necessary to their existence as the illegal *hoochinoo* they got from the Indians.

There was one fellow in camp who didn't seem to give a hoot about the mail getting through. He was, however, quite concerned about the liquor supply. This was Canuck Joe, a grizzled French-Canadian who had left his native Quebec as a youngster to work his way west through the mining camps of Montana



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CHINESE ELM, 5½ to 7 ft. tall	79	2.29
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GINKGO TREE, 1 to 2 ft. tall	59	1.69
LOMBARDY POPLAR, 3½ to 5 ft. tall	39	1.09
LOMBARDY POPLAR, 5½ to 7 ft. tall	79	2.29
SWEET GUM, 1 to 2 ft. tall	49	1.39
SILVER MAPLE, 3 to 4 ft.	39	1.09
SILVER MAPLE, 5½ to 7 ft.	79	2.29
PIN OAK, 1 to 2 ft.	39	1.09
*TREE OF HEAVEN, 3½-5 ft.	59	1.69
SYCAMORE, 3½ to 5 ft. tall	59	1.69
RED OAK, 1 to 2 ft.	39	1.09
LIVE OAK, 1 to 2 ft.	39	1.09
WEEPING WILLOW, 4½ to 6 ft. tall	69	1.98
SCARLET MAPLE, 3½ to 5 ft. tall	.79	2.19
WHITE BIRCH, 2 to 3 ft.	.69	1.98
RUSSIAN MULBERRY, 1 to 2 ft. tall	19	.53

(All above trees are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

FLOWERING TREES

	EACH	5 for
MIMOSA, 2½ to 4 ft.	39	$1.09
MIMOSA, 4½ to 6 ft.	.79	2.29
*RED BUD, 5½ to 7 ft.	79	2.29
*WHITE FL. DOGWOOD, 2½-4 ft.	.29	.79
RED FL. PEACH, 2½-4 ft.	89	2.59
PINK FL. DOGWOOD, 1-2 ft.	1.98	5.75
PINK FL. PEACH, 2½-4 ft.	.89	2.59
RED LEAF PLUM, 2½ to 4 ft.	.69	1.98
*TULIP TREE, 3½ to 5 ft.	.59	1.69
GOLDEN RAIN TREE, 1-2 ft.	.79	2.29
PURPLE LEAF PLUM, 2½ to 4 ft.	.89	2.59
RED BUCKEYE, ½ to 1 ft.	.49	1.39
GOLDEN CHAIN TREE, 1-2 ft.	.69	1.98
CHINESE RED BUD, 1-2 ft.	.59	1.69
PINK FL. CHERRY, 2-4 ft.	2.79	7.95
MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA, 1 to 2 ft.	1.69	4.79
FLOWERING PEACH, peppermint stick, 2½ to 4 ft.	.98	2.79
ALL RED PLUM, 2½ to 4 ft.	.79	2.29

(All above trees are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

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	EACH	3 for
MAGNOLIA, ½ to 1 ft.	.49	$1.39
MUGHO PINE, ½ ft.	.49	1.39
CHINESE FIR, 1 ft.	.89	2.69
*MOUNTAIN LAUREL, 1 ft.	.29	.79
JAP. LIGUSTRUM, 1-2 ft.	.39	1.09
WAX LEAF LIGUSTRUM, 1 to 1½ ft.	.69	1.69
ABELIA, glossy leaves, ½ to 1 ft.	.29	.79
*RHODODENDRON, ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.98
COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE, ½ to 1 ft.	.59	1.69
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RED BERRY PYRACANTHA, ½ to 1 ft.	.89	2.49
GARDENIA, white blooms, 1 to 1½ ft.	.59	1.69
BOXWOOD, dwarf, 1 yr., ½ to 1 ft.	.39	.98
CAMELLIA SASANQUA, 1 ft.	.89	2.59
BURFORD HOLLY, ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.98
*CANADA HEMLOCK, 1 to 1½ ft.	.29	.79
BLACK HILLS SPRUCE, ½ to 1 ft.	.59	1.69
WHITE SPRUCE, ½ to 1 ft.	.59	1.69
HETZ JUNIPER, spreading, 1 ft.	.69	1.98
PFITZER JUNIPER, low spreading, 1 ft.	.79	2.29
IRISH JUNIPER, grows tall, 1 ft.	.79	2.29

(Above EVERGREENS are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

BULBS AND PERENNIALS

	EACH	5 for
CANNAS, colors, red, pink, yellow	19	$ .59
PEONIES, red, pink, white	.59	2.89
IRIS, blue, white, purple, yellow	.09	.39
HOLLYHOCKS, mixed colors, roots	.25	1.19
SHASTA DAISY, root divisions	19	.90
RED CARNATION, red	.25	1.19
ORIENTAL POPPY, scarlet	.25	1.19
CREEPING PHLOX, pink, blue, white	.20	.95
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HIBISCUS, giant blooms	.09	.39
PAMPAS GRASS, white plumes	.39	1.89
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AS LOW AS 9¢	EACH	5 for
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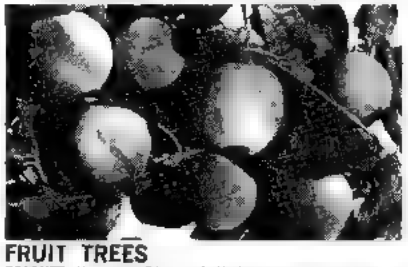
MOCK ORANGE, white	19	.89
*PINK SPIREA, pink	.09	.41
ALTHEA DOUBLE, red, pink, white	19	.89
PUSSY WILLOW, bears catkins	.39	1.89
RED BUSH HONEYSUCKLE, red	.29	1.39
ALTHEA ROSE OF SHARON, mixed	.09	.41
PINK WEIGELA, pure pink	19	.89
CRAPE MYRTLE, colors, red or pink	.60	2.89
HYDRANGEA, P. G., pinkish white	.39	1.89
SPIREA VAN HOUTTE, white flowers	.29	1.39
RED OSIER DOGWOOD, red bark	19	.89
CYDONIA JAPONICA, red flowers	.39	1.89
PERSIAN LILAC, old favorite orchid	.49	2.39
*SNOWBALL, huge, white flowers	.39	1.89
WISTERIA VINE, purple flowers	.39	1.89
PINK BUSH HONEYSUCKLE, pink	.29	1.39
FLOWERING ALMOND, pink flowers	.69	3.29
*PINK AZALEA, pink	.89	1.69
FLOWERING CRABS, red or pink	.89	4.29
RED SNOWBERRY, red berries	.29	1.39
COMMON PURPLE LILAC, purple	.39	1.89
*SMOKE TREE, 1 to 2 ft.	.79	3.79
RED BARBERRY, 1 to 2 ft.	.49	2.39
BUTTERFLY BUSH, red	.89	4.29

Above SHRUBS, 1 to 2 ft. tall, or 1 or 2 yrs. old)



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PEACHES; Varieties: Elberta, J. H. Hale, Red Haven, Golden Jubilee, Belle Georgia, Hale Haven, Dixie Red. Prices on Peach: ½ to 1 ft. — 29¢ ea., 1 to 2 ft. — 39¢ ea., 2 to 3 ft. — 49¢ ea., 3½ to 5 ft. — 69¢ ea.

PLUM TREES; varieties Burbank, Mariana, American, Golden. Prices, ½ to 1 ft. — 39¢ ea., 1 to 2 ft. — 49¢ ea., 2 to 3 ft. — 79¢ ea., 3½ to 5 ft. — 98¢ ea.

APPLE TREES, Varieties, Red Delicious, Red Stayman, Early Harvest, Yellow Delicious. Prices: 1 to 2 ft. — 49¢ ea., 2 to 3 ft. — 59¢ ea., 3½ to 5 ft. — 98¢ ea.

PEAR TREES; Varieties: Kieffer, Bartlett. Prices: 1 to 2 ft. — 69¢ ea., 2 to 3 ft. — 98¢ ea., 3½ to 5 ft. — $1.29 ea.

APRICOT TREES; Varieties: Early Golden, Moorpark. Prices: 2 to 3 ft. — 79¢ ea., 3½ to 5 ft. — $1.39 ea.

CHERRY TREES; Montmorency. Prices 1 to 2 ft. — 69¢ ea., 2 to 3 ft. — 98¢ ea., 3 to 4 ft. — $1.49 ea.

HARDY PECAN; ½-1 ft. — 69¢ ea., 1-2 ft. — 98¢ ea.

(All above TREES 1 or 2 yrs. old)

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and British Columbia and then had come north to Alaska. He was standing at the bar and didn't even raise his black, bushy eyebrows when Postmaster Hilton made his momentous announcement. Joe, in fact, just tossed what was left in his poke on the rough plank beside the empty hooch bottle and ordered his fellow Canuck, Erussard, to set 'em up for Hilton and everyone else in the place.

What did he care about the mail? He hadn't received any since he had come to Flounder Creek with his partner, Dick Harris, the previous fall and had made the strike in the Silver Bow. Furthermore, Joe didn't expect any mail. The only person "outside" that Joe knew anymore was Harris and it was extremely unlikely that he would write. They had been partners, not pals.

HARRIS, a somewhat sophisticated fellow, deplored Joe's rough ways. The Canuck, on the other hand, resented Harris' high-handedness, particularly the manner in which Harris had paid homage to himself by persuading the other miners in April to put his name to the settlement. It deprived their grubstaker, George Pilz of Sitka, of that honor.

In fact, Joe would have settled for naming the place almost anything but Harrisburgh and that included Rockwell, which the Navy was doing anyhow in honor of the lieutenant commander in charge of the military detachment that was supposed to be keeping law and order in the area.

The diggings had been worked the previous season and when the snow had begun to fly, Harris and the Canuck dissolved their partnership. Each pocketed about $15,000. Harris, weary of the wilderness, returned to the States, flush with his fortune and confident that he had engraved his name for posterity on the landscape of Alaska.

But not Joe. He had bellied up to Erussard's plank bar and was spending the winter—and his gold—standing drinks for his friends. And he had been too generous.

The morning after Hilton's dire declaration, Joe was down to his last grains of dust, and all he had to show for his efforts was a terrific hangover.

That characteristic instrument of frontier democracy, a miners' meeting, was convened in the trading post the next day to decide what to do about the post office department edict but Joe was not among the seventy-two in attendance. First off, it was decided that the name, Harrisburgh, could be retained to designate the mining district without conflict. But renaming the town itself required deeper consideration. Several suggestions were made and rejected for one reason or another.

Then someone, undoubtedly a thirsty soul, thought of Joe—not necessarily because he had been one of the founders of the camp, but because of his generosity in Erussard's.

They had to ask him his real name and it took about three weeks to get their selection approved in Washington. But officially on January 10, 1882, the mining camp became Juneau.

It matters not that Joe Juneau drifted farther north to spend the last years of his life in the Canadian Klondike, not to grub for gold but to run a boarding house where to no one's surprise he died broke in April of 1899 at the age of sixty-three.

Joe's body was brought back to Juneau where the saloonkeepers' eulogies the day of his burial were short but to the point: "Set 'em up on the house."

Today, Juneau, the capital of Alaska, is a monument to a rugged man, and a generous one to boot.

HE WELCOMED BULLETS

Submitted by Don Ashbaugh

LA HOH, ancient sage and healer of the Mohave Indian tribe, known in every encampment in Nevada, Arizona and California, died the other day near Needles and his body, lashed to a burning raft, was started on its last journey down the restless Colorado River.

When he died, grief was widespread. It was a shock from which his people will not soon recover. Messages went out to the Indians of the Southwest that the man who had healed them for scores of years by mystic passes of the hands and gusts of breath from his pursed lips, was no more.

From far and near came mourners. Day and night thirty-three of his faithful followers stood guard over his bier, eight of them to the south, eight to the north, eight to the east, and eight to the west. The thirty-third man stood at the feet of the healer who had tramped desert sands for decades ministering to his people, and prayed almost continuously during the ninety-six hours of the lying in state.

The body lay on a blanket under a canopy covered with brush and desert flowers. It was dressed in warrior's attire with the long feather turban and stringers trailing to the ground. Bow and arrow lay by La Hoh's nerveless hand, around the neck was a circlet of beads and animal's teeth, and on the arms were bracelets of gold and silver.

At the end of the four days, La Hoh started on his last journey. The body was carried to the riverbank and placed on a raft-bier, which also bore every conceivable article owned by an Indian. Then all was covered with dry grass and wood, a torch was touched to it, the raft was pushed out into the stream, and the Colorado bore La Hoh away in a pillar of fire.

La Hoh's office was wherever he stood or sat. He prescribed no medicines and used no surgical instruments. His ability to heal, he said, lay in a strong belief in the power of his God. Often he told his brothers and sisters of the Mohave tribe that they were at liberty to shoot him if they wished, but that the bullet, instead of harming him, would dissolve and only make his blood purer.

He never permitted a third person to witness his ministrations over a sick Indian, but those whom he had healed said the cure was wrought by a form of hypnotism. La Hoh waved his hands, blew his breath over the patient, and he became well.—From Las Vegas (Nevada) *Review*, June 11, 1926.

"That D - - - Woman"

(Continued from page 39)

I ain't so well. Doc says I cain't go so fur off.'

"'How will you manage without him?'

"'I'm managin' now, ain't I?'

"'But if you're not well, why aren't you asking to parole him to take care of you?'

"'Fust off, I don't think you would. Second place, the feller he killed, his folks aim to git Jed if he gits out. An' finally, I ain't askin' nuthin' fur meself.'

"'But if we keep him here,' I persisted, 'sometimes you can see him. If he goes to South America you'll probably never see him again.'

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"Silence. The black eyes lost their fierceness for an instant. But only for an instant. Then her hostile gaze fixed mine and she answered, 'What of it? I tell ye I can git along, if Jed is out.'

"Not too many months later Jed was allowed 'out.' But only for a few hours—to attend his mother's funeral."

SUDDENLY Elsie's face brightened as she smiled and said, "Sometimes the law can be understanding and lenient. Sometimes the motive for crime is above reproach. The case I'm thinking of had to do with a drab, mouse-like young woman who came to my office in Phoenix leading a child by the hand. Another obviously was due within a month or so. She said there were five more at home in the tent slums along the irrigating canal near the city. She was as pale as a potato-sprout and plain, but evidently possessed some grace my eyes failed to recognize for, deserted by her husband, she had charmed a hardy adventurer into taking over the burden of her half-dozen children.

"He had picked cotton to support them until the bottom had dropped out of the cotton market. He had found occasional odd jobs for awhile but they were few and far between. Finally, the family was living on cantaloupes picked up in the fields after harvest. When days of effort to get work failed, he went out one night and raided a nearby ranch for food. The children were still feasting on chicken, homemade bread and jam when he was sent to the State Penitentiary at Florence to serve a three-year term.

"Scarcely had the woman told her story and departed when Governor Campbell's secretary laid a letter on my desk. I picked up the penciled note with a sigh. Here was another prisoner's petition. I knew from experience it would be filled with weak excuses and impossible promises.

"Then I saw the signature was that of the man I'd just been discussing. As I read the letter I quickly realized it was different. It carried no weak plea for clemency, no excuses, no repentance. It was a wild cry of anguish from a man desperate to get free so he could stand between his woman and destitution. 'For the love of God don't keep me here to rot while she and the children starve.'

"I was really shaken by the revelation of this man's passion of protectiveness, not only for the woman he loved, but for her children. So, presumably, was the Governor for he had added a notation asking that the prisoner be given immediate consideration."

I looked at Elsie expectantly—waiting for the conclusion of this story. It wasn't long in coming.

"Within a few weeks, the family, augmented by the new baby, was settled on a farm in another state. The 'husband' was working for an old friend who'd guaranteed both his employment and future good conduct."

"What about women prisoners?" I asked. "Didn't you handle any feminine criminals?"

"Not many," Elsie answered. "Westerners used to shrink from putting the prison stamp on a woman. Juries composed of cowboys and miners always showed 'wimmin' an astonishing tolerance and unconventional justice. They'd shut their ears to fatal admissions, sit gravely non-committal when evidence piled up then, without apology, either acquit or recommend the lightest possible sentence."

"Just one more question," I said. "How did you hit it off with your other two

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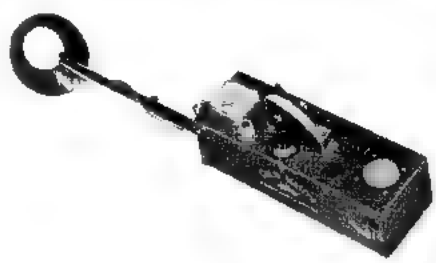

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board members?"

"Splendidly, although we were an oddly assorted trio. One was a young lawyer, newly elected to the office of attorney general, the other a Y.M.C.A. secretary. As soon as we got accustomed to our work, the difference of sex had no bearing on our decisions. But it is doubtful if anyone else, besides ourselves, realized this."

Elsie grinned broadly, "You know, never, since I served, has there been a woman state superintendent of education. Which means, of course, none on the parole board either. I guess two years was too short a period to dissipate the time-worn prejudice. And undoubtedly, clear to the end, the people of Arizona credited my male colleagues with all paroles denied and held me responsible for every parole granted."

"I Married A Crow"

(Continued from page 25)

He led them unerringly over the Rocky Mountains via the South Pass he had helped discover years before. From there, the trail led to the Big Sandy, a tributary of the Green River. Ahead lay a sixty-mile stretch of waterless desert. Other wagontrains had veered south and around this desolate area, but not Caleb Greenwood. He led his party on a thirty-hour forced march across the middle of it. Many of the thirsty people were cursing their old guide during the crossing, but they were happy with the outcome, for they saved several days' travel time.

It had been thirty years since Caleb had traversed this desert on horseback, yet he led them straight to the Green River and to the only place for miles where wagons could descend its steep banks and cross to the other side. A miscalculation would have been disastrous.

After several days of rest on the Green, the caravan proceeded without danger west to Bear River, got back on the Oregon Trail, and traversed it to Fort Hall, Idaho.

Fort Hall was the place of decision for many. Some were weary and chose the security of the Oregon Trail to Oregon or Washington. Twelve wagons and their determined occupants chose the California Trail and Old Greenwood. His task now was to lead them to the base of the Sierras, over the forbidding granite cliffs into California and on to Sutter's Fort. No one had yet accomplished it. The guide vowed he could do it and they believed him.

AFTER farewells, Caleb guided his party southwest, past present-day Wells and Elko, Nevada, and on to Carson Sink, near what is now Fallon. They camped and rested there for a week and prepared for the most hazardous portion of the whole trip.

Old Greenwood used his time well during that week. He became friendly with the local Indians. An old one, called Truckee, told of a crossing he had made many years before by following a small river into the mountains, then over the hump. Caleb sent scouts out to find this river. They verified old Truckee's tale, so Caleb decided to try the same route with the wagons.

The caravan entered the mountains along the Truckee River and followed its course. The way was difficult. Huge boulders blocked their progress at times. Many crossings were made to skirt obstructions. Much of the time, they used the riverbed as a roadway.

They reached a fork in the river and hesitated. The larger fork veered to the south and some, over Caleb's objections, chose to take it. It led them to Lake Tahoe. From there, they finally made it to Sutter's Fort, but it took much longer. Caleb stayed on the smaller fork and his instinct proved correct. Soon the travelers came to a beautiful lake. Today, it is known as Donner Lake. They were too weary to be impressed with its beauty and pushed on. A foot of snow had fallen and added to their labors.

Not far beyond Donner Lake they started climbing the steep sides of the mountain. They struggled upward until they were faced with a sheer granite wall, about thirteen feet high. There didn't seem to be any way over or around it. Caleb Greenwood found a way and, again, made history. He scouted the area until he found a narrow cleft in the cliff that led to the top. The oxen were unhitched and urged through the crack with a little prodding. The wagons were unloaded and supplies toted on the men's backs. By using ropes, ox power and persistence, the wagons were hoisted up the face of the cliff to the top. The seemingly impossible had been accomplished. The first wheeled vehicles ever to surmount the Sierras via Donner Pass were directed by an indomitable old fellow of eighty-one, called Old Greenwood!

John Sutter welcomed the hardy settlers with joy. He gave them generous plots of ground, lent them provisions and seed, and in other ways helped them get settled. He was especially interested in the manner of their crossing. Caleb and Captain Sutter had many long discussions. They talked about Sutter's cherished dream of an oasis of Americanism in the midst of Spanish Territory. He knew that many immigrants would come to California if someone would only show them the way.

Would Caleb be interested in acting as Sutter's special emissary and guiding them? He would. He was now eighty-two years of age.

Caleb and his three sons went to Fort Hall to extol the virtues of California and Sutter's Fort. He had several concrete inducements, authorized by Captain Sutter. Free land, help in getting started, the services of the only guide who had made the trip with wagons were a few. The peppery, white-haired old fellow in his new buckskins, with his three bronzed half-breed sons by his side, made quite an impression.

Many were swayed from the less rigorous Oregon Trail by his picturesque charm and followed him safely over the hump to John Sutter's Fort. Improvements were made in the rough trail; soon it became so well used, almost anyone could be assured of a successful trip. Other competent guides came to the area and the excitement was gone for Old Greenwood. He went to San Francisco.

HE WAS taking it easy in that city when the Donner Party became snowbound. George Reed, who had been banished from the group, went on alone to California where he learned of the Donner's plight and set about organizing a rescue. His own family was still with them. Reed raised $1,500, bought supplies, and looked about for a man with enough mountain savvy to get them to the beleaguered Donner Party.

Would Old Greenwood be willing to direct the rescue effort? He would. At eighty-four, Caleb Greenwood went back to the old hard life. He compromised a little. He put his oldest son, John, in charge and kept to the base camp with

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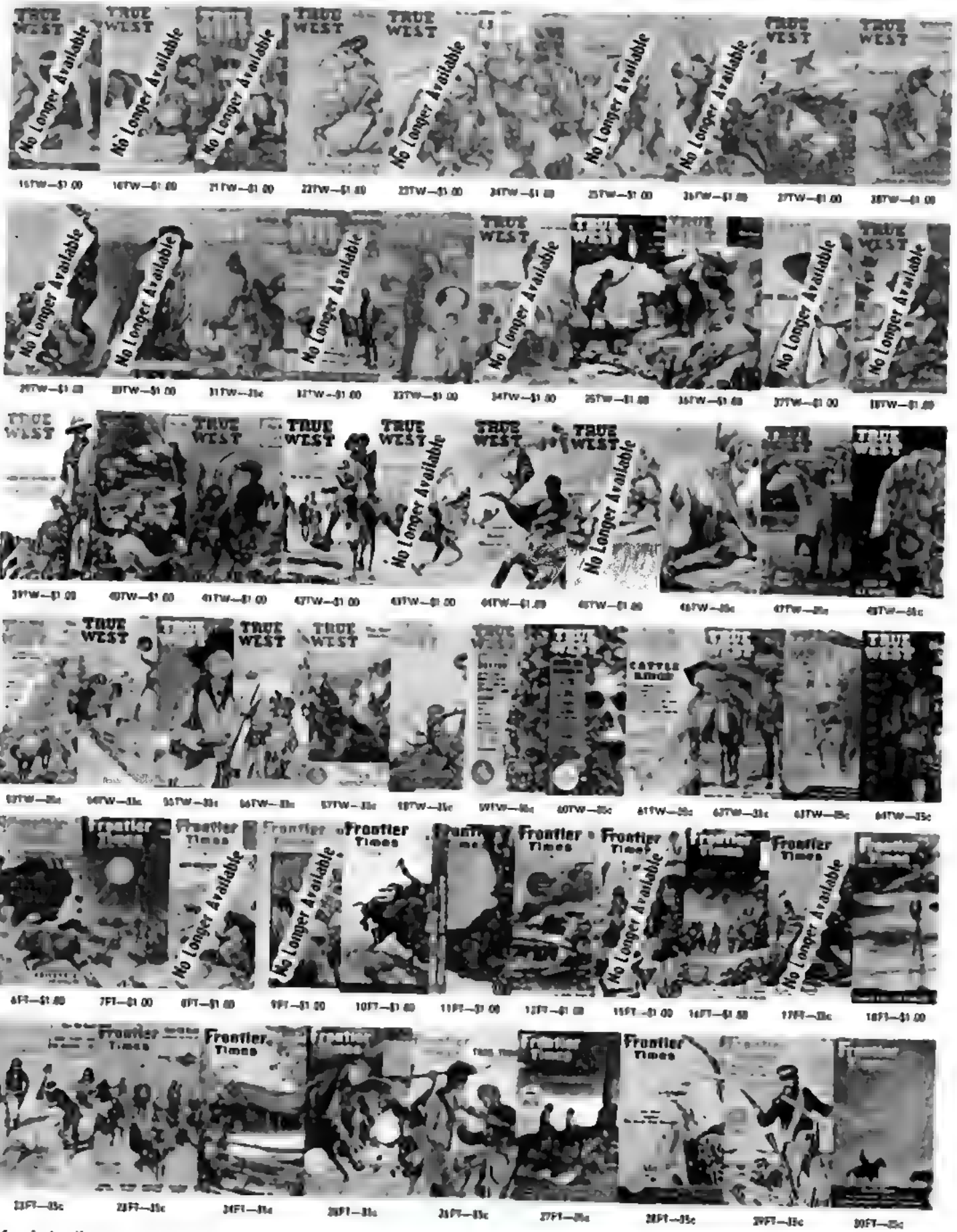

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the supplies. His plan was unique. Horses would be used to pack in supplies, because of their ability to break trail in deep snow. If they made it, some of them would be butchered for their meat.

George Reed made a brave, but unsuccessful, attempt to reach his family. The severity of the winter defeated him. The story of the Donner Party is an oft-told tale, so we'll just relate Caleb Greenwood's part in it. John Greenwood and his aides reached them and managed to bring out a few. Other survivors were rescued in later attempts. However, it was the wise guidance of Old Greenwood that saved a portion of those who survived the awful ordeal.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848 but Caleb didn't reap many of the benefits. His services over the trails he had blazed were no longer in demand. So the indestructible old fellow found a nice location near Coloma, built a comfortable cabin and leisurely panned for gold. The novelty soon palled on him.

Then he made a happy discovery. Other miners in the area were willing to pay a handsome price for venison and bear meat. Old Greenwood gleefully oiled his old rifle and supplied their wants. He was unsurpassed as a hunter. Soon he was making more money than the grubbing gold miners—and certainly having more fun. His sons started hauling other necessities from Sacramento. The Greenwoods built a trading post and prospered.

After the miners skimmed the golden cream from the area, they moved on to more profitable diggings. The Greenwoods stayed on. All but Caleb, that is. He got restless again.

He moved to the Oroville area, built another cabin and took life easy. His youngest son, James, was with him. Caleb was now ninety and ailing a little. He spent much time in the sun, sawing away on his fiddle. He had money and wild game in abundance and no worries.

His mind began playing tricks. He imagined he was back in the "good old days," fighting Indians, trapping beaver and guiding wagontrains. His cabin seemed stuffy, so he moved outdoors, sleeping on the cold ground wrapped in his buffalo robe. James tried to talk him back inside, but he wouldn't listen. His son tried to put more covers over him and nearly got shot. Caleb thought he was an Indian.

A few weeks passed in this manner. He became very ill, more irascible. Then one cold night, he wrapped himself in his tattered old robe and stretched out under the stars to sleep, rifle at the ready. Sometime during the night, Caleb embarked on his last and greatest adventure. He had lived ninety vigorous years, filled with adventure and accomplishment. It was time for Old Greenwood to rest.

Bull Hill Savages

(Continued from page 23)

Red Light District in the World's Greatest Gold Camp." Her sister cabled her the money to come to the United States and got her a "job" with one of the madams on Myers.

Belinda worked there as long as the row lasted. Then she lived around with various Bull Hill Savages at Midway, until they all died off. After that she batched alone in a cabin up there for years. When she got too old and feeble to get around well, the authorities moved her down to Victor, where they rented a small house for her and had a neighbor woman check on her daily. Belinda had never become a citizen and so was not entitled to the old age pension, but was supported in her declining years by county welfare.

Several of the old Savages burned to death in their cabins. They would go to bed with a roaring fire in an old wood burner and the house would catch on fire and burn down with them in it. A few died in the County Hospital. But most of them just passed off quietly in their sleep, usually on a winter night. Somebody would miss them and find them dead in their cabins. All in all, they were a very fine group of oldtimers, a pleasure to listen to, an integral part of the camp's life, and well deserving of a page in its history.

Lookout Lynching

(Continued from page 35)

then started snoring quite loudly. The lawyer from Redding pounded his fist on the table and bellowed, "Wake up, you bonehead!"

The foreman sat up startled, and in doing so, pulled his legs back so fast his spurs got caught on the rail and pulled it down. The Judge had to hammer for two minutes to bring the court to order, after which he fined the defense lawyer $50 for contempt.

The Judge then turned to the foreman. "Can't you leave those spurs off your feet in the courtroom, mister?"

"No, sir, they are part of my clothes," he was told.

About ten days later, the people were getting impatient because no one could be found guilty of the murder of the Browns. One Friday afternoon, one of the jury, a sheepherder from the Madeline Plains, Lassen County, fell asleep and had a nightmare. He started waving his right hand around his head yelling, "Round them, Shep! Way around them, boy!"

Try as he would, the Judge could not quiet him down. He had to dismiss court until Monday. His parting words were, "The jury may be free to walk around the hotel, but if any member of the jury shows up here Monday morning under the influence of liquor, he will be put in the county jail for six months."

During the weekend there were a number of fist fights. Then two deputies arrested four men who were trying to give liquor to some of the jurymen in the hotel. Late Sunday evening two men walked out in the street and shot it out over the lynching. Both died in the street. By Monday morning things were getting out of hand.

The majority of the people demanded justice be done, and the identity of the murderers be established. It was getting late and roundup had to begin so the ranchers could get their stock off the range before winter. The trial had lasted all summer and nothing had been accomplished.

When court took up Monday, John E. Raker had a talk with the Redding lawyer and the Judge. Raker held that if they postponed the trial till December 1, giving everyone a chance to go home and round up cattle, that someone out on the range away from town might get to talking, and let the cat out of the bag.

The defense lawyer agreed. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the way I see it. Only the stockmen in central Modoc County lost cattle and horses. That's the only part of the country the Brown boys operated in; that's where they were hanged; and we had hearsay evidence that there was a meeting held in the

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Adin store the night before the lynching.

"Now, we three know that it was the stockmen of that part of the county who were responsible. How many and who we don't know, and the store men are also cattlemen. Not a man in that part of the county can tell anything on the other one, but I will go along with you and we'll give it a trial."

So the Judge postponed the trial until December 1, and the jury agreed to return at that time. The town was soon cleared, everyone riding home.

In December when court was resumed, it took several days to locate the jurymen from Lassen County. After they served for one week and no progress was made whatsoever, the Judge told the people that the guilty parties lived in the valley around Adin and Lookout, and those people were not going to testify against each other.

He said, "If we go on with a trial under these conditions, we are going to have to raise taxes to pay for it.

"I have no choice but to close the case, on grounds of no evidence. The case can be reopened if anyone comes up with new information."

The case was closed, and was never reopened. But it took Modoc County thirty years to live down the Lookout Lynching.

Where Was Fort Henrietta?

(Continued from page 43)

stock on the abundant bunchgrass that grew in The Meadows. She was born in Echo in 1882. Mrs. Young said, "The west side of Umatilla River was named The Meadows but not the east."

Southeast of the site of the old fort, but in plain view of where Echo now stands, William Stotem was hanged in 1864 upon a scaffold made of three rails. Stotem was accused of rustling cattle from ranchers on Birch, Wilson and Wild Horse Creeks in the area.

"They (the vigilantes) fortified themselves in Alkali Canyon but did not stay long, as it got too hot for them and they went back to Walla Walla," wrote Mrs. Young.

The town of Echo today has less than 400 population, but those who remain hope to rebuild Fort Henrietta as a historical museum for vacationists.

The biggest event in Echo in recent years was the 1955 Centennial celebration of the building of Fort Henrietta. One hundred years have made a change in The Meadows since that November when Major Chinn and his Oregon Volunteers arrived to construct what is believed to have been the only Federal Government stockade in Umatilla County, Oregon.

Gentle Monsters Of The Plains

(Continued from page 37)

wall. In the center ran one long table with benches along each side, where the men ate.

Each meal was a banquet. Breakfast was served at 5:00 a.m., dinner at 11:00 a.m., afternoon lunch at 4:00, and supper between 7:00 and 7:30 in the evening. The runs lasted between twenty-five and forty-five days, thirty days being a good average.

One sight old-timers will always remember with a thrill is a big steam-threshing outfit in action. I can still see them—the big black engine throwing a plume of black smoke and white steam into the blue sky; the water tank and and straw wagon resting beside it; the big drive belt flopping from the pulley; the bundle wagons crowded around the separator and the four men pitching in the bundles; the high bagger dumping grain into the bins; the yellow straw flowing in a continuous stream from the blower onto the big straw pile that rose like a small mountain on the field. But these scenes are like those of the great herds of longhorns, the rocking stagecoach, and the white-topped covered wagons. They are part of the West that is gone—and will never return.

Spirit Of La Placuela

(Continued from page 32)

a large treasure taken out of Mexico. This treasure had been taken out of Mexico by General Luiz Terrazas and Orozco had escorted him to the area in the latter part of 1913. Orozco's hidden treasure was his part of the loot.

WHEN General Orozco headed for the mine he was supposed to have taken on his person $80,000 in bills of large denominations. Along his route, in the area of the Eagle Mountains, his party had an encounter with some American ranchers. The ranchers thought the Mexicans were a party of raiders they had been pursuing and the two groups exchanged gunfire. After the first skirmish Orozco buried the money on the west side of the Eagle Mountains, in an area known as Black Hill. Orozco was successful in reaching the mine and once there his friends hid him in the shafts, where he eluded all pursuit.

Old *tios* claim that Orozco accumulated his treasure in one pile and left it hidden in a tunnel he himself had excavated while in hiding.

The general left the mine when things cooled down, tried to join his troops across the Rio Grande, and never returned for his treasure, dying a man who was hunted by Villa.

At one time silver mining rose to the third-ranking industry and Shafter had a population of approximately 4,000, with a roster of 500 employees. It was a town of constant action that merited the attention of both the State and the Federal Governments. The newspapers of the day described Shafter as a town that was situated in one of the remotest sections of United States Territory, where Indians, murderers, cattle thieves, bandits, and gunslingers were running rampant. Bandits from nearby Mexico frequently raided the area and smugglers used Shafter as a stopover in their trips across the border.

In 1931, silver dropped to twenty-five cents an ounce and forced closure of the mine. The New Deal brought new life to Shafter and when silver went up in price, the mine was reactivated. It operated successfully for a few years, but was closed again in 1942. This time the equipment was removed and carted away.

In the early 1950s the Anaconda Lead and Silver Company tested the Chinati and found it still had a high grade of lead and silver. Operations were expected to be resumed then. Later on, the company located $100,000 worth of equipment and plans were made to employ seventy-five men to start operations. A smelter plant was to be built at Marfa, but nothing ever came of any of the plans to continue piercing the heart of Silver Dome.

Today the town is almost isolated and there is a labyrinth of tunnels, totaling nearly 100 miles, in the heart of the Chinatis. Between 1883 and 1942, lead

(Continued on page 67)

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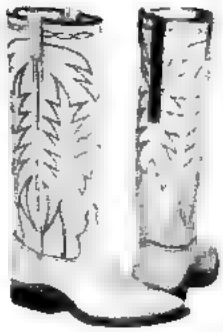

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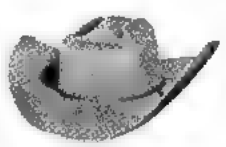

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

The advance copy of *Cow People* (Little, Brown, $6.00) reached its author, J. Frank Dobie, on the morning of September 18, 1964. That afternoon our old amigo took his last siesta—this time there was no awakening ready for work and a little later, company and a social hour. It was good that Frank saw the finished issue of the last book that will receive his personal attention. It is a fine one, perhaps a great one. Some of the biographical sketches are old but most are new.

Cow people have certain things in common—they know, before she does, what an old cow will do in a given set of circumstances. But cow people were and are mighty different, too. It would be difficult to find a greater contrast of character than that of the loud braggart Shanghai Pierce and the quiet modest Charles Goodnight. Ike Pryor and Ab Blocker were both cowmen—in telling their stories, Frank again points out how different cow people could be. Some cow people were "a little near" and Frank devotes a chapter to their particular brands of stinginess.

There is much about roundup cooks and the hard working cowboys—the ranch owners were not the only cow people. In fact, if there is any phase of the life and interests of cow people that is neglected in this book, this reviewer has not spotted the omission. The Dobies were cow people—Frank wrote of his own. It is fortunate, indeed, that the people of the range had so knowing a recorder and historian. There are a number of photos, several of cowboys in their work clothes, plus a drawing by Will Crawford. A portrait of the author by Tom Lea is used on the back of the dust jacket. And there is a note on sources and an index. Highly recommended.

Bell Ranch Sketches (Clarendon Press, Clarendon, Texas, $5.00) is by Martha Downer Ellis, wife of the ranch manager. Mrs. Ellis has gathered much information about the Bell that will be highly useful to future ranch historians. This is her second book of sketches and poems about the ranch where she has lived for twenty years. For the most part, this volume is about incidents that occurred before she moved to the Bell. There are fourteen fine drawings by Robert E. Lougheed plus map endsheets and some great photos of ranch scenes. A fine little collector's item, limited to 500 copies.

OUR OWN!

The Best of True West (Messner, $6.95) was edited by Joe Small, publisher of *True West* and *Frontier Times*, two western *fact* magazines. For the most part these articles appeared in *True West* during the first five years it was published. The list of the authors represented just about calls the roll of the best of our Western chroniclers and historians: J. Frank Dobie, Walter Prescott Webb, Fred Gipson, Glenn Shirley, Homer Croy, Curtis Bishop, Norman Wiltsey and Nell Murbarger being among those answering, "Here."

J. Frank Dobie's "A Plot of Earth" was destined to be a part of his autobiography—it is about his boyhood on the family ranch in the Texas Brush country. The autobiography on which Frank worked from time to time over the last five years was laid aside to complete *Cow People* (reviewed above) and alas, will never be finished. This excellent contribution by Frank is probably the high spot of this collection but it is by no means the only outstanding narrative in the book.

Joe chose well and in his foreword relates his publishing philosophy. Among the illustrations from *True West* selected to illustrate the book is one by Remington and a full color Remington is used on the dust wrapper. Great!

TYPOGRAPHY BY HERTZOG

The master designer and printer, Carl Hertzog, of the Texas Western College Press at El Paso has added three volumes to his long list of fine books. All are of local El Paso interest but will please the dedicated Hertzog collectors who are scattered from coast to coast. Francis L. Fugate's *Frontier College* ($5) is a scholarly yet entertaining history of the first fifty years of Texas Western at El Paso (it was originally the Texas State School of Mines and Metallurgy). *Desert Gold* ($2) is an anthology of Texas Western College verse chosen and edited by Joan Phelan Quarm and Rafael Jesus Gonzales as a small offering in celebration of the Golden Jubilee. *Bordertown, The Life and Times of El Paso del Norte* ($5) is by Frank J. Mangan. It is essentially a prose love song to the city and the country in which it is located. The drawings by Fred Carter are too modernistic for this old devotee of documentary art. The author has packed a lot of history into this brief poem of praise.

MORE CUSTER!

The Custer Album (Superior, $12.50) by our fellow westerner, Dr. Lawrence A. Frost, has the subtitle, "A Pictorial Biography of General George A. Custer." The illustrations are numerous and for the most part their reproduction in this book leaves little to be desired. More than a hundred artists have tried to depict the battle of the Little Big Horn. Dr. Frost selected a representative group to include in this book: Feodor Fuchs (probably the first, 1876), H. Steinegger (1878), John Mulvany (1881), John A. Elder (1884), Kurz and Allison (1889), Cassily Adams (1888), Otto Becker (1895) and probably best known, (courtesy of Anheuser-Busch), E. S. Paxson (1899), W. R. Leigh, Theodore B. Pitman (1953), Elk Eber (fairly accurate), "White Bird," and three by J. K. Rals-

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ton. The brief comments concerning each picture point out the most glaring errors. In addition to the numerous photographs, there are several illustrations by Remington and Schreyvogel.

As a pictorial history this book is certainly a success. The text is better than this reviewer expected—it is surprisingly objective in most cases. Dr. Frost is the premier Custer Collector and buff in the county. He is the unpaid curator of the Custer room of the Monroe County (Michigan) Museum and lives in Monroe, the home town of Elizabeth (Mrs. G. A.) Custer. He frankly admits that he is steeped in the Custer lore. The Custer story has been told many times and many ways—this is certainly a pro-Custer treatment but Doc has kept the reins reasonably tight. There is a good bibliography and an index. Recommended.

Custer's Last Fight comes from the pen of A. B. Melton, an ex-trail driver and former Texas Ranger of Mobeetie, Texas, who at 96 years of age, passed away January, 1964. The ex-cowboy spent his last years bouncing on his trampoline to prevent his getting "flabby." This booklet of fifty-eight pages contains some rambling accounts of the Custer battle on the Little Bighorn, the Grattan fiasco on the Platte, the Sand Creek Massacre, and the Dull Knife tragedy. The incoherent narrative adds nothing new to western history. However, the true collector buys the worthy and unworthy. The dedicated Custer collectors will probably want a copy as a curiosity and may correspond with Lovie Fry, 625 N. Hobart St., Pampa, Texas.

DAMBOREE!

13th Annual Shasta Damboree (Shasta Dam Area Chamber of Commerce, Box 1057, Project City, California, $1.10 postpaid) is a neat history-packed souvenir of Shasta County. The Reading Ranch, the Modoc War, Jed Smith, Kit Carson and William B. Ide (he once held fifteen county offices at the same time) are among the subjects covered in this nicely illustrated thirty-two page booklet. We understand that the Chapter has small supplies of the 11th and 12th *Damboree* booklets available at $1.10 each postpaid.

NORTHERN PLAINS

There is a wealth of regional history in the University of Nebraska's reprint of Bruce Nelson's *Land of the Dacotahs* ($1.60). Published originally in 1946. the text deals convincingly with events beginning with the first Indian migrations across Bering Strait and ending with the control of Missouri River floods by the Army Engineers. The in-between chapters present the salient historical incidents that make up the story of North and South Dakota. The writer has written forcefully and often critically and sometimes humorously about Indians, fur trappers, explorers, armies, settlers, cattlemen, miners, industrial expansion, revolting farmers and the taming of the Big Muddy.

The Montana Centennial pamphlet, *Territory of Treasures, 1864-1964* (The Billings Gazette, $1.25) by Bob and Kathryn Wright, features thumbnail sketches of starring events in the State's fabulous history. The brochure is amply illustrated with photographs, drawings and maps. There is one illustration of Lewis, Clark and Sacajawea in bronze by C. M. Russell and another nice one is by Billings' artist, J. K. Ralston. This

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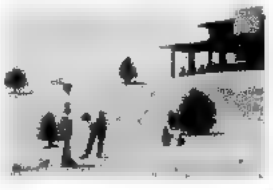

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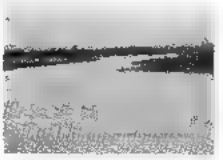

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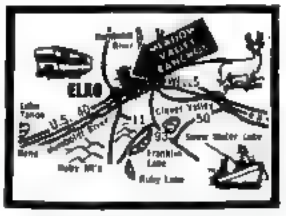

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ON THE TRAIL

The Gathering of Zion (McGraw-Hill, $6.95) by Wallace Stegner is another commendable addition to The American Trail Series, edited by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Stegner's Mormon story is written with good taste. He has tried to give an unbiased report about the Mormon-Gentile ferment that forced the Saints to flee Nauvoo and seek freedom in Utah, a Mexican Territory. It is difficult to write about the Mormon Trail as a western emigrant road without becoming enmeshed with dramatic Mormon traditions, theology, the theocratic state and the paraphernalia of church rituals. Stegner doesn't score a hundred per cent in sticking to overland incidents but he does provide magnificent detail about the route, preparation for the trail, vicissitudes of travel, wood, water and food problems, wagons, oxen, supplies, river crossings and management of people in the trains. We recommend this superior book about the Mormon Trail. A host of readers will be intrigued with its purpose and many will benefit from the little known facts that valid research has revealed.

ON THE RIO GRANDE

Milton Lindheim's *The Republic of the Rio Grande* (W. M. Morrison, Box 3277, Waco, Texas, $3.50) is the brief history of a short-lived republic. The proposed buffer nation between Texas and Mexico was to have included the territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande in Texas and the Mexican States of Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, and Coahuila. President Lamar was favorable to the idea despite the fact that Texas claimed all the area east of the Rio Grande. He encouraged the participation of the Texians in this venture. The Mexican leader was Antonio Canales, a better organizer than fighter. He was able to snatch defeat from victory in nearly every 1839-1840 engagement and so disgusted his Texian allies that they quit to go home. The capitol of the Republic of the Rio Grande was at Laredo but never did really function. With a different leader the plan might have succeeded.

Biographical sketches of Canales, Rueben Ross, Antonio Zapata, Rafael Vasquez, Samuel W. Jordan, and Juan Seguin, all leaders in the plan, increase the value of this presentation. The edition is limited to 200 copies—175 in wraps and for the real Rio border buffs there is a deluxe binding in leather at $15. Worthwhile.

FRONTIER THEATRE

The sagebrush thespians who brought entertainment to hardrock miners, isolated army men, gamblers and soiled doves of the early West are adequately honored in the thoughtfully conceived book, *Silver Theatre—Amusements of Nevada's Mining Frontier 1850 to 1864* (Clark, $9.50) by Margaret G. Watson. Actors, singers, comedians, and dancers followed wherever humans gathered into communities. Early in the summer of 1861 Nevada Territory provided entertainment in seven theatres seating from 200 to 1,000 customers, in Virginia City, Carson City, Dayton, Genoa, Franktown, and Fort Churchill Barracks. Shortly afterward other amusement halls became available to local talent and professional touring troupers in Austin, Aurora and Washoe City. Big-time performers sought engagements in Nevada mining camps where pay was generous and audiences applauded warmly for talented performances. Some of those who trod the boards in Nevada were Mart Taylor, Lotta Crabtree, the Westwoods, the Chapmans, Frank Mayo and Agnes Perry who were supported backstage by Mark Twain, Dan De Quille, and J. Ross Browne. We give this top billing for Americana collectors.

EARP IN ARIZONA

Wyatt Earp, The Man and The Myth (Frontier, $6.60) is the sequel to *Wyatt Earp, The Untold Story*. In this volume the author-publisher, Ed Bartholomew, covers the New Mexico and Arizona period (1879-1882) in the career of Earp. This volume has most of the faults of its predecessor—wordiness and repetition. It also has the same virtues—it is based on a tremendous amount of research and a careful appraisal of the evidence. The results are comparable. The myth created by Earp and his chronicler, Stuart Lake, and greatly expanded by the TV sensationalists in recent years is thoroughly exposed. Lake was a competent reporter and he produced a highly literate biography but he wrote without checking the facts. Bartholomew checked them every way, it seems, and Earp, the great Arizona peace officer, disappears. The Great OK Corral gunfight is called *murder* by the author and he does a thorough job of documenting his case. Bartholomew also does a good job on the brief stay of the Earps and their cohorts in New Mexico. This period has been greatly neglected by the historians. There is a lengthy bibliography and four photos but no index. Recommended.

FOLK SONGS AND LORE

A Nation's folk songs are a part of its historical baggage which accumulates in layers as time wags on. The latest galaxy of more than 600 titles, melodies and texts collected in Oklahoma bears the title, *Ballads and Folk Songs of the Southwest* (University of Oklahoma Press, $12.50) by Ethel and Chauncey O. Moore. North European immigrants brought with them the folk songs from home and these were adapted and modified to suit pioneer conditions and experiences in this country. Many of the Moore s' folk songs came from Great Britain with little or no adaptation from the originals. *Mary of the Wild Moor* comes to us straight from the Moors of Britain but audacious *Gypsy Laddie*, catalogued in 1720 in the British Museum, comes out in Oklahoma as *Blackjack Davy*, a song about a rash young pirate who ran away with the landlord's wife. The first American folk songs were improvisions from European sources and many ballads created from American experiences are sung to old Scottish or English tunes. A large number of our native ballads are in the book including numerous cowboy songs, such as *The Dying Cowboy, When the Work's All Done This Fall, Utah Carl* and *The Chisholm Trail*. We were surprised that *A Home on the Range* was not included. Highly recommended for ballad lovers.

Across the Plains and Over the Divide (Argosy-Antiquarian, $15) by Randall H. Hewitt is a facsimile reprint of a now scarce and expensive narrative, first issued in 1906. This is the day by day account of a mule train trip from Saint Joe, Missouri to Olympia, Washington

TO UP
ODUCTION PROHIBITED

Postcard sent by Carl Madsen. (See letter below)

Territory, in 1862. The author apologizes for not being a more careful diarist, pleading lack of time on the trail and guard duty at night. In the forty-four years between the journey and the first publication of the book, the author certainly had ample time to expand the diary entries. Yet the diary must have been an invaluable guide and recollection tickler in the preparation of the final manuscript. The details concerning nearly every phase of trail life on the long trek provide one of the most complete travel narratives ever published. The photos and drawings used to illustrate the first edition did not fare as well as the text in this offset reprint, limited to 750 copies. There is a good folding map of the route followed.

We have long enjoyed the American agricultural folk history, *Corn Among the Indians of the Upper Missouri* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.60) by George F. Will and George E. Hyde. A thrifty corn culture was practiced by Missouri River basin sedentary Indian farmers for over 190 years before the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Early white travelers replenished supplies from the Indian corn caches. White man's trinkets, whiskey and trade goods were exchanged for corn, pumpkins, squashes and beans, all native American field and vegetable crops. Also Indian farmers traded their produce to Indian hunting tribes for animal robes and skins, fresh and dried meat and pemmican. Corn planting, growing and harvesting rituals became part of Indian religious social life. Descriptions of corn ceremonies are some of the unique features of this book. Each tribe and its own corn variety which was venerated as its richest possession and staff of life. Excellent Indian Americana and a bargain.

Spirit of La Placuela

(Continued from page 63)

amounting to 2,020,375.92 tons and 30,-972,286.15 ounces of silver were taken from these tunnels, hitting a net profit value of $18,000,000.

Open shafts, like monstrous, dark eyes survey visitors, daring them to find the secrets of the mountain, offering an entry into its heart. The building-shells stand in neat, almost military stances—unheard, aged, nearly forgotten. The town appears to be awaiting the command of General Shafter, or the feverish strength of Spencer, or the Indian-fighting stamina of Bullis to jump back to life, for there is silver yet in the heart of the Chinatis! There are many that would welcome this rebirth.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

National Forest and was buried by him alongside of the road. Mr. Lang was supposed to have come from Texas and bought a gold mine claim. It was thought that he was returning from Indio with supplies when he was murdered. He may have been the son of one of my mother's three brothers who had left their home in Germany for America back in the 1880s or thereabout. Can you tell me more about the young man in the picture? I will appreciate any information regarding this man.

TRUE WEST must be read slowly—you can't just skip through the pages because of the good reading within its covers.—Henry M. Senff, 35386 Avenue E, Yucaipa, California.

Our readers are going to have to help with this mystery, Henry. We haven't been able to find out any more about John Lang. Good luck.

Dear Editor:

I have two old postcards from my dad's time. His name was John Madsen and he would be eighty years old now (he died in 1946). The one of the threshing outfit I think was taken near Greeley, Colorado. I think the family he worked for was named English, and I believe the man's name was Abraham. I am wondering if the threshing picture could have been at their place. If any old-timer should read this who knew my dad back in those days, please write.—Carl Madsen, 2541 S. Grow Road, Sidney, Michigan 48885.

Dear Sirs:

For years I have tried to find my family on my father's side. He was Charley B. Bryan, born March 23, 1875 in Webster County, Missouri, and worked as a cowhand all over the West. He died in 1961 at Roswell, New Mexico.

He had three brothers: John R., William L., and Jesse. Jesse may still be living. He was last known to live in Clifton, Arizona, where he worked for the Arizona Copper Company in 1917. His mother, Nancy Jane, is believed to have been part Indian and once lived in Oklahoma Territory; Canadian, Texas; and Lordsburg, New Mexico. Any information at all will be appreciated.—Mrs. Ann Ferree, 216 Suzanne, Drive, Warner Robins, Georgia.

Gentlemen:

I have searched your publications for a long time now for any mention of my father, Henry (Hank) Cowan. The last I heard from him or knew of him was a

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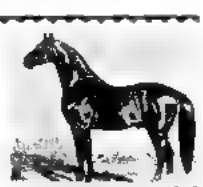

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picture of him on a horse, wearing fur chaps and labeled, "Riding line in Oregon."

My mother (Lizie Cowan) remarried, and after her death in 1913, my stepfather sent me out to Spearville, Kansas, to live with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Marshall—always Uncle and Aunty to me. My uncle was deputy sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, in 1889 and 1890.

I have no proof but I am told that my father had brothers around Walla Walla, Washington, who were in the cattle business. I sure would like to hear something about my father.—Harry J. Cowan, 2724 National Avenue, National City, California.

And Bill is Happy

Dear Sirs:

It is with a good deal of interest and pleasure that I read in your December issue the story of Jim Wishart of the Oxcart Brigade. He was my great-grandfather. I have photos of most of my family and at one time had a picture of Jim Wishart but no more. So I guess I'm lucky to have the photo pictured in TRUE WEST.

Jim Wishart, being a factor at York Factory had to more or less behave. One of the tricks of the trade used to be to dress the Cree chief in a suit having one red leg and one blue leg so that they could spot him easily in case of any trouble. It worked wonderfully as the Indians would on occasion take a little more whiskey than was good for them. The chief didn't seem to realize why they dressed him up in such a suit of clothes. He really thought he was being honored by the paleface.

I am one of your most ardent fans.—William Wishart, 815 East Cordova Street, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Mysterious Sandstones

Dear Mr. Small:

The Leslie Baird family has found a great supply of small pieces of sandstones upon which are Indian writings and also writing by white people. This is upon their farm four miles northeast of Wibaux, Montana. A small lake or pond is nearby, fed by springs that have never gone dry, making this a favorable camping site for Indians or white men. In the early time there would have been grass, water and game.

The land is rolling and 75% under the plow. In the fields there are a few small knolls capped by a thin layer of shaly sandstones. These low rounded knolls are farmed with the rest of the fields but only after the thin layer of sandstone has been cleared away. It was during the clearing of one of these knolls that Mrs. Leslie and her daughter, sixteen years of age, found writings and drawing on some of these sandstones in 1957.

Each of these stones, about the size of a man's hand, have but one name upon them, written there by white people.

John Dean, 1791—June 18, killed in the raid; Abe Dean, 1791—June 18, killed in the raid; Ben Dean, 1791, killed in the raid; May Dean, 1791, killed in the raid; George Pike, 1791, killed in the raid; John Pike, 1791, killed in the raid; Rev. Neil, 1791, killed in the raid; Mary Watson, 1791, killed in the raid; James Mead, 1790, killed late in the fall of October.

All of these stones have 2 † on them and say "killed in the raid" except James Mead's. Rev. Neil has 4 † on his stone and the others only 2.

On one of the stones is written, "Killed 3 red skins on high ground." On another, "planted beans on May 10." The Bairds think that someone by the name of John did the writing. I did not find proof of this.

In addition to this writing evidently done by white men, there are about 100 stones upon which the Indians have carved various markings. These are sketches of buffalo with an Indian pointing an arrow at the buffalo's heart. There are 2 stones with a rattlesnake on them—one with a child and the snake coiled about his legs.

Beyond these there are about 25 small stones about the size of a silver dollar, each with a hole in the center so they could be strung on a thread. All have marks on them.

It must be noticed that no drawings of a horse, gun, wagon or other white man's articles have been found. Only spears and bows and arrows are found as Indians' arms of war. This would indicate that the Indians carved these stones before they came in contact with white men.

Otto Behrens and this writer examined these stones in the late fall of 1958 and believe them to be authentic and deserving of careful research. Some research has been done and I have found, strange as it may seem, that most likely white men were in that region at that early date—but the women? That is clearly unusual and this writer presumes that they were a party of religious zealots bent on saving the souls of the Indians. Likely these British people were killed by Indians egged to do so by the Spaniards.

If any of your readers can offer any information, it would be greatly appreciated. If these few men and women could make such a sacrifice in pursuit of their ideals, surely we can spend some time in tracing them.—Frank Thomson, Spearfish, South Dakota 57783.

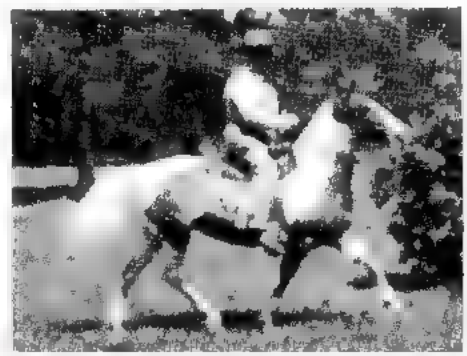
Our Favorite Smart Aleck

Hi, Hoss Tail:

I've been watching for a picture of a real good-looking horse in TW and FT for years and years but I haven't seen any. They all look like plow horses. And now I know plow horses because I've plowed and plowed. When I was ten years old I plowed 180 acres one fall. I made a deal with my two brothers that they'd take care of the horses morning, noon and evening and do all the chores while all I had to do was plow. And I plowed! Gang plow and four-horse team, twenty rounds a day; nine in the forenoon and eleven in the afternoon.

Compare your horses with the quarter horse I'm riding on my 73rd birthday and you'll see what I mean. This horse is putting its best foot forward and by the way its ears are cocked you can see it is taking an interest in life. Of course,

Don Francisco Rankin Daly



John Stink and one of his beloved dogs.

a lot of that is due to good handling!

The way I got on him is another story. On account of my sluggish condition—no spring in my legs and winter in my hair—I nearly rolled the saddle climbing on. Don't laugh—just wait until you get to be 73 in about 40 years!—Don Francisco Rankin Daly, Santa Cruz de Tenerife, Canary Islands, Spain.

John Stink

Dear Sir:

In the February issue, the author of "They Buried Him Twice" mentioned that he had tried in vain to secure a picture of John Stink with any of his beloved dogs. I thought your readers might enjoy this old photograph which I have.—Mrs. Bessie B. Jones, Box 63, Sedan, Kansas.

"Your story reminds me of when . . ."

Dear Sir:

TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST are the only Western publications that tell the truth of the West as I knew it. I can vouch for Gordon Vance's early years in Washington, as we were closely associated, and also for Mary Pease Lashbrook's "Diplomat of the Spokanes."

When Billy Sunday came to town, the lid was put on, and Spokane was never again the free and easy, open place it once had been.

Now to Gordon Vance—wherever you are, I would like to hear from you. Tell me of all the others. I have been down in the Ozark Hills for twelve years now. —J. H. Stigers, 108 West Ere, Harrison, Arkansas 72601.

Dear Mr. Small:

I think I have crossed every stream and been in every town mentioned in "Cattle Kings" and this is the kind of story I like and value. I spent the years 1908-1910 in the Panhandle, the Pecos Valley of eastern New Mexico and the Cherokee Strip. The Saddlerock Restaurant in the small town of Amarillo served "Goodnight" buffalo instead of beef. I wonder if that good restaurant is still there; probably not, for today Amarillo is a big city.—Fay E. Smith, 1501 East Maple Street, Glendale, California 91205.

Editor:

At last I have been able to read a story of Jim Baker (the one you ran by Henry Reinhart). It was very good. I was raised only three miles from the old scout's ranch and remember him well. He died in the spring of 1898 and is buried on a hill overlooking his ranch on the Little Snake River about four miles east of Dixon. I went to school with some of his grandchildren –what little we went to school!

I remember, as a small boy, Jim Baker coming to Dixon riding a long-legged sorrel horse. One mile east from Dixon the road ran through big high sagebrush on both sides. We boys (then pretty small) would way-lay him all along the road. We'd hide in the brush and about the time he entered, one boy would let Mr. Horse have a pebble from a beany. The horse would rear and about the time he hit the ground running, another boy would give him another shot. No man on earth could hold that old horse after that. The names Old Jim called us little thugs were never printed in any book! If he had caught us, he sure would have lifted our hair—and we *should* have been scalped at that.—W. J. Clark, Box 922, Dixon, Wyoming 82323.

Gentlemen:

I was glad to run across the story of Murdo Mackenzie in "Cattle Kings." When I was a thirteen-year-old farm kid living in the Salt Fork River and Carroll Creek area near Old Clarendon, Donley County, Texas, in the spring of 1899, I picked up two motherless calves on the plains one day. They were nearly dead of starvation, branded and dropped out of a trail herd belonging to the Matador outfit because they could not keep up.

I recognized the brand on the hip, side and right shoulder and wrote a letter to Murdo Mackenzie, addressed to Colorado Springs, telling of the circumstances and asking how I might acquire title to the calves. He replied that he would have another herd through in the spring of 1900 and that he would have his men pick up the yearlings (a steer and a heifer), and he would pay me the market price for them then—as he didn't want his brand out in that district. His men picked up the yearlings as promised, and Mackenzie, true to his word, sent me a check for $18 for the steer and $16 for the heifer—total $34.00.

More power to you and TRUE WEST. —R. C. Edgell, P. O. Box 221, Chatsworth, California.

Dear Sir:

I read your story about the Matador Ranch. My father worked on this ranch for some time and he told me about a prank he and the engineer played on some Matador men who were on a train.

(Continued on page 72)

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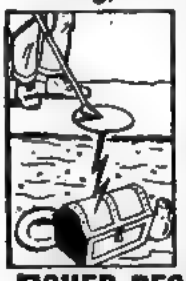

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Esthal Spencer and his sister, Julia, at Charles Goodnight's dugout.

The engineer stopped the train and he and Dad told them to load up on some watermelons in a field. They were pie melons really.

The men did load them up and tried to cut them open with their knives, but not so. Disgusted, they started to throw them off, but Dad and the engineer told them not to, as their wives could use them to make jelly. I don't know the train man's name but Father's was Crawford Henry Chapman and he was sometimes known as "Blackie." He said those men who had been fooled were so angry they were cursing a blue streak.—Johnnie M. Chapman, P. O. Box 215, Temple, Pennsylvania 19560.

Johnnie, we suppose everyone knows about pie melons, but if any of you readers don't—they're about as useless for jelly (or anything else) as cocklebburrs would be for a cobbler.

Dear Sir:

I have never written to you before. I enjoy your publications very much. Although I am a very busy pastor, I do try and read all that I can of the West.

I thought you might like to see the picture of Charles Goodnight's dugout when it was intact. The two people are my father and an aunt. They are both dead now. I visit the Palo Duro Canyon country quite often. It is very beautiful. —Rev. John F. Spencer, Berean Gospel Tabernacle, Fourth and Lamar Streets, Amarillo, Texas.

Western Publications:

I have been reading your magazines for some time, every word, but when I read that little article about our old friend. Potato Creek Johnnie (John Perrett) I swore I'd never miss an issue—so now I'll subscribe.

My sister and her family were neighbors of Johnnie's. I was there when he found his biggest nuggets (May, 1929). Those were the largest nuggets ever uncovered in the Black Hills. He let us "hold" the boot-shaped one awhile but he sure kept his bright little eyes on us and shotgun at hand! One day we took him a loaf of homemade bread. Well, not to be outdone, he made coffee and brought out some "high bush cranberry jam" he had made.

Tinton is no more, but Potato Creek will always be one of my favorite spots in the Black Hills because I knew Johnnie there.—Mrs. H. C. Bradford, Box 111, Vida, Oregon.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for "Pioneer Mill Camp." I buy your magazines to watch for the human touches from 1835 to 1871, before cattle moved into the buffalo's grazing lands. So little appears about the Puget Sound country, I gasp with delight when something shows up.

I have heard my father tell the story of the frightened cook many times. It probably concerned the Ryans—a family who moved to the timber lands in Puyallup Valley from Tennessee. My father and his brother and sister were orphaned in the Civil War and made the trip over the Oregon Trail with the Ryans.

In those days a man who still possessed ten fingers was a tenderfoot. All seasoned lumberjacks were minus fingers. Some men only had stubs left to work with, but somehow they managed. There was no insurance, no safety measures and few doctors.—M. E. Kirby, China Lake, California.

Dear Sirs:

I refer you to "Rainbow Cattle" by Glenn Vernam. About fifty years ago, I had some experience with these cattle. They belonged to Bill and John Blocker and were driven by our ranch west of Austin by their brother, Ab. A few of the herd would always get onto our ranch owned by my Father, R. E. White. Later Ab would come and ask if we had seen some of their cattle branded A.P.B. Ab would call this brand "A Poor Boy."

If we saw any of them we would round them up and pen them as we raised Hereford and Durham. We would not brand them like the old ranchmen used to brand mavericks.

I enlisted in the Ranger service before I was twenty-one years old, in 1905, under Captain John R. Hughes. My oldest brother, J. D. White, was killed in the Ranger service in 1918 by two Army deserters in east Texas.—James C. White, Route 6, Box 84, Austin, Texas.

Dear Mr. Small:

I was glancing through your magazine (before reading it from cover to cover) when the name, "Whiz Bang," practically leaped out of the pages at me. I wondered, "Could it possibly be the same Whiz Bang I had known?" As soon as I read the title, "Oil Field Boomer," I knew it had to be.

We lived within three or four miles of Whiz Bang during the early 1930s. At that time its wild days were behind it and the town was more readily known as De Noya. The old De Noya residence on Salt Creek was still standing and occupied. There were still a few buildings left in the town, and a few homes. I heard people speak of the boom days and always had thought it would make interesting reading.—Jeanette Jones, 515 South C Street, Arkansas City, Kansas.

Do Unto Others . . . .

Dear Sir:

There probably isn't a more desolate, God-forsaken land in the south Forty-eight than the four corners where Arizona and Utah join Colorado and New Mexico. On the main roads you can drive for eighty or ninety miles and not see a person or a building.

Even in this barren wasteland, there is some prospecting for oil, however, and the company I work for had a wildcat there, as did several other outfits. The narrow, crooked trails that passed for roads may have been satisfactory for Indian ponies, but they were never built for dual-wheel trucks.

One day, taking in a heavy load, we had a flat tire. We put on the spare and a few miles farther had another flat. Putting the tire in a pickup truck, we headed back to the nearest place to get it fixed, leaving the truck on the jack. We hurried back as soon as possible because we were already far behind schedule.

Back at the truck we found that the tire we had left so conveniently jacked up had been stolen. Rather than make another trip back so late at night, we decided to go on in on one. The boss didn't seem too concerned about the tire and the new rig was soon ready to go.

It was a good many miles to the nearest water and we were prepared for this with a water tank truck. Time and again I looked across this scorched land wondering if it ever rained. The valley was as dry and sunbaked as the rocky hills. A few thin, tired-looking animals were scattered around—they looked as parched as the country around us.

When the first tank of water was about gone, the boss said, "There is a metal stock tank over there to the right. If it will hold water, dump what is left in our tank into it and get us a fresh load."

This business of dumping our extra water in the stock tank went on regularly. The five head of cattle and the paint pony began to take on a new look after a while. One morning the stolen tire was found leaning against the truck it belonged on.

While other well drillers cursed about stolen supplies and tools, gasoline and tires, we lost nothing. Sometimes we might all be away from camp for a couple of days but nothing was ever missing. Water has always been, and still is, a pretty valuable commodity in the West. Ola Hughes, Williwaw Lodge, Wassilla, Alaska.

Bitter Tears (Columbia Records) Ballads of the American Indian by Johnny Cash.

We, as Americans, have many things of which we can be proud. But we have some things in our history that we must wear as millstones of shame. One of the least discussed is the manner in which we have treated the Indians. These people, of many languages and cultures, preceded us on this continent by more than ten thousand years. True, the Indian fought and killed white men, but we fail to remember that we, the white men, were the invaders. The Indian was defending that which had been his. We are still displacing the American Indian. This year hundreds of families are being moved from a New York State reservation granted them in a treaty signed by George Washington, to make way for a dam.

The contents of this album is the Indian's side of the story. The songs, written by Peter LaFarge and Johnny Cash, view some of the problems cited here from the Indian's viewpoint. They are the thoughts and feelings of a people who deem Custer's Last Stand not a massacre but an Indian victory over a foe who had broken a promise. Johnny Cash sings well these tales of the Indian's woe. *(See Inside Front Cover)*

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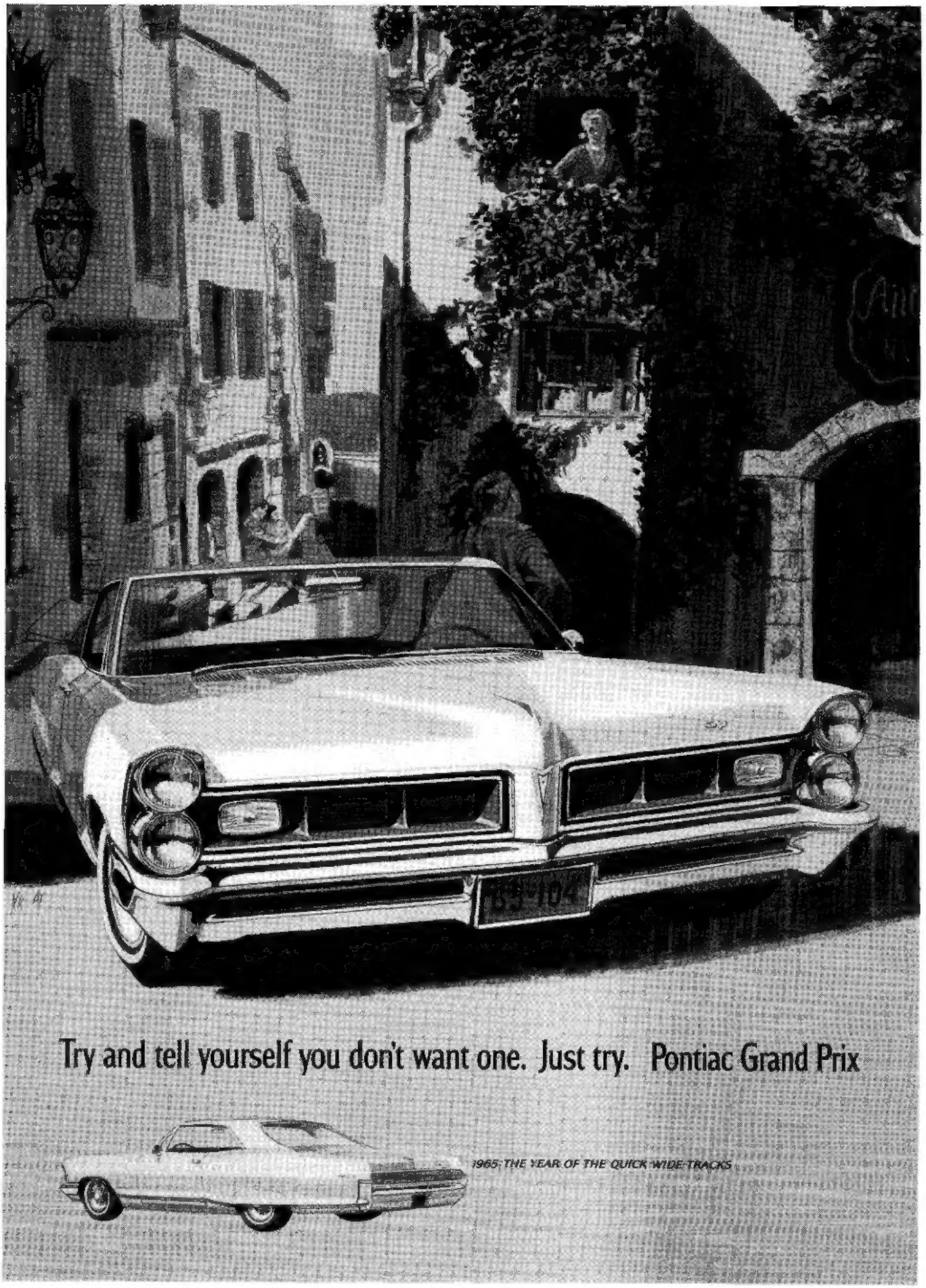

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"Man, you're crazy . . . ridin' after them thievin' varmints *without a gun*," High-Lo told John Curry. His words died on his lips. Standing before them were the very two gunslingers Curry had sworn to run out of the territory! "Ride one step closer," they warned, "and you'll be feelin' some *hot lead!*"

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